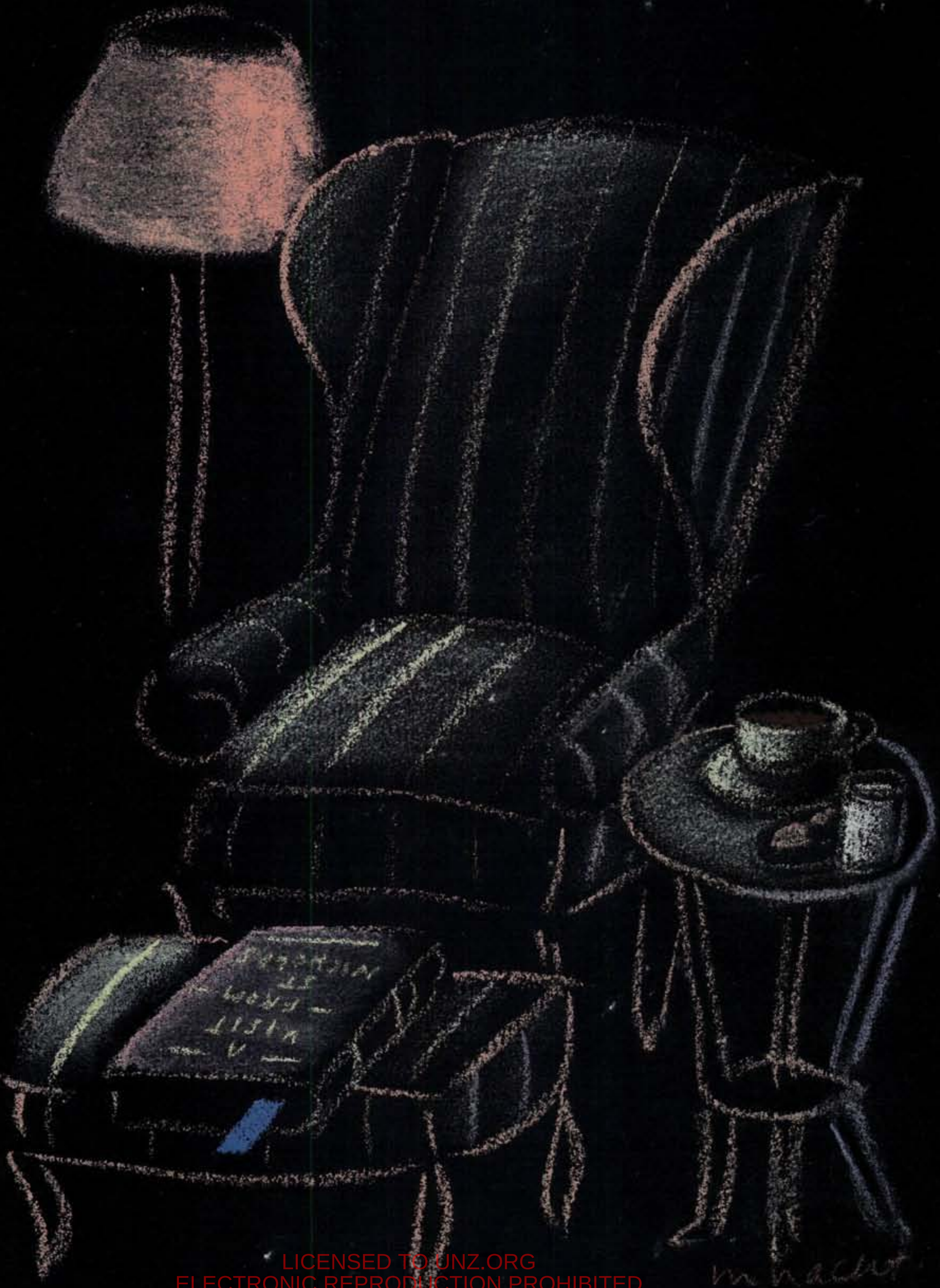
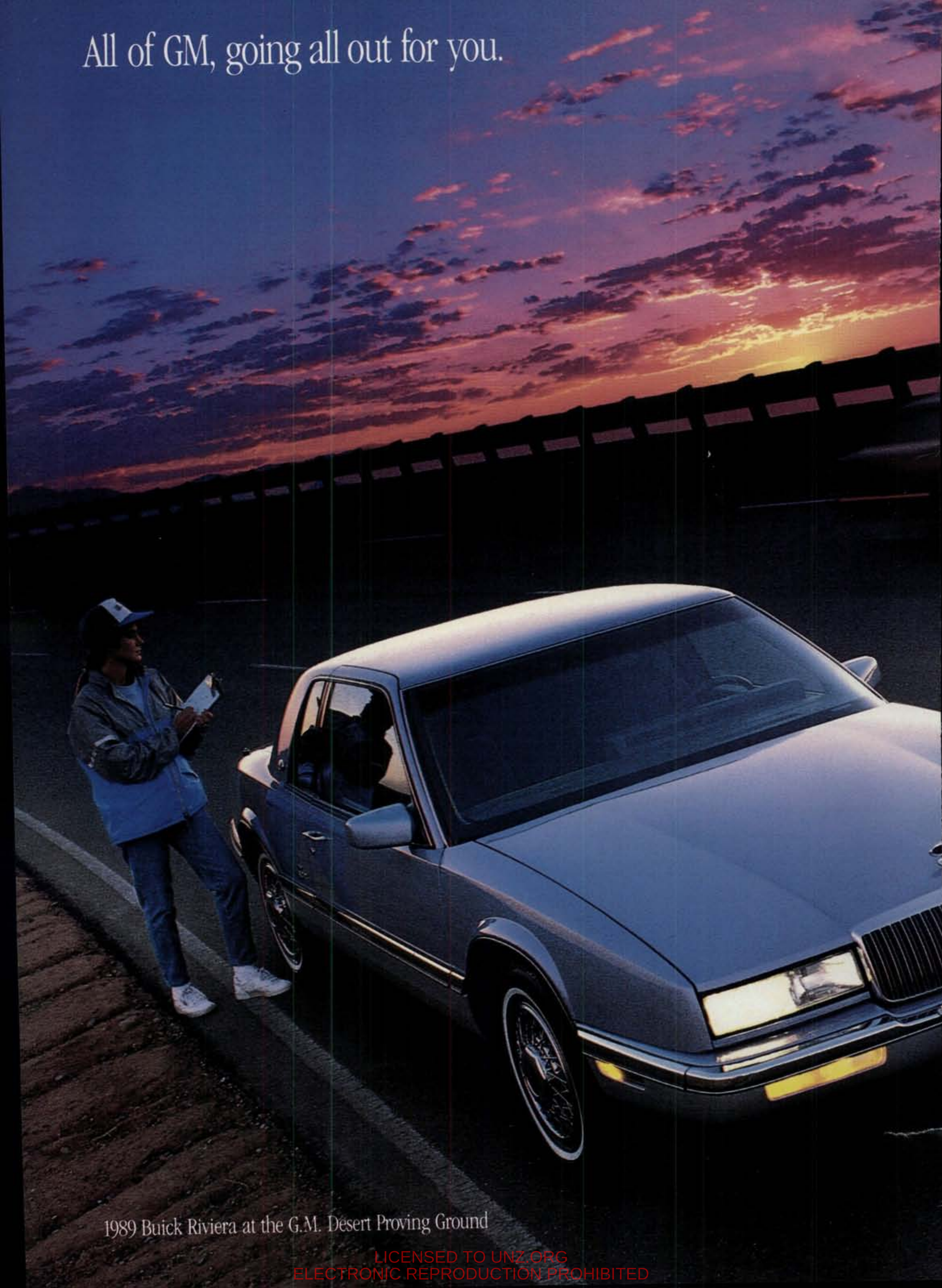
Dec. 26, 1988

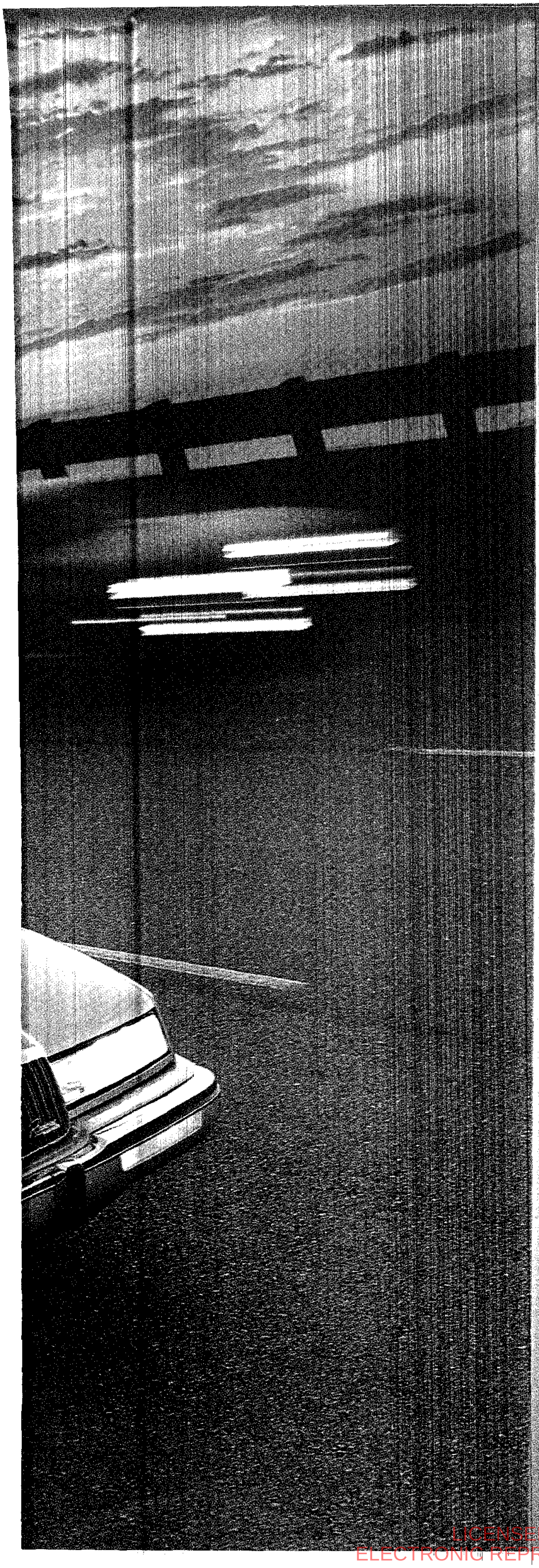
THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75


A VISIT FROM ST NICHOLAS


All of GM, going all out for you.

1989 Buick Riviera at the G.M. Desert Proving Ground

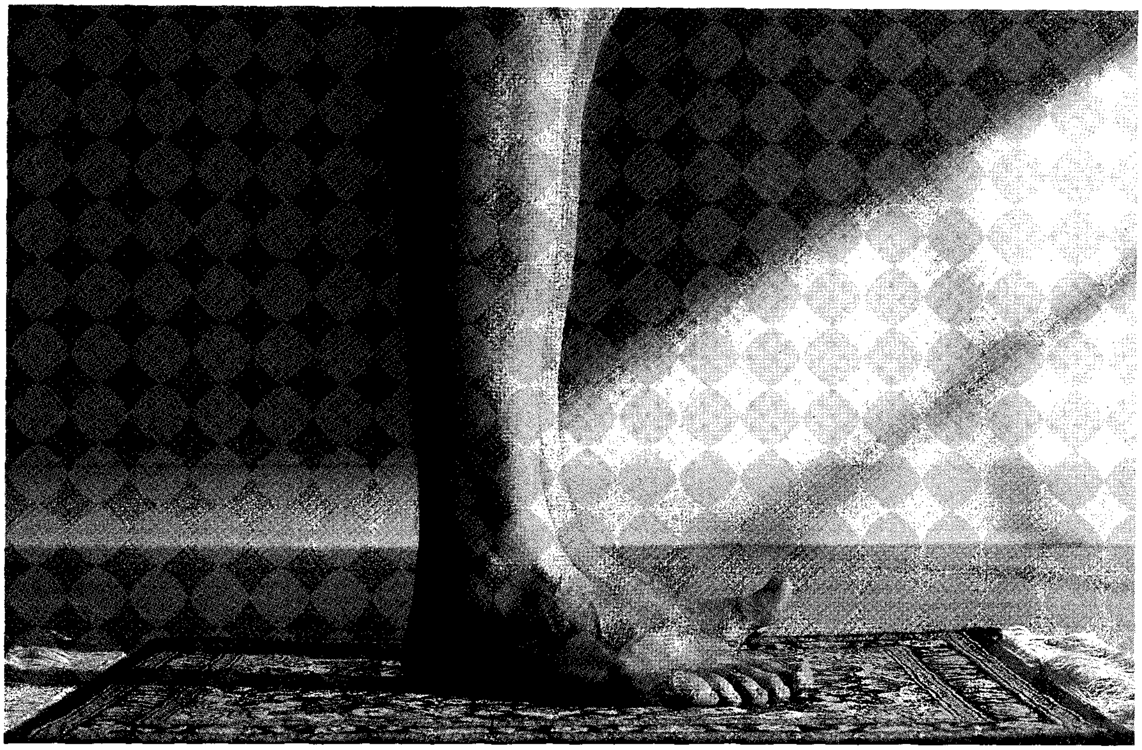


"Good looking car, but my job is to test-drive it…see how she stands up to hard driving, weather, abuse, and lots and lots of miles. How she handles the curves, responds to all sorts of driving conditions. Out here, I'm looking for trouble…so that later our customers won't have any."

Fact: 3 GM makes were rated as the best-built 1988 American cars by their owners in the latest J.D. Power Initial Quality Survey, based on the first three months of ownership.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick,
Cadillac, GMC Truck



Watch This Show And You'll Think Twice About Getting Dressed In The Morning.

Every day we make statements with what we wear. And sometimes, without even knowing it.

We say everything from "I'm sophisticated" with the right style dress, to "I can't be trusted" with the wrong color tie.

On the next episode of Smithsonian World, you'll get a colorful look at the fashion world. From the cultural significance of the clothes of yesterday, to the commercial significance of the clothes of today. And you'll learn how the clothes we wear serve as costumes for the various roles we play.

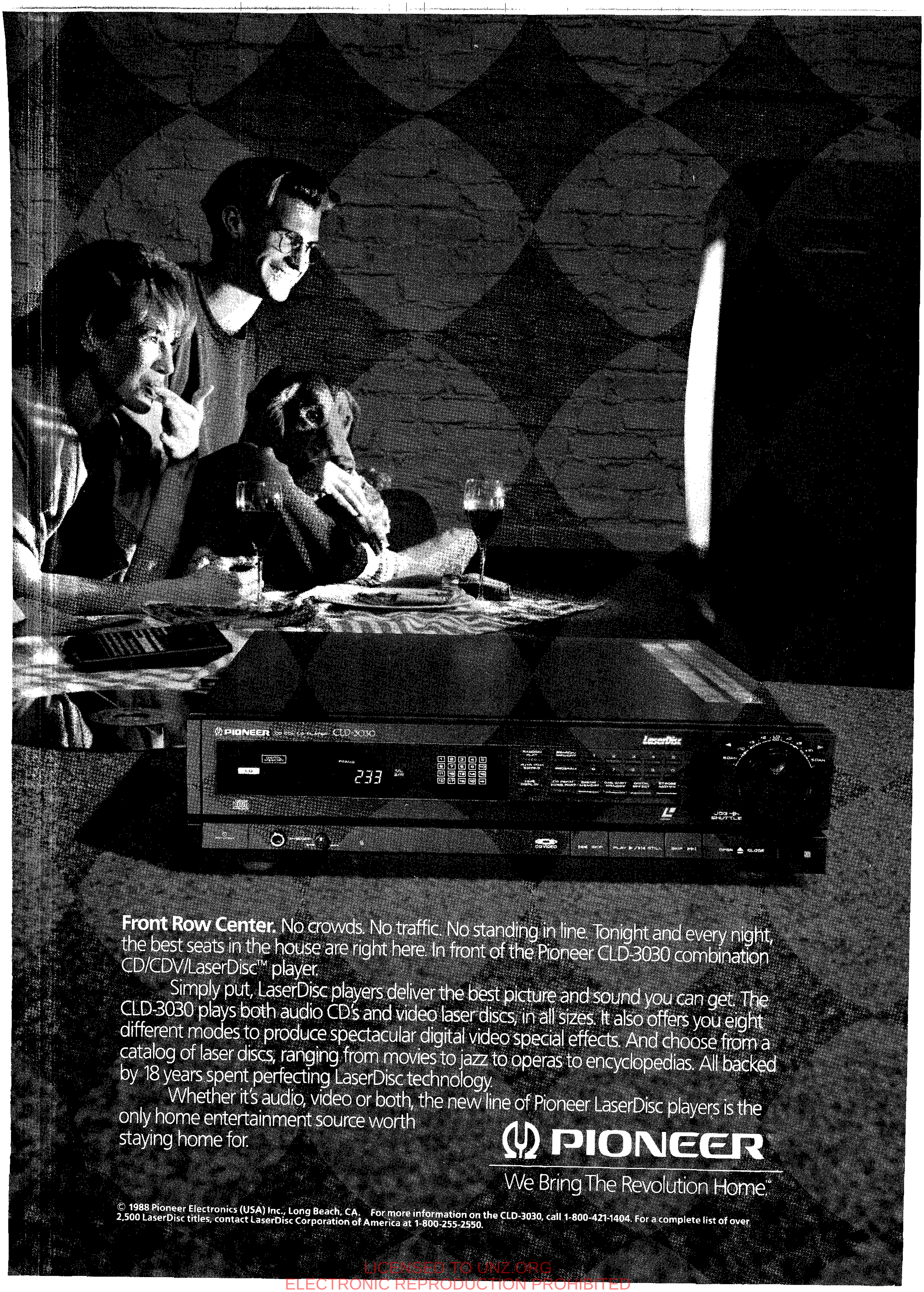
Watch "The Way We Wear," proudly brought to you by Southwestern Bell. In most areas, it'll be broadcast December 26th at 8pm. Check your local listings.

And next time you're getting dressed, take a second. And think about what you're saying.

"The Way We Wear" on SMITHSONIAN WORLD.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

A co-production of WETA/Washington, D.C. and the Smithsonian Institution. Funding provided by Southwestern Bell Corporation and a grant from the James S. McDonnell Foundation.



Front Row Center. No crowds. No traffic. No standing in line. Tonight and every night, the best seats in the house are right here. In front of the Pioneer CLD-3030 combination CD/CDV/LaserDisc™ player.

Simply put, LaserDisc players deliver the best picture and sound you can get. The CLD-3030 plays both audio CD's and video laser discs, in all sizes. It also offers you eight different modes to produce spectacular digital video special effects. And choose from a catalog of laser discs, ranging from movies to jazz to operas to encyclopedias. All backed by 18 years spent perfecting LaserDisc technology.

Whether it's audio, video or both, the new line of Pioneer LaserDisc players is the only home entertainment source worth staying home for.

PIONEER®

We Bring The Revolution Home.™

© 1988 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA. For more information on the CLD-3030, call 1-800-421-1404. For a complete list of over 2,500 LaserDisc titles, contact LaserDisc Corporation of America at 1-800-255-2550.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
MAR 22 1989

The Pierpont Family of Funds

The Pierpont Funds are designed for discerning individual and institutional investors whose priorities are quality and personal service. The Funds offer the advantages of the investment expertise and exceptional personal attention which distinguish the services of Morgan Stanley as Sponsor and Morgan Guaranty as Investment Advisor.

There are no sales charges or exchange or redemption fees.

There are six Pierpont Funds, offering a broad range of diversified investment portfolios, including money market and tax-exempt money market instruments, bonds and tax-exempt bonds, and equity securities.

The minimum initial investment for any of The Pierpont Funds is $25,000, except for shareholders of another Pierpont Fund for whom it is $10,000.

More complete information about The Funds, including expenses, is included in the prospectuses, which should be read carefully before investing. To obtain copies write The Pierpont Funds, Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, or call a Pierpont Account Executive at (212) 398-2900 or toll-free:

(800) 521-5412

The Pierpont Funds

THE PIERPONT FUNDS

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DECEMBER 26, 1988

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 6
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21
"GREETINGS, FRIENDS!" (POEM) . . . . *Roger Angell* 26
"HOME FOR CHRISTMAS" . . . . *Jeffrey Shaffer* 27
"THE MAN WHO BECAME A SOPRANO" . . . . *John Updike* 28
"KITCHEN VISION" (POEM) . . . . *Eamon Grennan* 32
PROFILES (D. WAYNE LUKAS) . . . . *Carol Flake* 36
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 69
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 72
LETTER FROM TRIESTE . . . . *Jane Boutwell* 76
THE THEATRE . . . . *Mimi Kramer* 81
REFLECTIONS (CENTRAL AND EASTERN EUROPE) . . . . *William Pfaff* 83
BOOKS . . . . *Helen Vendler* 91
  BRIEFLY NOTED 95

COVER: *Merle Nacht*

DRAWINGS: *Frank Modell, George Booth, Warren Miller, Joseph Mirachi, Bill Woodman, J. B. Handelsman, James Stevenson, George Price, Edward Koren, Roz Chast, Kelynn Z. Alder, Robert Weber, Charles Barsotti, Jack Ziegler, Lee Lorenz, Gahan Wilson, William Steig, Robert Mankoff, Richard Cline, Mick Stevens*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 525-0643 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXIV, No. 45, December 26, 1988. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1988 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

In just one shave, this man will change his shaving habits.

cream shave
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN
NET WT. 4 OZ.

His skin will be smooth. Look sleek. Feel fine. Will stay that way longer than usual.

Because of a fact dermatologists have always known: You get a comfortable close shave only when you have enough vital lubricants. And a cream formulation holds more of these than a foam. That's why Clinique developed Cream Shave.

Cream Shave is full of lubricants. Allows a shave so close it lasts longer. Soothes skin during and after shaving. Cuts down cuts. Helps heal. Comes in a convenient portable tube. You'll find it—plus a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Cream Shave. Use it once, and your face will want it every day. It's habit-forming.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

© 1986 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules, because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. With Patti Austin, Andre De Shields, Jackie Lowe, Ken Prymus, and Terri White. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Almost Perfect—Jerry Mayer's play, about a young man who wants to quit his father's business to become a writer, is a feeble effort indeed, but it is well acted under Geraldine Fitzgerald's direction. With Ethan Phillips in the leading role, and with Mia Dillon, Ivar Brogger, and Cathy Lee Crosby, among others, in supporting roles. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 3. Closes Dec. 31.)

Checkmates—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments, though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

Coriolanus—Irene Worth is magnificent as Volumnia in this highly stylized but simple-minded version of Shakespeare's last tragedy. Steven Berkoff has directed Christopher Walken so as to turn the title character into a heavy-handed comment on Rambo-loving America, but the production is seductive, mostly because the acting is so good almost across the board. (12/12/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Devil's Disciple—A tame production of Shaw's dashing melodrama. (11/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eastern Standard—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. Seen recently at Manhattan Theatre Club, the show has now moved to Broadway. (11/14/88) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Faith, Hope, and Charity—Three related one-act comedies by Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi. With Marilyn Sokol and Claiborne Cary. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Forbidden Broadway 1988—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3:30. Special performances Monday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Special performances Monday, Dec. 26, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 3. Closes Dec. 31.)

The Heidi Chronicles—A new play by Wendy Wasserstein, with Joan Allen, Peter Friedman, and Boyd Gaines. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Reopens Tuesday, Dec. 27, after a week's vacation. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2.)

Lambs Theatre Company—The fifth annual presentation of **the gifts of the magi,** a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays, Wednesdays through Saturdays and Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 1. Closes Dec. 31.)

Legs Diamond—The Peter Allen musical, which is based on the 1960 movie "The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond." With Mr. Allen, Julie Wilson, Joe Silver, and Randall Edwards; directed by Robert Allan Ackerman. Previews through Dec. 24. Opens, at last, on Dec. 26. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2. Closes Jan. 8.)

The Majestic Kid—A new play by Mark Medoff. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 307-7171. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Middle of Nowhere—A musical revue of Randy Newman songs conceived and directed by Tracy Friedman. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting, in repertory, **sally** and **prince,** the first two of five plays by Charles Fuller about the black-American experience. The works will play alternate weeks; both will be performed on Sundays. "Sally": Dec. 20-25; "Prince": Dec. 25-Jan. 1. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—In a production of **the pirates of penzance.** Opens Dec. 20. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Special performances Monday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 8. Closes Jan. 8.)

Our Town—A disastrous revival of Thornton Wilder's masterpiece. (12/19/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 19, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Phaedra Britannica—A play by Tony Harrison, based on Racine's "Phèdre." With Caroline Lagerfelt and Bob Gunton. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8.)

Reckless—This new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say. Only the sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Special performances Monday, Dec. 19, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 2; and Christmas Eve at 7. Closes Jan. 1.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Alison Fraser and Barry Williams in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rosmersholm—John Shea and Suzanne Bertish in Ibsen's 1866 play. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 21-23, and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-28, at 7. Closes Dec. 30.)

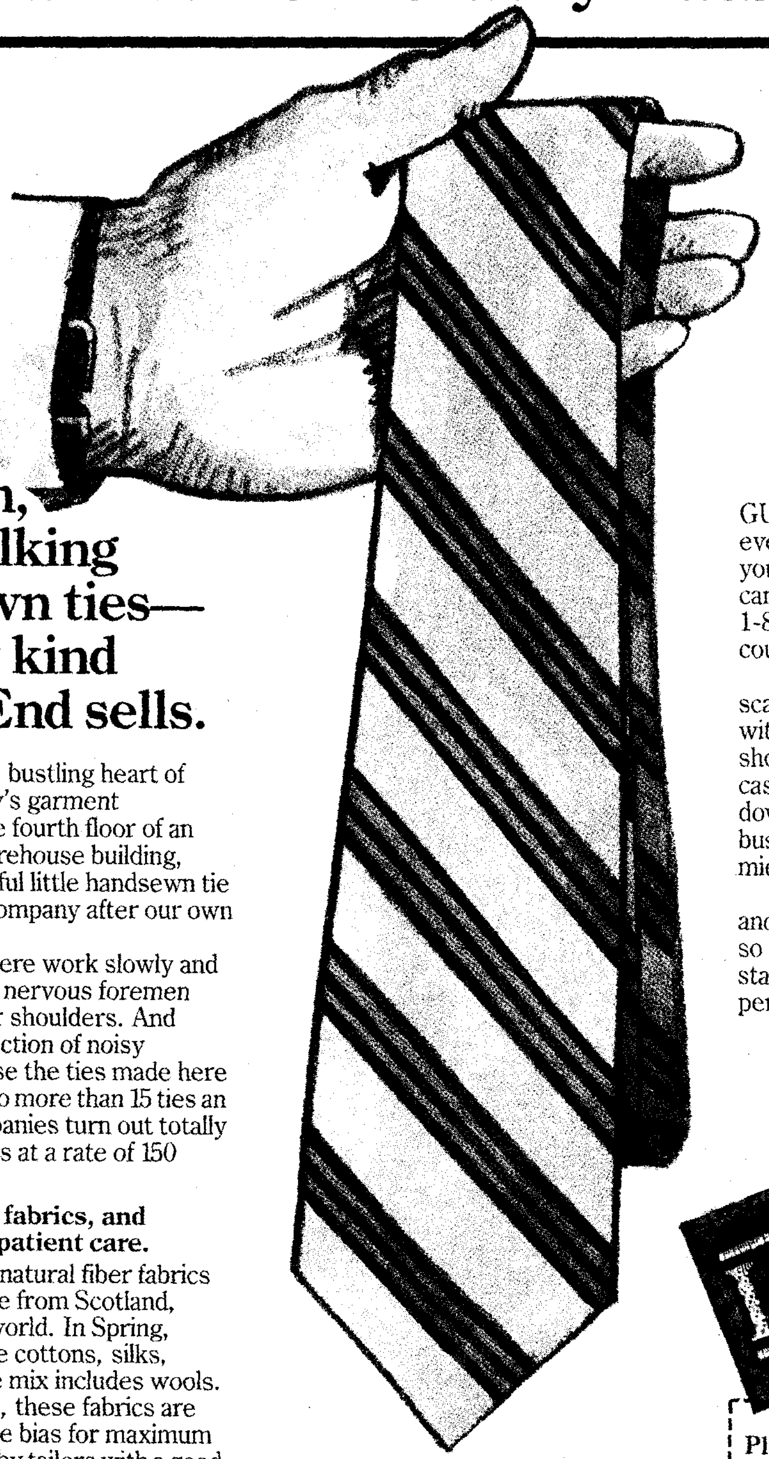
Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has ever written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Dec. 31.)

Sweethearts—Antoinette Mille and Walter Adkins in a musical tribute to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2:30.)

The Taffetas—Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. With Jody

15 ties an hour isn't exactly mass production...



But then, we're talking handsewn ties—the only kind Lands' End sells.

In the hustling, bustling heart of New York City's garment district, on the fourth floor of an unremarkable warehouse building, there is a wonderful little handsewn tie company. It is a company after our own homespun heart.

The people there work slowly and patiently, without nervous foremen peering over their shoulders. And without the distraction of noisy machines. Because the ties made here are handsewn—no more than 15 ties an hour. (Most companies turn out totally machine-made ties at a rate of 150 an hour.)

Ahh, the fabrics, and ohh, the patient care.

Almost daily, fine natural fiber fabrics find their way here from Scotland, Italy, China, the world. In Spring, they're likely to be cottons, silks, linens. In Fall, the mix includes wools.

Once in house, these fabrics are carefully cut on the bias for maximum resiliency. Mated by tailors with a good eye and sensitive hands to fine brushed interlinings. Handpressed, so edges have that unmistakably proper roll. Then hand slip-stitched, and even hand bartacked at both the wide and narrow ends. This allows the tie to "give", so it drapes more naturally, holds its shape better.

And note this, please: the "keepers" that we're proud to put our name on are firmly stitched on. They don't pull loose from the back of the tie at the first or second wearing.

Isn't it time you met our handsewn ties?

From New York's garment district to our busy warehouse in Dodgeville, Wisconsin, these marvelous handsewn ties arrive in steady, colorful streams. We feature them in our catalogs at prices unheard of anywhere. And men in the know are now buying them—literally—by the dozens. (An easy thing to do because we offer a substantial savings when you buy 3 or more of our Multiple-priced Ties.)

All handsewn. And all GUARANTEED. PERIOD.® Like every other item in our catalog. Surely, you must at least see them, which you can do by simply calling us toll-free at 1-800-356-4444. Or by sending us the coupon below.

Then, catalog in hand, you can also scan our array of dress clothing to wear with your handsewn tie wardrobe. And shop our usual assortment of colorful casual clothing and soft luggage. All down to earth values, because we do business directly, bypassing the middleman.

Let us hear from you, one way or another. By phone or by mail. Not just so we can sell you a tie. But so we can start building the ties that add up to a permanent relationship.

LANDS' END®
DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1988, Lands' End, Inc.

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End, Inc. Dept. G-51
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

Or call Toll-free:
1-800-356-4444

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANYTHING GOES:** This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Linda Hart (substituting for Patti LuPone, who returns to the cast on Dec. 28), and Anthony Heald, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Monday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 23, at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 3.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest of long runs had its twenty-eighth birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 23, at 8; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 23, at 7 and 10.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3. Closes Jan. 8.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, Dec. 23, at 2.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Thursdays through Saturdays and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 27-28, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Dec. 31.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with David Dukes and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8, and Christmas at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 23, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Special performances Friday, Dec. 23, at 8 and 10:30, and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, Dec. 23, at 2.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Jan. 8.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 23, at 8; Saturdays at 6; and Sundays at 7:30. Special performances Friday, Dec. 23, at 6 and 10.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

MISCELLANY

1000 Airplanes on the Roof—A music-theatre piece by Philip Glass (score), David Henry Hwang (text), and Jerome Sirlin (sets). Patrick O'Connell is the sole actor present, and, against a background of projected slides, he talks about and acts out his abduction by aliens. The music is performed by the Philip Glass Ensemble. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Dec. 19-20 at 8.)

Song of Lawino—A theatre-dance-music work based on a poem of the same name by the Ugandan poet Okot p'Bitek. Adapted by Valeria Vasilevski and Jawole Willa Jo Zollar. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Dec. 21-23 and Dec. 26-27 at 8.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Jan. 8. For information about show times and tickets, call 874-6770.)

Radio City Music Hall—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular," with the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Jan. 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 19-22 at 6; Dec. 23 at 2 and 8; Dec. 24 and Dec. 26 at 1 and 5; and Dec. 27-28 at 6. The season continues through Feb. 26.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Dec. 20 at 8: "Night Creature," "From the Mountains of Taübalu" (première), "Vespers," and "Caverna Magica." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 22-23 at 8, Dec. 24 at 2, and Dec. 25 at 8: "The Magic of Katherine Dunham." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "Blues Suite," "From the Mountains of Taübalu," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: "Divining," "Tell It Like It Is," "Vespers," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through Jan. 1.)

Pilobolus—Dec. 20 at 8: "Molly's Not Dead," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Début C." . . . ¶ Dec. 21-23 at 8: "Land's Edge," "Ciona," "Moon Blind," and "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone." . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2, and Dec. 26 at 8: "Carmina Burana, Side II," "The Golden Bowl" (New York première), and "Day Two." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "Land's Edge," "Ciona," "Moon Blind," and "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone." . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: "Carmina Burana, Side II," "The Golden Bowl," and "Day Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

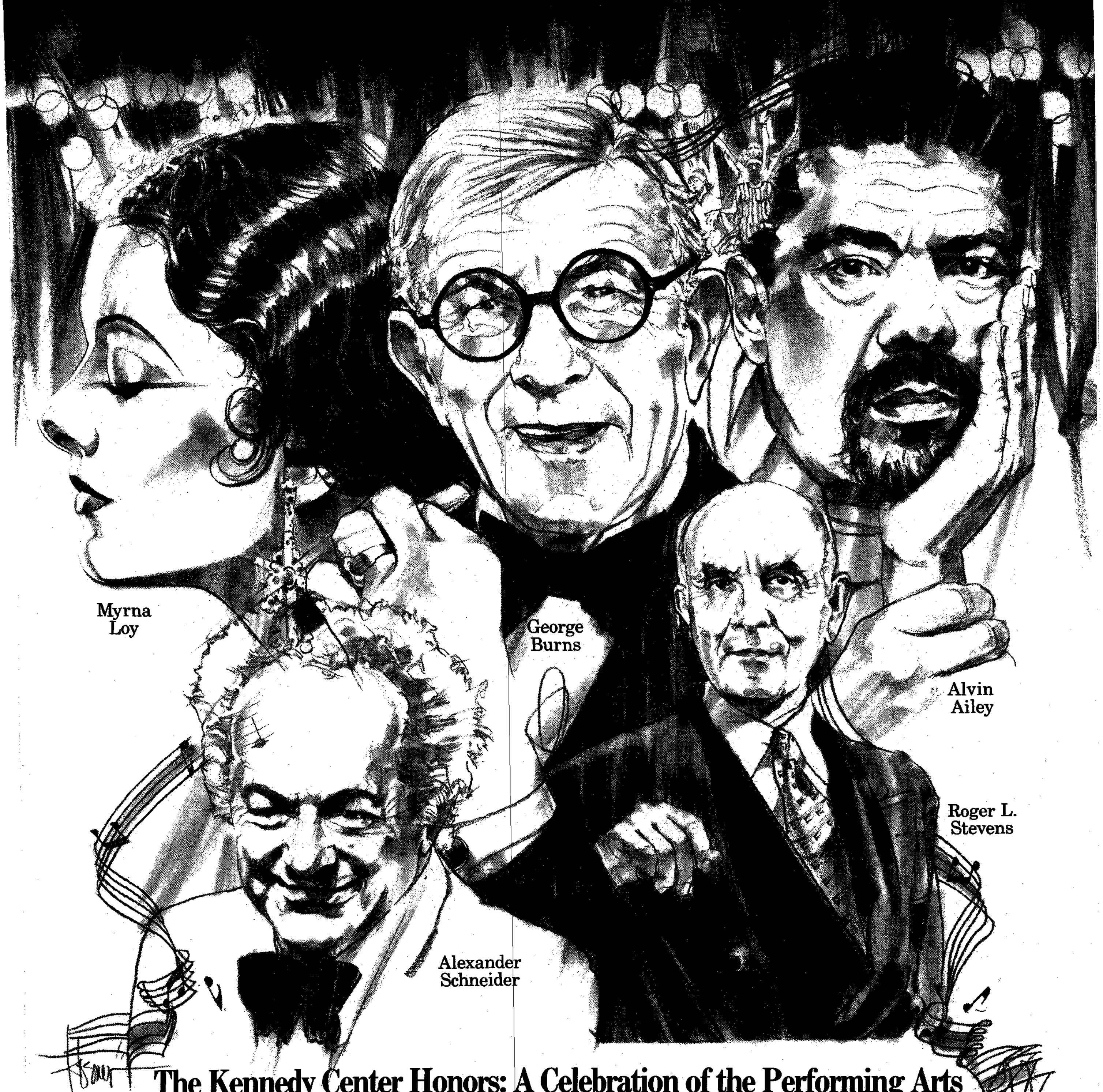
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH**, a sleek harmony group (one man, two women) from Texas, sing and patter in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining. No music Christmas Eve.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BLOSSOM DEARIE**, whose wee, feathery voice is just right for singing Dave Frishberg's "Peel Me a Grape" (a set of instructions—"skin me a peach, save the fuzz for my pillow"—issued by a princess to her swain-gofer) or John Wallowitch's "Bruce" (advice to a transvestite with unusually bad taste in clothes), gives nine o'clock shows Dec. 22-24.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that could easily be mistaken for a yuppie bar. The scenery includes waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, some trees, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, and some nice-looking neon wading birds. **JAKI BYARD**, a sixty-six-year-old pianist and onetime Mingus hand who likes to jump without warning from style to style (he can go from pulsating stride to blistering free jazz in a wink) and to set a classic blues alongside a pop weeper such as "Ode to Billie Joe," leads a trio Dec. 23-24. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays,

GM presents an evening of applause for a lifetime of entertainment



The Kennedy Center Honors: A Celebration of the Performing Arts
Friday, December 30th at 9:00 p.m. (EST) on CBS-TV

America bestows its highest honor for the performing arts on a small constellation of its most brilliant and enduring stars. Be a part of the enthusiastic audience for this, the eleventh annual gala event.

General Motors is, once again, proud to be the exclusive sponsor of this Emmy-winning television tribute. GM is committed to excellence and salutes those who achieve it.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet
Pontiac
Oldsmobile
Buick
Cadillac
GMC Truck

A General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentation

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A long, narrow, bemirrored room with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and jazz people of various magnitudes on the dais. Nat (King) Cole, the soothingest of singers and the fleetest of jazz pianists, is the subject of a show conceived by Jamaican pianist-singer **MONTY ALEXANDER;** his combo includes trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON,** who recorded with Cole in the fifties. The Alexander band, which performs Dec. 20-25, will devote at least part of its show to Cole the Christmas crooner—the one who had a hit in 1946 with Mel Tormé's "Christmas Song" and made mall music out of "O Tannenbaum" and "Adeste Fideles" (with help from a choir and a forty-piece orchestra). **CHICK COREA,** a pianist who commutes between electric lala-land and the terra more firma of acoustic jazz, will be here with his acoustic group starting Dec. 27. Music from nine. Dining.

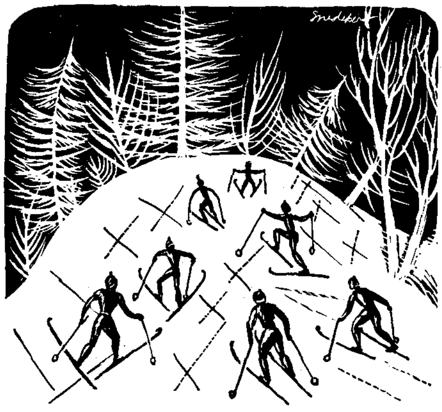
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has (in addition to rock) tables, chairs (four hundred or so), good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. In the summer of 1963, in Los Angeles, a twenty-two-year-old millionaire rock producer named Phil Spector made a Christmas album on which the Ronettes sang "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" and Darlene Love sang "Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)" and the mastermind himself intoned holiday greetings while an orchestra sawed away at "Silent Night." Spector gave every number his patented grandiose treatment—piling instrument on top of instrument, creating a thick, throbbing, percussive sound in which teen-agers could get lost—and only the ornery would find the record resistible. **DARLENE LOVE** (who also sang "White Christmas" on the LP), **RONNIE SPECTOR** (the former Ronette and former Mrs. Spector), Sonny Bono (the former Mr. Cher and a bit player on the LP), and others will be here Dec. 22-25 to revive Spector's fruitcake Christmas. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** are on duty through Dec. 24; **KIRK LIGHTSEY** has the Christmas-night shift; and **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** commence a week-long visit on Dec. 26. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **AHMAD JAMAL,** a pianist whose effusions are meant to be seen, will be on view with his quartet Dec. 20-25. Jamal is an entertainer, and even his silences, which once seemed expressive in a jittery, modern sort of way, look like showboating. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT,** fave rave of the haut monde, Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Delta 88, 332 8th Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the dozer-cap display and the shingle for the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, blues (with a band led by Florida guitarist Jay Owens) on Tuesdays, and zydeco (with **LOUP GAROU**) on Thursdays. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, hush puppies, and other Southern fare. Closed Christmas.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes it come-hither signs. The back room, trimmed with seaworthy things, has string-band hoedowns on Fridays from nine. The Pep Boys, a local bluegrass outfit, hold forth on Dec. 23, along with banjo man Marty Cutler.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled lair that will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people (who may want to remove their homburgs before entering). **TERENCE BLANCHARD** (trumpet) and **DONALD HARRISON** (alto sax), two New Orleans-born, under-thirty conservators of the hard-bop tradition, share a quintet Dec. 20-25. **BETTY CARTER** will be here with her trio starting Dec. 27. Carter, a daredevil singer who leaves melody in the dust and scatters lyrics to the winds when it suits her, is an exciting performer who always keeps her audience in view; she makes her singing visible, accompanying its leaps and swoops with dramatic gestures and pop-eyed faces. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two nice things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking and American jazz—can be found in this handsome room, from which is visible (it has a greenhouse roof) some prime New York airspace. The Steinway will be in **KENNY BARRON'S** nimble, bop-oriented hands Dec. 19-23 and Dec. 26; **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a young, wispy-looking pianist who likes to play in the old Harlem stride style, takes over on Dec. 27. Music at eight-thirty on Mondays; at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight Fridays and Saturdays; and at seven on Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8470)—A busy bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE,** a pianist, singer, and hot patootie, grabs a handful of keys on Mondays. **BILL MAYS** holds forth Dec. 20-24, with bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** at his side. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. Mondays belong to **PETER GORDON'S** downtown orchestra, a motley crew that includes pianist **BLUE GENE TYRANNY,** C. & W. connoisseur **NED SUBLETTE, DAVID VAN TIEGHEM** (a percussionist whose equipment includes flour sifters and mixing bowls), and former Tower of Power saxophonist **LENNY PICKETT.** Tenor saxophonist **ODEAN POPE** leads a trio on Dec. 22. **DEFUNKT,** a hard-funk-and-protest band led by trombonist and singer **JOSEPH BOWIE,** has the floor Dec. 24. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A cramped Yankee version of a Texas bar. It's hung with flags and banners, and plastered with signs and stickers ("Don't Mess with Texas," "Western Swing Ain't Dead, It's Asleep at the Wheel," "Waitress Station Only: Do Not Stand Here," "Visit the Lone Star Store"), and its denizens include guys who like to wave their longneck beers around and say things like "Woo-wee" and "I need an I.V. to rock and roll right now." **HUBERT SUMLIN,** a thin, bespectacled, mild-looking blues guitarist who spent twenty years on the road with His Gruffness, Howlin' Wolf, performs Dec. 19; **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** a brassy Rhode Island band that plays a lot of jump tunes, holds forth Dec. 23. Music after nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. **IRMA THOMAS,** the forty-seven-year-old New Orleans R. & B. singer, performed at the downtown establishment last month, and though the room was as uncomfortable as a rush-hour train, she and her seven-man band got people to bob and sway and shout their pleasure. She took the stage singing "Dancing in the Street"—she looked ready for indoor dancing, with her white sweater and black spandex pants and high-heeled sneakers—and then she did "You Can Have My Husband (But Please Don't Mess with My Man)" and Jerry Butler and Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long" and the bouncy New Orleans standard "Iko Iko." She has a rich, churchy voice and a smile that reaches the back of the house and a band that supports her at every turn. She'll be here Dec. 23. Music after nine. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. Six Benny Goodman admirers, under the leadership of clarinettist **WALT LEVINSKY,** give readings from the Book of Benny at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and occasionally of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Thomas August Darnell Browder, a half-Dominican, half-French-Canadian, Montreal-born, Bronx-bred purveyor of Ameri-Carib musical theatre who is otherwise known as **KID CREOLE,** sings and cracks wise with his **COCONUTS** and the rest of his entourage on Dec. 28. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. The schedule: Dec. 20, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Dec. 22, Brazilian singer Luiz Caldas; Dec. 23, Puerto Rican cuatro player **YOMO TORO;** and Dec. 27, the Souljahs, a reggae band. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Dec. 25-26.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. It's banjo heaven on Dec. 21, when former Blue Grass Boy **BILL KEITH** (whom Bill Monroe liked to introduce as "Brad" Keith, because, he said, "there's only one Bill in my band"), **TONY TRISCHKA,** and others pick and grin. Folksinger **JOHN GORKA** performs

Dec. 23. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **ART BLAKEY,** the tireless drummer and hard-bop kingpin, is here every night with his youthful, well-drilled **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** First set at ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, African and Caribbean pop bands play for dancing and listening on Mondays after nine. On Dec. 23-24, two bang-up bluesmen, **SON SEALS** and **JOHNNY COPELAND,** sound off with their bands at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Two Texas-born saxophonists—**DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** who came up through the Southwestern R. & B. circuit and spent many years in the Ray Charles camp, and **BUDDY TATE,** who joined Count Basie's band forty-nine years ago—wind up the year here. The Newman quintet goes from Dec. 20 through Dec. 25, and the Tate quartet starts Dec. 27. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **RUBY BRAFF,** who likes to speak low on his old-model cornet, carries on a three-way conversation with guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and bassist **JACK LESBERG** every night but Christmas, when not a creature will stir. Music from eight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Many will be closed Dec. 24, or will close early on that day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Camille Bombois (1883-1970)—Circus figures, rural folk, and narrow streets, by a French primitive. Through Dec. 24. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stuart Davis (1892-1964)—Eggbeaters and all, in more than fifty paintings that span the artist's career. Through Dec. 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Johan Laurentz Jensen (1800-56)—Paintings of lilacs, lilies, chickweed, and double hollyhocks by a Danish artist who held the title Royal Flower Painter. Through Jan. 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 22. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Selina Trieff—Recent works by an artist who incorporates her own features into paintings, whether of people or animals. Through Jan. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closes after Dec. 23 for ten days.)

Jamie Wyeth—Paintings from the past three years. Through Dec. 22. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Karel Appel—Sculptures that incorporate Polaroid prints, wood, rope, mirrors, and paint, and represent the faces of the artist's dealer, friends, and critics. Through Feb. 4. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Armstrong—Serene, seasonal paintings—barns, inlets, rowboats—done near the artist's home, on the Maine coast. Through Jan. 5. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

Christian Boltanski—New works in a variety of mediums. Through Jan. 7. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. A retrospective can be seen at The New Museum.)

Warren Brandt / David Hendricks—Recent still-life paintings and works on paper. / Drawings of landscapes and cityscapes. Through Dec. 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Mel Chin—In a show entitled "Selected Weapons" this sculptor uses such materials as forged steel, olivewood, velvet, and bamboo to build crude axes and saws and a monumental hammer and sickle. Through Dec. 31. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Dan Christensen—Spray paintings of the color-field variety. Through Dec. 23. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St.)

Crash—New spray-painted canvases, many incorporating metal, plywood, and Masonite. Through Dec. 24. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

John Gill—New ceramic works—vases, teapots, and bowls. Through Dec. 22. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William Glackens (1870-1938)—Drawings done as studies for paintings and as illustrations for such magazines as *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* Through Jan. 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roni Horn / Nicola de Maria—"Asphere III," a twelve-inch copper sphere weighing in at three hundred pounds. / Recent paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

William King—Figurative wood and ceramic sculptures from the past three decades or so. Through Dec. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Oils and monotypes, plus jewelry designed by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 23. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Malcolm Morley—New paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Jan. 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jules Olitski—New paintings. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Prints, and a few drawings. Through Jan. 21. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Pastel drawings of amorphous figures in surreal landscapes, mostly; the works were done between 1961 and this year. Through Jan. 28. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Works in a variety of mediums spanning the years from 1913 to 1921, and tracing the Dada artist's modernist roots. Through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

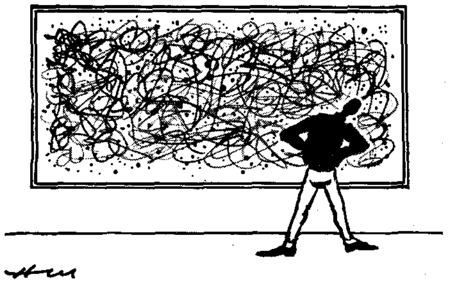
Milton Resnick / Robert Mapplethorpe—Recent paintings. / New photographs. Through Dec. 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—Recent relief paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947)—Two shows of drawings. At Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13), and at Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through Jan. 14, but the gallery is closed Dec. 23-26).

David True—Stain paintings on paper, in which man and nature meet. Through Jan. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings chronicling New York City's development between 1875 and 1945. The works, many of which focus on landmarks such as the Brooklyn Bridge and the Flatiron Building, are by Theresa Bernstein, Reginald Marsh, and others. Through Jan. 26. . . . **LAMAGNA,** 50 W. 57th St.: Stories about interracial marriage, puberty, and death are conveyed in the compositions of Faith Ringgold, Nicholas Africano, Bill Cass, and others. Through Jan. 7. (Closed Dec. 27.) . . . **RUTH SIEGEL,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures painted gold or gold-leafed. The works are by David Smith, Mary Obering, and Hunt Slonem, among others. Through Jan. 11. (Closes after Dec. 23 for ten days.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums (by Nancy Graves, William Wegman, Lucas Samaras, and others), which the gallery is presenting as examples of "American Baroque." Through Jan. 7.



GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Aycock / Joe Breidel—Recent sculptures, several of which incorporate mirrors. / New sculptures. Through Dec. 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—A memorial exhibition of paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Peter Brown—Recent painted-wood wall sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Jerry Buchanan—Paintings from the past five years. Through Dec. 24. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Tom Butter—Sculptures in fibreglass. Through Dec. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Dale Chihuly—A group of blown-glass vases titled "The Venetian Pieces." Through Dec. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Lithographs. Through Jan. 31. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Jane Dickson—Drawings. Through Dec. 24. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Cornelia Foss—Recent paintings of still-lifes and nudes. Through Dec. 31. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Leon Golub—Four new ten-by-twelve-foot paintings on unstretched canvas, three of which portray sphinxes. Through Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Raoul Hague—New sculptures that began as tree trunks. Through Jan. 7. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Jacques Halbert—New paintings of fruit, by an artist whose father was a fruit vender in France. Through Jan. 13. (Penson, 149 Wooster St.)

Keith Haring—New paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St. Closes after Dec. 23 for ten days.)

Claudia Hart—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs, in the artist's first solo exhibition. Through Dec. 23. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Jeff Koons—Porcelain, polychromed wood, and mirrors are used in these new works. Through Dec. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Vera Lehndorff and Holger Trülzsch—In these collaborative photographs, Miss Lehndorff's face and body have been camouflaged with paint so that she is all but lost against a backdrop of swirling fabric. The show also includes sculptures. Through Dec. 24. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Eugène Leroy—Nudes, portraits, and landscapes rendered nearly indistinguishable by heavy layers of paint. Through Jan. 21. (Thorp, 103 Prince St. Closes after Dec. 23 for ten days.)

Jeanne Miles—Geometric paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Three works on paper and seven bronzes. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, now located at 382 West Broadway.)

Ross Neher—Abstractions. Through Jan. 21. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St. Closes after Dec. 23 for ten days.)

Jaume Plensa—A large cast-iron piece entitled "Galileo" is the center of gravity in a group of sculptures and works on paper by a Spanish artist having his first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 21. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St. Closes after Dec. 23 for ten days.)

Sam Samore—Works by an artist who hires a photographer to follow people around and catch them in the midst of lighting a cigarette, say, or having a conversation in a restaurant. Through Jan. 14. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

Karl Wirsum—Cartoonlike paintings, sculptures, and wall reliefs by an artist who worked with Chicago's Hairy Who group. Through Jan. 7. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Martin Wong—A large exhibit of new paintings by an artist who really knows how to paint bricks. In paintings of buildings on the Lower East Side, he catalogues the effects of light, weather, and pollution. Through Dec. 23. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

John T. Young—Sculptures by an artist who

ART—Cont'd

splits apart boulders, then reassembles them with elaborate steel supports. Through Dec. 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Benefit—The twenty-fifth anniversary of Jasper Johns' Foundation for Contemporary Performance Arts is the occasion for shows at Leo Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 22), and Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Dec. 30). Castelli has most of the flat works (by Hockney, Rothenberg, and Clemente, to name a very few) and Alexander has primarily 3-D pieces by, for instance, Nauman and Flavin.

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.,** 63 Crosby St.: More than a hundred small sculptures, drawings, and paintings on the theme of "home" by gallery members and invited artists. Through Jan. 6. . . . **BROWN,** 560 Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by five artists from Edinburgh, including Ian Hamilton Finlay and Richard Long. Through Dec. 23. . . . **DAVIS,** 568 Broadway: Works by more than a hundred painters and sculptors, all of which have price tags of $1,000. Through Dec. 24. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 35 Wooster St.: Works by eight emerging artists selected through the center's viewing program. Through Jan. 7. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **GORNEY,** 100 Greene St.: Barbara Bloom's etched crystal objects stand out in a show of photographs, paintings, and sculptures. Other artists include Joseph Kosuth and Meyer Vaisman. Through Dec. 23. . . . **RUGGIERO-HENIS,** 415 West Broadway: Works on paper by Milton Resnick, Catherine Lee, and Louise Bourgeois, among others. Through Jan. 28. . . . **STEINBAUM,** 132 Greene St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages that nod in the direction of "Alice in Wonderland;" Bonnie Lucas, Janet Fish, Keith Haring, and May Stevens are on the roster. Through Jan. 7.

Sculpture—At the **ESMAN,** 70 Greene St.: Small-scale works by Maggie Poor, William Anastasi, Eva Hesse, Win Knowlton, and Carol Hepper, among others. Through Dec. 31. . . . **TRABIA-MAC AFEE,** 54 Greene St.: "Metaphysical Insights" in pieces by such artists as Petah Coyne, Creighton Michael, and Ellen Driscoll. Through Dec. 23.

OTHER GALLERIES

Sara Garden Armstrong—A sculptural installation of giant papier-mâché leaves that rustle in a computer-generated breeze. Through Dec. 24. (Yi, 249 Centre St.)

George Condo—Works on paper. Through Dec. 31. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

John Franklin—Assemblages. Through Dec. 22. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Marilyn Minter—New paintings of two of life's necessities: food and sleep. Through Jan. 14. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Opens at noon. Closes after Dec. 22 for ten days.)

Stephen Sprouse—Silk screens of Iggy Pop on cruciform-shaped canvases. Through Jan. 21. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

A New Gallery—The Illustration Gallery has opened at 330 E. 11th St. with a show definitively titled "Illustration Is Art." The drawings, which have appeared in such publications as *The Atlantic*, *Rolling Stone*, and the *Times*, as well as on dust jackets and in cookbooks and advertisements, are by Guy Billout, Vivienne Flesher, Steven Guarnaccia, and Henrik Drescher, among others. Through Jan. 15. (Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, except Christmas, 1 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 11.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Kathryn Abbe and Frances McLaughlin-Gill—These twin sisters photographed Brooke Shields, the Kienast Quintuplets, and others as children and as adults, and have mounted the photographs side by side. Through Dec. 23. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Berenice Abbott—Black-and-white photographs of New York City in the thirties. Through Jan. 21. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St. Closes after Dec. 23 for ten days.)

Irving Penn—Photographs of animal skulls. Through Jan. 14. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

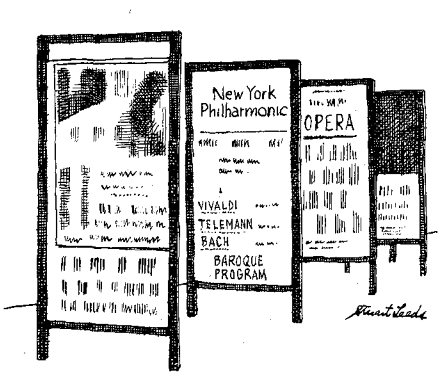
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Stephen John Phillips—Photographs in which, for instance, a pale-skinned model turning shyly away from the camera might just be a man with a Mohawk. Some of the works appear in futuristic metal-and-Plexiglas frames by the designer Thomas Mann. Through Dec. 22. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **FELDMAN,** 31 Mercer St.: Photographs taken by issue-conscious freelance photojournalists, including Patt Blue, Catherine Allport, and Jim Lerager. The subjects run from acid rain to the rain forests, and from Howard Beach to South Africa. Through Dec. 30. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Marie Cosindas, Irving Penn, Ansel Adams, and Henri Cartier-Bresson, among others, are represented in an exhibit of more than two hundred prints. Through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, except Christmas, 11 to 6.) . . . **PHOTOFIND,** 138 Spring St.: Vintage prints of "New York City in all its glory." About half the photographs were taken by Weegee; the remainder are the work of Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and others. Through Jan. 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

The Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In the just-opened Henry R. Luce Center for the Study of American Art, the Metropolitan has pioneered a new way to do art research, by combining computer-search capabilities well known to librarians with a stunning new display facility that brings the entire reserve collection of American art out of storage. More than eight thousand pieces, including paintings, furniture, sculptures, and small and large decorative objects, have been arranged in long glass cases, library-stack style. Using computer terminals connected to the on-line catalogue of the collection, AWARE (American Wing Art Research), patrons can search the data base for records of works by type of object, artist, manufacturer, locale, time period, materials used, museum accession number, donor, or any combination. If you come up with a record for a particular silver teapot, for instance, you can find your teapot a few steps away and compare it with the fifty or so others that are right there next to it on the shelves. . . . ¶ The Degas exhibit. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ The Georgia O'Keeffe exhibit. Through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ All the Ingres works in the collections (ten paintings, twenty-two drawings, and seven prints) have been put on view. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute is exhibiting eighty-five outfits from the Victorian era, a period when some women made a career out of appearing in elaborate attire. The Queen herself made career moves in two of these dresses: at a Crystal Palace exhibit in 1851 and at her state entry into Paris in 1855. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A large show of works on paper by Richard Diebenkorn. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—By combining works in the permanent collections with strategic loans, the museum has pulled together a show of paintings and sculptures which represents all the major art movements since the forties, from Abstract Expressionism to Neo-Expressionism. Some of the borrowed works are by Jenny Holzer and Susan Rothenberg; some of the acquired are by James Turrell, Peter Halley, Jannis Kounellis, and Donald Sultan. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45. Closes at 4 on Christmas Eve.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A twenty-five-year retrospective of Donald Judd's œuvre: paintings, sculptures, and furniture. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by David Park, which reflects his figurative style of the fifties. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic dynasty (305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of stone statuary and portrait heads. Also from the period are reliefs, gold jewelry, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and Christmas, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from the voyage, including charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Sundays, and Saturday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, except Dec. 24, from 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Just in time for the spending season, here's a show called "Purses, Pockets, Pouches," which includes examples of the netted and the knitted, the drawstring and the throttle-neck. The articles on view date from the late sixteenth century right up to 1988. Through March 5. . . . ¶ An exhibit of furniture and decorative arts in the William and Mary style on loan from numerous collections, chiefly those of Windsor Castle; the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam; the Bibliothèque Nationale of France; and the Winterthur Museum. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Celebrated in art circles in nineteenth-century France, François-Marius Granet—painter, curator at the Louvre and Versailles, subject of a famous portrait by Ingres—is just now receiving his first one-man show in this country. It contains sixty landscape watercolors, plus an oil painting that is a version of his "Choir of the Capuchin Church, Rome," a work so popular that the artist made sixteen copies. The Ingres portrait and two portrait studies are also on view. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays, Saturday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The golem—a figure in Jewish folklore comparable to Frankenstein's monster—has appealed to artists and writers since at least the sixteenth century and, as this survey makes clear, continues to fascinate today's painters, sculptors, and illustrators, among them Saul Steinberg, Charles Simonds, and Louise Fish-man. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of drawings and watercolors that cover the whole range of subjects (landscapes, portraiture, genre scenes) favored by German Romanticism, which flourished between 1780 and 1850. Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp O. Runge, and Adolph Menzel are among the artists. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays, Saturday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A survey of works by Christian Boltanski, a French artist whose sculptures are like time capsules from childhood. Some of the installations are mounted in darkened galleries, evoking the dimness of the past; one is lighted only by six small clamp-on lamps, which focus directly on photographic portraits of high-school students at the Lycée Chases in 1931. Through Feb. 12. A complementary show is at Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Christmas. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8. Closes at 4 on Christmas Eve.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews, dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Christmas. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Dec. 19 at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Roberta Alexander, Hei-Kyung Hong, Anne Sofie von Otter, John Cheek, and Thomas Hampson; conducted by Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 8: "Aida," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Janis Martin; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 8: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Mietta Sighele, Veriano Luchetti, and Samuel Ramey; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 8: "Aida," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, Lando Bartolini, and Alain Fondary; James Levine. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 1:30: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Janis Martin; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Roberta Alexander, Hei-Kyung Hong, Anne Sofie von Otter, John Cheek, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English; a nonsubscription performance), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Janis Martin; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Roberta Alexander, Hei-Kyung Hong, Anne Sofie von Otter, John Cheek, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: "Aida," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, Lando Bartolini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine.

Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera—With the Brooklyn Philharmonic in "Amahl and the Night Visitors." Constantine Kitsopoulos will conduct, and ten-year-old Adam Plotch will sing the part of Amahl. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Dec. 21-22 at 10:30, noon, and 7.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 20 at 7:30: Zubin Mehta conducting Messiaen's "Et Exspecto Resurrectionem Mortuorem," in honor of the composer's eightieth birthday. Mozart's "Serenade for Winds" is also on the program.

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting a Beethoven-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 24 at midnight, and Dec. 29 at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 19 at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Trevor Pinnock will conduct, from the harpsichord, the first two of four performances of all the Brandenburg Concertos. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 26-27 at 8.)

Y Chorale—Amy Kaiser directing. (Central Synagogue, Lexington Ave. at 55th St. Dec. 20 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New Calliope Singers and New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble—Performing, among other works, the polychoral motets of Michael Praetorius. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Dec. 21 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing a program called "Noël! Noël!" (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 21-22 at 8.)

Handel's "Messiah"—st. thomas choir: Gerre Hancock directing the choir, Concert Royal, and vocal soloists. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Dec. 20 and Dec. 22 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 757-7013.) . . . **oratorio society of new york:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Andrea Matthews, soprano; Rebecca Russell, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Cornett, tenor; Mark Pedrotti, bass; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 20 at 8.) . . . **handel & haydn society:** Christopher Hogwood directing the society's chorus, a small orchestra, and vocal soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 21 at 7:30.) . . . **masterwork chorus and orchestra:** David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Charlotte Surkin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 23 at 8.) . . . **sing-in at avery fisher hall:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by nineteen choral conductors. (Dec. 27 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting a Franck-Mozart-Fauré program, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 20 at 7:30.)

For the Love of Music—With Richard Sortomme, violin; Jon Klibonoff, piano; and Jeffrey Solow, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 20 at 8.)

Richard Sher—Cello. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Dec. 20 at 8.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 21 at 8.)

Jan DeGaetani—Mezzo-soprano, with the Aulos Ensemble. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 22 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Wind Band and Pomerium Musices—Performing choral and instrumental music. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 23 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet singing carols. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Dec. 23 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Peter Schickele—With his alter ego, P. D. Q. Bach. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 27-28 at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Indiana Pacers, Dec. 20 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit Pistons, Dec. 22 at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Dallas Mavericks, Dec. 21 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington Bullets, Dec. 26 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana Pacers, Dec. 28 at 7:30.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Dec. 19 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Dec. 21 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Dec. 26 at 1:30. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Dec. 22 at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Dec. 23 at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Dec. 27 at 7:45.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Dec. 19, Dec. 21-24, and Dec. 28 at 12:30. . . . **meadowlands:** Dec. 26-28 at 7:30; through Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8.

LOSE WEIGHT ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND

It's not often that you can enjoy a premier vacation resort while, *at the same time,* lose weight, improve metabolism, reduce cholesterol and develop a healthier lifestyle. But that's exactly what the Hilton Head Health Institute enables you to do.

Since 1976 thousands of men and women have achieved long-term positive changes with our 12 and 26-day Health and Weight Control Programs. Rather than providing a short-term diet and exercise regimen the Institute offers a comprehensive mind/body approach as outlined in our bestselling books which include *The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet* and *If I'm So Smart Why Do I Eat Like This?*

For a healthy vacation that will change your life for years to come call toll-free: 1-800-292-2440 or mail the coupon below.

Hilton Head Health Institute®
Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NY
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name ____________
Address ____________
____
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________
Phone (____) ____________

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 22: "The House of Bernarda Alba" (1987; directed by Mario Camus; in Spanish).
Dec. 23: "Genesis" (Mrinal Sen; in Hindi).
Dec. 24 at 4:30: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The seven-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting, with an intermission.
Dec. 25-26: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 27: "Genesis."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 20: (Matinées only) "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Things Change" (†).
From Dec. 21: "Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 20: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.
From Dec. 21: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Scrooged" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Tequila Sunrise" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 22: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
From Dec. 23: "The Boost" (Harold Becker), with James Woods and Sean Young.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "A Cry in the Dark" (†). From Dec. 21: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: Theatre closed. From Dec. 21: "Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 22: Theatre closed. From Dec. 23: "The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 21: Theatre closed. From Dec. 22: "We Think the World of You" (Colin Gregg), with Alan Bates and Gary Oldman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun" (†).

CINEMA
ALL STAR CAST
2 BIG SHOWS
TODAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

Theatre 2: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 20: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
From Dec. 21: "Talk Radio" (Oliver Stone), with Eric Bogosian.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Dec. 20: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
From Dec. 21: "Dangerous Liaisons" (Stephen Frears), with Glenn Close, John Malkovich, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Mississippi Burning" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film. From Dec. 21: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 27: "Sierra Leone" (1987; directed by Uwe Schrader; in German). From Dec. 28: "A Hungarian Fairy Tale" (1987; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: (Separate admissions) "Amerika, Terra Incognita" (Diego Risquez); and "We the Living" (1942; Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi. From Dec. 21: "A Forgotten Tune for the Flute" (1987; Eldar Ryazanov; in Russian).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "Madame Sousatzka" (†). From Dec. 21: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "Mystic Pizza" (Donald Petrie), with Julia Roberts, Annabeth Gish, and Lili Taylor. From Dec. 21: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 22: "Law of Desire" (1987; Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish) and "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (1984; Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), both with Carmen Maura. From Dec. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: *Through Dec. 20:* "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert. From Dec. 21: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 22: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Gorillas in the Mist" (†). From Dec. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 21: "Things Change" (†).
From Dec. 22: "Burning Secret" (Andrew Birkin), with Faye Dunaway, Klaus Maria Brandauer, and David Eberts.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through Dec. 20: "We the Living" (1942; Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi.
From Dec. 21: "A Forgotten Tune for the Flute" (1987; Eldar Ryazanov; in Russian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Another Woman" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Finally! Foreign-Language Cassettes For People Who Smile A Lot.

You're in Europe . . . at a restaurant, in a shop, on a train. Someone says something to you (at a speed exceeding 90 miles an hour) and you don't understand a word. Even though you've studied the language, all you can do is smile.

Now there's a way to avoid "language shock." With European-produced audio-magazines from Champs-Elysées Inc., you can dramatically improve your language comprehension and, in the process, fine-tune your accent and enlarge your vocabulary.

Unlike other language cassettes our audio-magazines are sold by subscription. In lively monthly editions produced by some of Europe's most popular broadcasters, you'll hear the language as it's *really* spoken. Each hour-long program brings you interviews with celebrities and newsmakers, selections of popular music, and conversation about politics, sports, books, movies, art exhibits, places to go, and things to do.

To help you learn as you listen, every edition comes with a word-for-word transcription, including a vocabulary section of difficult words and phrases. Study supplements, priced separately, offer pre- and post-listening exercises.

Listen at home, while jogging, or on the way to work. You'll be amazed how quickly your language skills improve.

Champs-Elysées

La France en cassettes! Whether it's counting the returns in France's legislative elections or counting calories with pastry chef Gaston Lenôtre, top-rated French radio and television personality Georges Lang serves up programs that are upbeat and endlessly fascinating.

—I've subscribed as a means of brushing up on my French prior to travel, and I've found Champs-Elysées *to be absolutely invaluable. I only wish I'd had something like this while I was in school!*
A.M., Reno, Nevada

Schau ins Land®

Aktuelles, Kultur und Schlager. Postcard scenery and high-tech industry. Music festivals and anti-nuclear demonstrations. Not to mention countless dialects! Axel Fitzke heads a team of correspondents in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland who examine the vivid contrasts of German-speaking Europe.

—[Schau ins Land] *is proving to be the perfect way to maintain and improve my German skills. The way you choose different contributors is excellent. Some of the dialect is really challenging but that's great.*
R.L., Evergreen, Colorado

Puerta del Sol™

Su puerta al mundo hispánico. Host Iñaki Gabilondo is undoubtedly Spain's most popular radio and television journalist. In programs that feature numerous interviews with policymakers and trendsetters, he explores the rich traditions and new directions in Spain and Latin America.

—I expected [Puerta del Sol] *to be good; it is far better than I had hoped. Your materials, both tape-recorded and written, are a magnificent accomplishment. . . They combine entertainment with instruction on a world-class level of quality. Iñaki Gabilondo is the epitome of perfect pronunciation and style.*
K.P., Albuquerque, New Mexico

☎ FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD
1-800-824-0829
(VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED)

CHAMPS-ELYSEES, *Incorporated*

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Subscribe now and receive 11 monthly editions, including a combined June–July issue, for just $109. Or, try 5 editions for $63. If you're not completely satisfied with your first program, call for a full refund.

Send check or money order to:

Champs-Elysées, Inc.
Dept. Y22
P.O. Box 158067
Nashville, TN 37215-8067

I am ordering:
☐ *Champs-Elysées* (French)
☐ *Schau ins Land* (German)
☐ *Puerta del Sol* (Spanish)

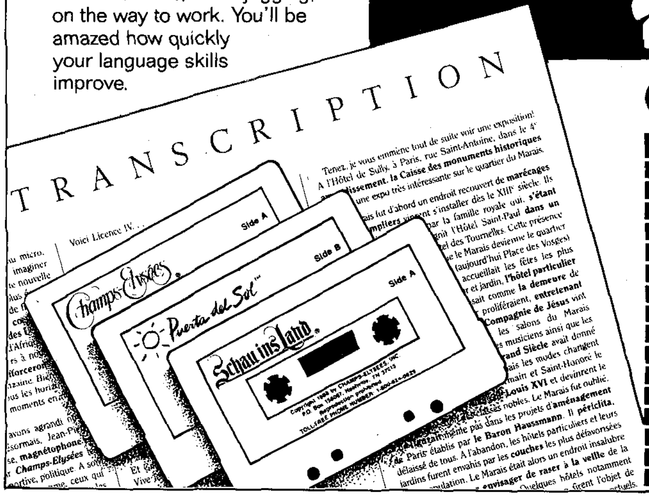
☐ 5 editions ($63) ☐ 11 editions ($109)
☐ Study guide ($20) ☐ Study guide ($44)
Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax

Send to:

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City/State/Zip ____________________



MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

"Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "The Thin Blue Line" (†). From Dec. 21: "Pelle the Conqueror" (Bille August; in Danish and Swedish), with Max von Sydow.
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 20: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary. From Dec. 21: "Pelle the Conqueror."

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 20: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
From Dec. 21: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 3: "Mississippi Burning" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 5: "Scrooged" (†).
Theatre 6: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 22: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster. From Dec. 23: "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "A Cry in the Dark" (†). From Dec. 21: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time;" and (evenings only) "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "Twins."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 22: "A Cry in the Dark" (†). From Dec. 23: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "A Cry in the Dark"(†).
Theatre 2: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 22: "High Spirits" (†). From Dec. 23: "Big"(†).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Theatre 4: "Night of the Demons" (directed by Kevin S. Tenney).
Theatre 5: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 20: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr. From Dec. 21: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Naked Gun" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.
Theatre 4: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Scrooged" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 22: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
From Dec. 23: "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel).

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "Twins."

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

REVIVAL HOUSES

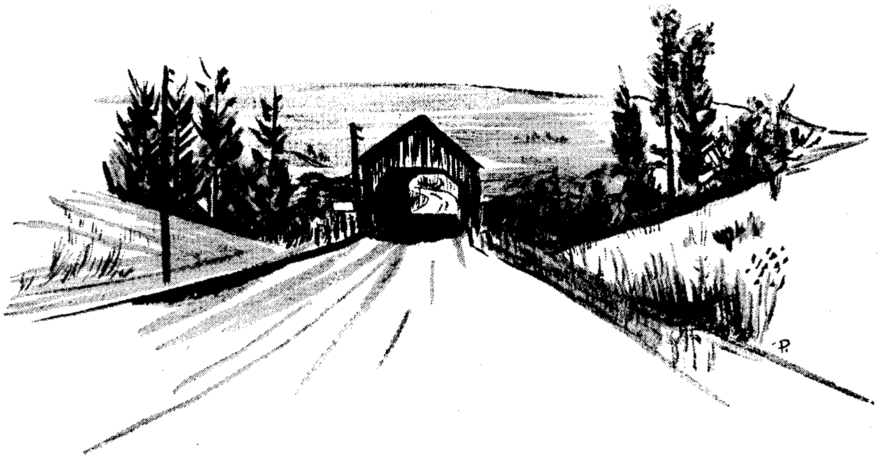
BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Dec. 19: "Tin Pan Alley" (1940; directed by Walter Lang), with Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, and Betty Grable; and "Deep in My Heart" (1954; Stanley Donen), with José Ferrer, Merle Oberon, and Helen Traubel.
Dec. 20-21: "Young Man with a Horn" (1950; Michael Curtiz), with Kirk Douglas and Lauren Bacall; and "The Eddy Duchin Story" (1956; George Sidney), with Tyrone Power, Kim Novak, and Victoria Shaw.
Dec. 22: "Godspell" (†) and "Hair" (†).
Dec. 23-24: "Bells Are Ringing" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin; and "My Sister Eileen" (1955; Richard Quine), with Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, and Betty Garrett.
Dec. 25-26: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940; Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray.
Dec. 27-28: "The Jolson Story" (1946; Alfred E. Green), with Larry Parks and Evelyn Keyes; and "Rose of Washington Square" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 20: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.
Dec. 21-22: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Dec. 23-24: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962; John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury, and James Gregory; and "Three Days of the Condor" (†).
Dec. 25: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Bread, Love, and Dreams" (1954; Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio De Sica.
Dec. 26-27: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
From Dec. 28: "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; Radley Metzger; in French), with Essy Persson; and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel.

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 20: "The Legend of Suram Fortress" (1985; Sergei Paradjanov and Dodo Abashidze; in Georgian).
Dec. 21-22: "Red-Headed Woman" (1932; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer; and "Baby Face" (1933; Alfred E. Green), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne, and George Brent.
From Dec. 23: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig; and "Bye Bye Birdie" (1963; George Sidney), with Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke, and Ann-Margret.

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Dec. 19: "Stand Up and Cheer" (1934; Hamilton McFadden), with Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, Shirley Temple, and James Dunn; and "Thanks a Million" (1937; Roy del Ruth), with Fred Allen and Dick Powell.
Dec. 20: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani; and "Fear" (1956; Roberto Rossellini), with Ingrid Bergman.
Dec. 21: "One Way Passage" (1932; Tay Garnett), with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon; and "I Found Stella Parish" (1935; Mervyn LeRoy), with Kay Francis.
Dec. 22: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
Dec. 23-24: "Diner" (†); and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Dec. 25: "Traffic" (1971; Jacques Tati), with Tati; and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (†).
Dec. 26: "Pigskin Parade" (1936; David Butler), with Patsy Kelly and Stuart Erwin; and "Captain January" (1936; David Butler), with Shirley Temple, Guy Kibbee, and Buddy Ebsen.
Dec. 27: "Shoot the Piano Player" (†); and "Elevator to the Gallows" ("Frantic;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Dec. 28: "What's New Pussycat?" (†); and "Bananas" (1971; Woody Allen), with Allen.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
Dec. 25-26: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.



Dec. 27: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "Monsieur Verdoux" (†).

Dec. 28: "La Strada" (†) and "Umberto D." (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE I: Dec. 19 at 2:30: "Speak, Silent One" (1973; directed by Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Jose Luis Lopez Vazquez. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 6: "Land Without Bread" (1933; Luis Buñuel; with an English narration); and "Paloma Fair" (1935; Benito Perojo; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Charito Leonis. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Nine Letters to Berta" (1965; Basilio Patino; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Emilio Gutiérrez Caba. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6 and Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Life in Shadows" (1947; Lorenzo Llobet Grácia; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Fernando Fernán Gómez. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 6 and Dec. 23 at 2:30: "The Sixth Sense" (1926; Nemesio M. Sobrevilla; a Spanish silent film, with Spanish and English intertitles), with Enrique Duran. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 6: "The Cursed Village" (1929; Florián Rey; a Spanish silent film, with Spanish and English intertitles), with Carmen Viance. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2: "Marcelino, Bread and Wine" (1954; Ladislao Vajda; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Pablito Calvo. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2:30: "The Cursed Village." . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6: "Marcelino, Bread and Wine." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2:30: "Clara the Brunette" (1936; Florián Rey; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Imperio Argentina. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6: "Carmen, the Girl from Triana" (1938; Florián Rey; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Imperio Argentina.

THEATRE 2: Dec. 19-20 at 6:30: A two-part program of silent and sound films by James Herbert, who will be present for both evenings. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 3 and 6: "Land for Rose" (1987; Tete Moraes), a documentary.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

RIKLIS THEATRE: A program of films with Biblical themes. Dec. 21 at 2:30: "The Silver Chalice" (1954; Victor Saville), with Paul Newman, Virginia Mayo, Pier Angeli, and Jack Palance. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Salome" (1953; William Dieterle), with Rita Hayworth, Charles Laughton, and Stewart Granger. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2:30: "The Big Fisherman" (1959; Frank Borzage), with Howard Keel. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 7:30: "David and Bathsheba" (1951; Henry King), with Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 1:30: "The Robe" (1953; Henry Koster), with Richard Burton and Jean Simmons. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: "David and Bathsheba."

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM (Wednesdays through Saturdays, continuous showings): Two of six programs of video art, television commercials, and short films, all dealing with feminist issues.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** Dec. 19 at 7: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 8: "Life Raft Earth" (1969; Robert Frank and Rudy Wurlitzer), "Conversations in Vermont" (1969; Robert Frank), and "About Me: A Musical" (1971; Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 7: "Home Is Where the Heart Is" (1971; Danny Seymour; photographed by Robert Frank), "About Us" (1972; Robert Frank and Visual Studies Workshop students, Rochester), and "Keep Busy" (1975; Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 8:30: "Scenes from Under Childhood" (1969-1970; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 6: "Foolish Wives" (1922; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 7: A program of films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 8:30: "O.K. End Here" (1963; Robert Frank), "Home Improvement" (1985; Robert Frank), and "Fire in the East: A Portrait of Robert Frank" (1986; Philip Brookman and Amy Brookman). . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 6: "The Potted Psalm" (1946), "Mother's Day" (1948), "Four in the Afternoon" (1951), and "Loony Tom, the Happy Lover" (1951), all by James Broughton. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 8: "Life Dances On" (1980; Robert Frank), "Energy and How to Get It" (1981; Robert Frank, Rudy Wurlitzer, and Gary Hill), and "This Song for Jack" (1983; Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 7:30: "Still" (1971), "Shift" (1972), "Behind the Scenes" (1975), and "Table" (1976), all by Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 8: "O.K. End Here," "Home Improvement," and "Fire in the East: A Portrait of Robert Frank." . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 10: "Nightspring Daystar" (1964), "Letter to D. H. in Paris" (1967), and "The Wind Is Driving Him Toward the Open Sea" (1968), all by David Brooks. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 6: "Grandma's Boy" (1922; Harold Lloyd and Fred Newmeyer; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 8: "The Pleasure Garden" (1953; James Broughton) and "Rien Que les Heures" (1928; Alberto Cavalcanti; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 7: "The Bed" (1968), "Nuptiae" (1969), "The Golden Positions" (1970), and "This Is It" (1971), all by James Broughton. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8:30: "A Woman of Paris" (1923; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 7: "The Three Ages" (1923; Buster Keaton; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8:30: "Dreamwood" (1972), "Testament" (1974), and "High Kukus" (1974), all by James Broughton.

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Dec. 19-22 at 7: "My Friend Ivan Lapshin" (1984; Alexei Gherman; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 8 and Dec. 26-28 at 7: Four short animated films by the Brothers Quay.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

Another Woman—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. She realizes she has missed out on passion, on motherhood, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's polished in its nothingness. The only resonance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. The huge cast includes Martha Plimpton, Blythe Danner, Bruce Jay Friedman, Ian Holm, Harris Yulin, Philip Bosco, Kenneth Welsh, Betty Buckley, and John Houseman. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Paris.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Big—With Tom Hanks, directed by Penny Marshall. (6/27/88) (Criterion Center; starting Dec. 23.)

A Cry in the Dark—The director, Fred Schepisi, attempts an epic dissection of how superstitions can spread, and how false the public perception (based on the media) can be. He uses the case of Lindy Chamberlain (Meryl Streep), the wife of a Seventh Day Adventist minister, who was tried for murder and convicted, to ask why Australians cynically rejected her account of seeing a dingo (the Australian wild dog) slink off from the tent her nine-week-old daughter was in. Perhaps the thing that made her the most hated woman in Australia was that TV had accustomed people to grieving mothers who showed their frailty and their naked pathos, and here was Lindy on TV—stoic, matter-of-fact, and bluntly impatient at the endless dumb questions. (From time to time, Streep suggests the strong emotions that Lindy hides in public, and we feel a bond with her—we feel joined to her privacy.) The movie is never less than gripping, but Schepisi, who worked on the script with Robert Caswell (it's based on John Bryson's study of the case, "Evil Angels"), put together more elements than he could develop. Remarkable as Streep is (she does some of her finest screen acting), she seems to be playing a person in a documentary. This is also true of the accomplished Sam Neill, though he seems faultlessly right as Lindy's husband. You come out moved—even shaken—yet not quite certain what you've been watching. (11/28/88) (Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; after Dec. 22, evenings only. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Dec. 20, evenings only. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Dec. 21.)

Diner (1982)—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. When these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" provides a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, at a time when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It isn't remarkable visually but it features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 23-24.)

Godspell (1973)—The Gospels designed to be read by the Woodstock generation as their very own literature. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz.—P.G. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Gorillas in the Mist—Sigourney Weaver as the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in what seems meant to be a triumphant epic about an activist heroine who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that Fossey saved the mountain gorillas from extinction.) Weaver's physical strength alone is inspiring here, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Fossey's will and drive. But Michael Apted, who directed, has an indeterminate approach to some of the

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

key incidents; he doesn't locate a dramatic core in Anna Hamilton Phelan's script. The movie is a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming. (10/17/88) (23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 22, evenings only.)

Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the stage musical, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign, small folk town of New York. With John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.—P.G. (Biograph Cinema, Dec. 22.)

High Spirits—A busload of American tourists arrive at a castle that's advertised as the most haunted place in Ireland. The producers may have been hoping for something on the order of National Lampoon's Irish Vacation with a jigger of "Ghostbusters;" they whacked away at the film, removing between fifteen and twenty-five per cent of the footage, but it's still clear that what the writer-director, Neil Jordan (best known for his 1986 "Mona Lisa"), was trying for was an Irish phantasmagoria—a "Midsummer Night's Dream," with love swaps and ghostly transformations. And once you get past the clumsily antic early scenes, the moody texture can take hold of your imagination. At its best, the film is a soft Irish kiss. There may never have been a movie ghost who was as sexy and ethereal a love object as Daryl Hannah is here, and as a rich, tough American Beverly D'Angelo has her own walloping gorgeousness. Peter O'Toole is the owner of the castle; Liam Neeson is Hannah's ghostly bridegroom; Steve Guttenberg is a love-struck ninny. Also with Peter Gallagher, Jennifer Tilly, Liz Smith, Donal McCann, and Martin Ferrero. The cinematography is by Alex Thomson; the satisfyingly spooky special effects are by Meddings Magic Camera Company. (12/12/88) (Criterion Center; through Dec. 22.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Cinema 3.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob (1973)—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. In French.—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 25.)

Madame Sousatzka—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is, arguably, MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair; she could be Norma Desmond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Dec. 20.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Matador—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. Also with Nacho Martínez, Eusebio Poncela, Carmen Maura, Eva Cobo, Julieta Serrano, and Chus Lampreave. Written by the director and Jesús Ferrero; cinematography by Ángel Luis Fernández. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Mississippi Burning—With Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe, directed by Alan Parker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky, anti-war passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious and even rather lame-brained. There are also static sentimental interludes about Verdoux's devotion to his virtuous wife (Mady Correll). The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that Verdoux, despite all his calculations, and one attempt after another, fails to kill her. With Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, with Robert Florey and Wheeler Dryden as his assistant directors. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 27.)

The Naked Gun—An explosion of sixth-grade humor: terrible puns, broad slapstick, crushingly obvious sexual innuendo, a strategically detonated fart . . . The filmmakers (most of whom were also involved in "Airplane!") are low-comedy purists. The movie could be dopier only if it were longer: its stupidity has a relentlessness and a formal rigor that are practically French. (The scrupulous aesthetic consistency also extends to the cinematography and the editing, which are sixth-grade quality, too.) There are sequences in which the picture's shotgun approach makes us laugh helplessly; there are also stretches during which we just feel helpless, as if we were waiting for the bell to signal the end of class. Still, any movie that features an immensely fat woman falling from the upper deck and flattening Reggie Jackson during an Angels game is clearly onto something. With Leslie Nielsen, Priscilla Presley, Ricardo Montalban, George Kennedy, O. J. Simpson, John Houseman, and Jeannette Charles as Queen Elizabeth. Written by David and Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Pat Proft, and directed by David Zucker. (The movie is derived from a short-lived Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker TV series called "Police Squad!")—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Rose of Washington Square (1939)—This movie, starring Alice Faye, is quite clearly cribbed from the life of Fanny Brice; the contrast would be entertaining if it were double-billed with "Funny Girl." The period of the Ziegfeld Follies and speakeasy raids is re-created in the somewhat tacky Twentieth Century Fox manner; the cinematographer, Karl Freund, gives the material some style, even though the director, Gregory Ratoff, doesn't seem to have a grip on the story. Fortunately, Al Jolson turns up and gives the film an authentic connection to its Broadway sources. The young bail-jumping sharper is played by Tyrone Power. Nunnally Johnson wrote the script (from a story by John Larkin and Jerry Horwin) and produced. The cast includes Hobart Cavanaugh, Joyce Compton, Moroni Olsen, William Frawley, and Louis Prima and his band; among the many songs are "April Showers" and "I'm Just Wild About Harry." (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 27-28.)

Scrooged—Bill Murray, in a striking, outsize entertainment based on Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Murray's Frank Cross, who's the youngest network president in history, is the meanest man in television. (That's the same as meanest man in the world.) The performance is a triumphant parody of yuppie callousness. And it's much more: Murray's free-wheeling, screwy generosity is what makes the huge contraption of a movie work. With production design by J. Michael Riva and cinematography by Michael Chapman, this satirical extravaganza is set in a stylized, made-up universe with deep blues and black backgrounds—suave and velvety. The heartlessness of the film's beauty is exciting: you're looking at life in an executive's dark mirror. And the picture keeps popping surprises: David Johansen (also known as the lounge singer Buster Poindexter) is the grinning cabbie whose identification card reads "Ghost of Christmas Past." John Glover, who sports a collegiate "Tennis, anyone?" haircut, is the new executive who's bucking to replace Frank. Carol Kane, as the Ghost of Christmas Present, is a weirdly dainty Sugar Plum witch. Also with Robert Mitchum, John Forsythe, Alfre Woodard, Michael J. Pollard, Karen Allen, and many other famous performers. Directed by Richard Donner; the script is credited to Mitch Glazer and Michael O'Donoghue. (Elaine May and others also worked on it.) (12/12/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Eastside Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1960)—This François Truffaut film is based on David Goodis's "Down There," a trim, well-written American crime novel. The movie busts out all over—and that's what's wonderful about it. Comedy, pathos, and tragedy are all scrambled up. Charlie, the sad-faced little piano player (Charles Aznavour), is the thinnest-skinned of modern heroes: each time he has cared about someone he has suffered, and now he just wants to be "out of it." This is a comedy about melancholia—perhaps the only comedy about melancholia. Truffaut is freely inventive here—a young director willing to try almost anything. The film is nihilistic in attitude yet by its wit and good spirits it's totally involved in life and fun. Nothing is clear-cut; the ironies crisscross and bounce. With Nicole Berger, Marie Dubois, Albert Rémy, Michèle Mercier, and Daniel Boulanger. Written by Truffaut and Marcel Moussy; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 27.)

La Strada (1954)—The theme of Federico Fellini's spiritual fable is that everyone has a purpose in the universe. It is acted out by three symbolic characters. Giulietta Masina is the waif Gelsomina (soul, innocence, spirit, dreams); Anthony Quinn is the strong man Zampanò (brute physical strength, man as animal); Richard Basehart is an artist-fool (mind). Though the background of the film is neorealist poverty, it is transformed by the romanticism of the conception. Masina's performance has been compared variously to Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Stan Laurel, Barrault, and Marceau, and the comparisons are just—maybe too just. Basehart's performance as the fool, which is not like the work of other performers, is possibly more exciting. Even if one rejects the concepts of this movie, its mood and the details of scenes stay with one; a year or two later, a gesture or a situation suddenly brings it all back. Winner of at least fifty prizes, including the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 28.)

Tequila Sunrise—With Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell; directed by Robert Towne. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Lincoln Plaza; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 21.)

Things Change—With Don Ameche and Joe Mantegna, directed by David Mamet. (11/14/88) (Gramercy; through Dec. 20, evenings only. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 21.)

Three Days of the Condor (1975)—The director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't have a knack for action pulp; he gets some tension going in this expensive spy thriller (and it was a box-office success), but there's no real fun in it. It may leave you feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a New York-based researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network within the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway as a photographer who shoots bare, wintry scenes and is meant to be half in love with death. Also with Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Cinematography by Owen Roizman; the script, by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and David Rayfiel, was adapted from James Grady's "Six Days of the Condor." (Cinema Village; Dec. 23-24.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's Umberto D. is a stubborn old gentleman with bourgeois standards and no means, isolated in an impersonal modern city, unable to communicate with anyone except his dog. Someone has said that this picture goes a long way toward making us aware of what it is to be a man—and also, for that matter, of what it is to be a dog. There are graceful, beautiful episodes—such as a sequence of a young servant girl rising—that would be unthinkable in a conventional movie, or even in a documentary of the time, since the sequence doesn't illustrate any social thesis but is there for itself, for what Cesare Zavattini, who wrote the script with De Sica, called "the love of reality." There isn't a minute of banality in this simple, direct film. Cinematography by G. R. Aldo. With Carlo Battisti, a retired professor, as Umberto, Maria Pia Casilio as the servant, and Lina Gennari as the landlady. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 28.)

What's New Pussycat? (1965)—The script for this lavish production, set in Paris, is by Woody Allen, and his oblique humor is occasionally weird and alienating in this expensive context. It's a frenetic but generally funny psychiatric farce. Peter O'Toole plays a fashion-magazine editor who consults a psychiatrist (Peter Sellers) about how to cure his susceptibility to the girls who pursue him; inevitably, Sellers goes berserk trying to discover the secrets of O'Toole's success. Sellers is in the Woody Allen role, but Woody turns up, too, and there is a trio of beautiful, zingy comediennes—Paula Prentiss (who gets to read a poem called "Ode to a Pacifist Junkie"), Romy Schneider, and Capucine. Directed by Clive Donner. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 28.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her longtime live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

The Year of Living Dangerously (1983)—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. To a degree, Weir is the victim of his own skill at creating the illusion of authentic Third World misery, rioting, and chaos; the emaciation of the natives overwhelms the made-up problems of the Caucasians. But movie squalor has its own glamour, and scene by scene this film is fascinating. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. The script, by David Williamson, Weir, and C. J. Koch, is based on Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (Cinema Village; Dec. 26-27.)

Direct From

The New Yorker

Wants to Talk to You

about what?

A way you can receive personalized information about quality products and services offered in the pages of **The New Yorker.**

how?

Call 1-800-2-t-i-l-l-e-y on an ordinary touch-tone phone and you'll hear a voice that says "Welcome to touch tone ads." Then enter the access code shown in the telephone insignia below to hear a free message about the product or service of your choice.

when?

Direct From The New Yorker offers instant access to voice messages 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Start now . . .

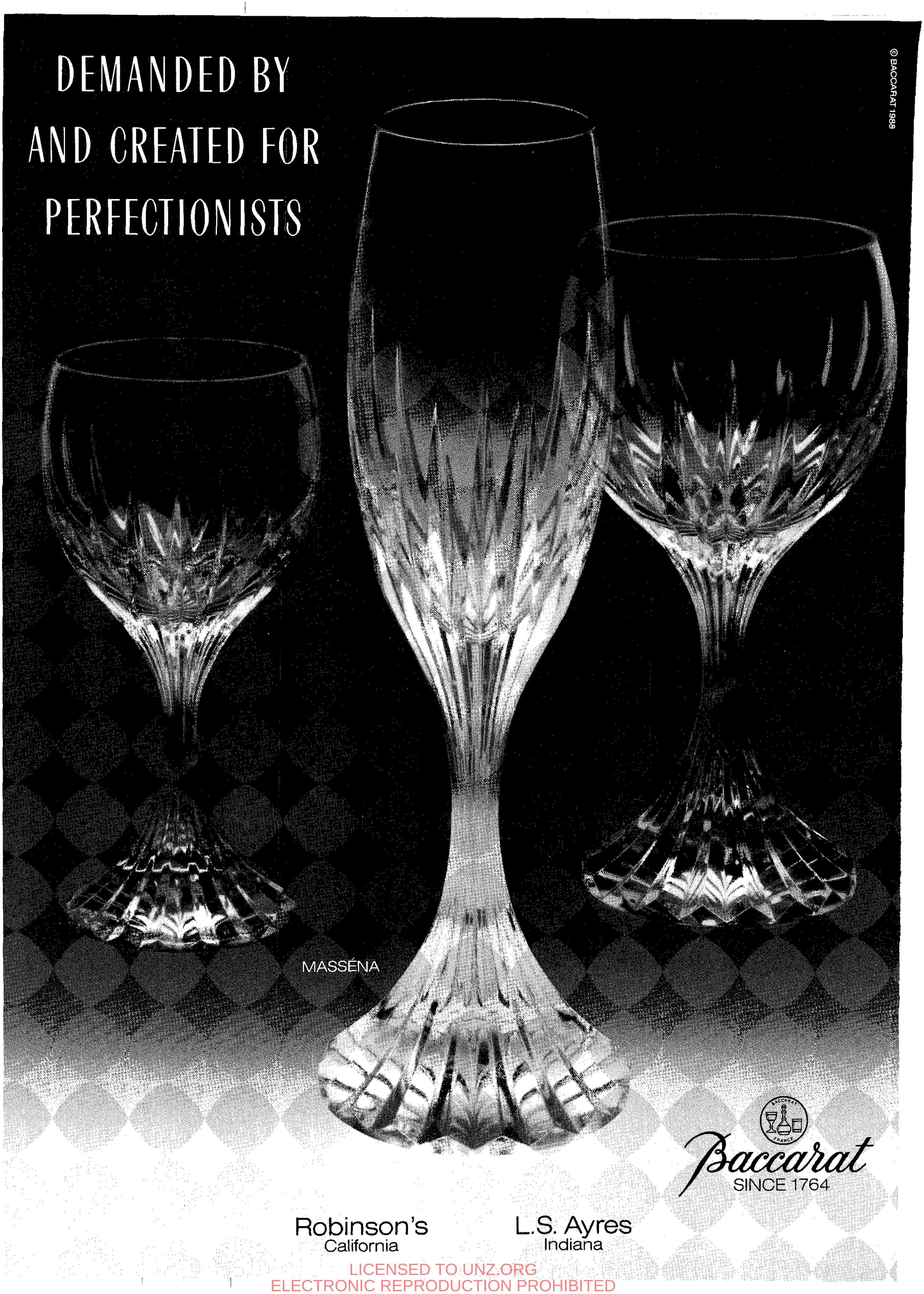
1-800-2 t-i-l-l-e-y

For information on: *Press:*

PACO RABANNE PARFUMS ☎ 30030

☎ 30020

THE NEW YORKER ☎ 30010


DEMANDED BY
AND CREATED FOR
PERFECTIONISTS
MASSÉNA
Baccarat
SINCE 1764
Robinson's
California
L.S. Ayres
Indiana

© BACCARAT 1988

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FIFTY years ago, late on the evening of December 22nd, the editor of the German science journal *Naturwissenschaften* dropped by the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Chemistry, in the Berlin suburb of Dahlem, to pick up a typewritten report, a late entry for the January edition. His friend Otto Hahn, a distinguished chemist, and Hahn's assistant, Fritz Strassmann, had confirmed a discovery the previous day which seemed to them, they wrote in their report, to contradict "all previous laws of nuclear physics." They had bombarded a solution of uranium nitrate with neutrons and found that they had made barium, an element lighter than uranium by nearly half. Nothing in their experience had prepared them for so drastic a transformation. They were at a loss to explain it.

The Austrian Jewish physicist Lise Meitner, the third member of their team, who had recently escaped from Nazi Germany and had been working in Sweden over the Christmas holidays with her young physicist nephew Otto Frisch, proposed an explanation early in January, 1939, and experiments subsequently confirmed it. Barium had appeared, Meitner and Frisch proposed, because the uranium nuclei bombarded by the chemists had split—had burst asunder. The two physicists predicted that such an unexpected and extraordinary reaction would release unprecedented volumes of energy. They proposed to call this reaction "nuclear fission." When Otto Hahn realized what its consequences might be, he recalled later, he seriously considered suicide.

The work at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute on the eve of the Second World War is a fair candidate for the single most significant scientific discovery of the twentieth century. By 1945, it had elaborated into an industrial complex in the United States comparable in scale to the American automobile industry and dedicated to the production of explosives so violent and portable that they would change forever the nature of war. The world learned of their lethal novelty at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It has been learning of their political consequences ever since.

Many wars have been fought since 1945, and they have been brutal in their toll of lives, but all have remained limited. None have enlarged into world war. Of the tens of thousands of nuclear weapons in the arsenals of the world, not one since 1945 has been exploded in anger. The superpowers, despite their frequently expressed belligerence, and despite provocations that at an earlier time might well have led to all-out war, have not once even gone to full military alert against each other.

Such unprecedented restraint by nation-states as contentious as the United States and the Soviet Union is remarkable, but, to judge from the evidence of the arms race, it has not resulted from any millennial change in the hearts of men. Rather, it seems to have been forced upon the nations by a millennial change of circumstance: the knowledge of how to release nuclear energy.

"History offers few examples of sovereign states surrendering their sovereignty except to outside compulsion," Henry Kissinger wrote in his 1957 study "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy." But it is precisely their sovereignty—or aspects of their sovereignty—that sovereign nations have surrendered these past decades. They have given up fighting all-out wars even though limiting their wars has limited their victories, and has on occasion actually led to defeat. They have acceded to continuing violations of their territorial sovereignty by air- and space-based reconnaissance systems. They have agreed to limitations on the testing of nuclear weapons even though the limitations have to some degree constrained their pursuit of efficient national defense. They have modified their most cherished prejudices to justify coexisting with political systems they previously considered intolerably threatening. Most recently, they have begun to come to terms with the inevitability of change by agreeing to forgo intermediate-range missiles and to allow foreign nationals to inspect missile factories at first hand.

The idea of detaching sovereignty from the power to make war has seemed to some nationalists to compromise that sovereignty. To the contrary, the power to make war with nuclear weapons is today inimical to sovereignty, and the possibility of maintaining sovereignty resides precisely in limiting or avoiding war. Under such paradoxical circumstances, we have responded, on the one hand, by searching for a technical breakthrough that might somehow restore our ability to fight wars we could win and, on the other hand, by piling up arms as if redundancy might somehow substitute for the security that no military establishment can any longer guarantee. But even if some partial defensive shield should become possible, far down the road—and that is by no means assured—there will never be total protection from weapons so small, so destructive, and so easily concealed. The simple, incontrovertible fact is that we are naked to our enemies, now and for the remotely foreseeable future. So are the Soviets. The arms themselves—even the so-called defensive ones—only add to our peril, by enlarging the potential for accident, miscalculation, and destruction.

Because of the puzzling experiment at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, we live today in the midst of historic changes that are pulling the nation-states in two directions at once: toward a world of multiple sovereignties that take into account the reality of nuclear weapons—a world potentially more peaceful, more open, and less dangerously armed—and toward a world where the conflict implicit in the arms race will have materialized in vast destruction. Toward a world of the dead. It should not escape our attention that the system of nation-states as it was historically constituted, defined by their power to wage war, will be modified away from belligerence in either case.

• •

Gorby

THE papers said that Mikhail Gorbachev's motorcade would pass through the financial district between three-thirty and five, so, to play it safe, we got down there at three. Broadway in front of Trinity Church was calm. A flyer thrust into our hands called our attention not, as we expected, to Soviet Jewry or Nagorno-Karabakh but to a chiropractor. The sidewalk book peddlers were showing their usual selection of cookbooks, diet books, and children's books, though one of them did have a stack of copies of "Soviet Photography: An Age of Realism," probably by accident.

Down Wall Street, the prospective arrival of the General Secretary was causing more stir. Gorbachev's flying visit offered such a convenient, if ambiguous, symbol (was it Socialism confronting Mammon, or the champion of *perestroika* seeing how Americans do it?) that if he hadn't been making the trip downtown, journalists would have had to invent it. The Street seemed to regard the visit as an exercise in celebrity-spotting. Denizens of the Stock Exchange—floor traders in bright coats, capitalists in Burberry knock-offs—lined the sidewalks. High up the stone flanks of bank buildings, people looked out of windows. The Stock Exchange Christmas tree, thick-trunked and shaggy, stood in the middle of Broad Street, which had been emptied of traffic. The only figures to be seen on the steep steps of Federal Hall, below the fat columns, were a party of policemen and George Washington's statue.

We walked down Broadway to Fraunces Tavern and back, trying to imagine what impressions Gorbachev might take away with him. Dusk, primarily: though daylight still played over the harbor and on the building tips, the canyons grew a deeper and deeper gray. Next, the conjunction of grandeur and pokiness: ziggurats of finance cheek by jowl with shoeshine stands and repair shops, check-cashers and delicatessens.

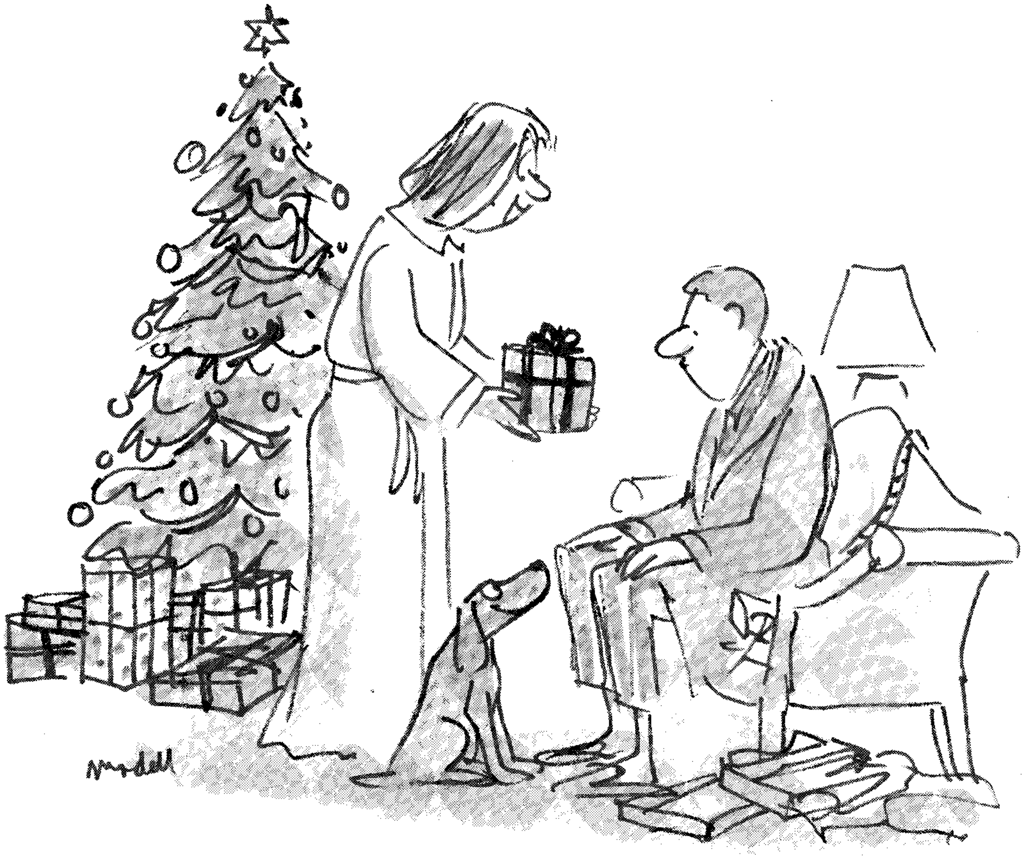
The crowd was thickening, and we posted ourself at the top of Broad Street. From time to time, the subway rumbled under our feet. Three police cars moved toward us, lights flashing. False alarm. They were followed by Transit Police tow trucks, which were hissed. "They blocked off the Grand Central Parkway for him yesterday!" one man exclaimed, with a mixture of indignation and envy. "They blocked off the Triborough Bridge *and* the F.D.R. Drive for him yesterday!" At length, we heard a low wail of sirens. A party of motorcycle policemen, all of them with mustaches, swept past the Christmas tree, followed by two police vans, which were followed by another swarm of motorcyclists. Then came a stream of unmarked cars, red lights flashing on their dashboards or their roofs; two black limousines flying Soviet flags from their fenders; more vans; more limousines. The limousines had a non-Detroit look: their back windows were hung with white, oddly Victorian curtains. People clapped and waved, knowing Gorbachev was in there somewhere.

Anne Burgess

As the spectators moved away, they were still commenting on the traffic problems the visit had caused and on the time they were wasting, and one of them mentioned the resemblance of the fedora we were wearing to Gorbachev's. We called some hatters later to ask if the Soviet leader's headgear was having any fashion impact. "People do come in every once in a while and say, 'I want a hat like Gorby wears,' " a clerk at Worth & Worth told us. "But I don't think it's a large effect. Hats in general have been more popular over the last few years." The clerk added, "What he wears is considered a conservative brim." A salesman at the J.J. Hat Center was more specific. "Gorbachev's hat looked like about a two-inch brim, suèded finish, machine-made crease, nineteen-line band," he told us. As for any influence it may have had, "we haven't seen any yet," he said.

Records

THE perfect map of the popular music of 1988 can be found at 110 Chambers Street. It sits inside a tenement building, two flights above a bar-and-grill whose owners seem to have set some kind of record for most uses of the word "Bar" on a single façade (the awning, the windows, and the side of the building, with two more "Bar"s up above the awning, like sideburns). The map is a cross-referenced, key-worded, real-time-retrieval data base, installed in a Macintosh Plus, that lists practically every popular song to have been recorded anywhere in America in the past year. The man who made it is B. George, and his official title is director of the ARChive of Contemporary Music. The ARChive is primarily a huge record collection—an encyclopedic outgrowth of something that B. George began many years ago, as a teen-ager in Youngstown, Ohio—and its aim is to preserve pop-music records from 1950 to the present. So far, the ARChive has collected a quarter-million records, and all those from 1988 have been entered in the Macintosh, where they are classified by style as well as by artist—a classification system that exists largely in the head of B. George. Some of his categories: Acid Rock, Bolero, Calypso, Chimurenga, Doo Wop, Fuji, Garage, Heavy Metal, Industrial, Juju, Merseybeat, Northern Soul, Oi!, Protest, Rock Steady, Tex Mex, and Zydeco.



“This one’s from you know who, so make a fuss and thank him.”

• •

The ARChive will not open full time until next June, when it will have moved into a building in Greenwich Village, but already people are calling, and already B. George is helping them. The other morning, for instance, while B. George was playing with his map, Laurie Anderson herself called—an old friend. (In an earlier life, B. George was a record producer, and he released her big hit “O Superman.”) Did B. know the words, the whereabouts, the vital stats of a song called “The Ten Commandments,” by somebody called Princess Buster? B. George threw himself into the task, and only ten minutes later was ready to call Laurie Anderson back with the good news.

“Laurie,” B. George said quietly when he got her on the phone. (He speaks to his callers in the even, measured cadences of CAPCOM talking to the moon.) “Laurie, that song was recorded also by Prince Buster, who was, of course, a major ska star in Jamaica in the sixties. And then there’s also a recording of it by a Prince and Princess Buster. Now, I have no authority for this, but I wonder if that might not be a joke—Prince Buster singing with himself in falsetto. Or perhaps it’s an answer song.” (In an answer song, one singer replies to a previous singer’s hit, usually by examining its subject from the opposite point of view.) Since B. George didn’t have any of the three records, he promised to try to find one for her (a service for which the ARChive charges a fee), reminded her, gently, that a contribution would always be welcome (the ARChive finances itself through contributions), and hung up. “Tom,” he said to an assistant. “Why don’t you start calling around to all the reggae stores and see if you can find Prince or Princess Buster, ‘The Ten Commandments.’ ”

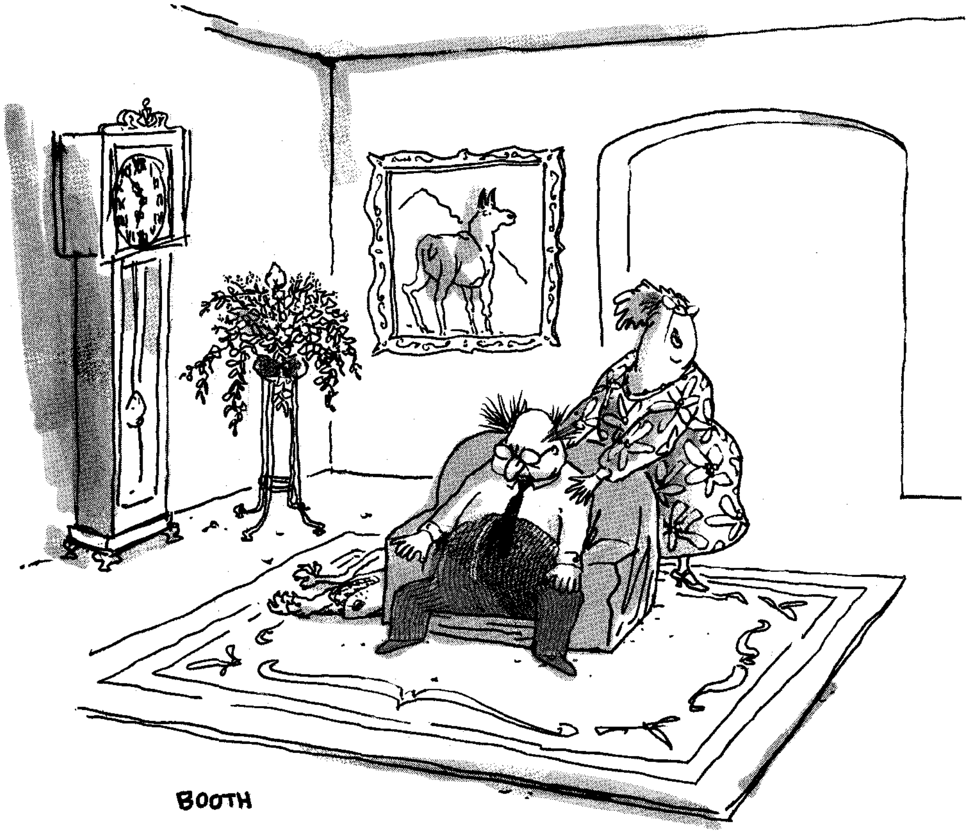
B., who was in a good mood, put on one of his new favorites—a recording of Christmas music by a Haitian duo. The songs included “Noel Pou Yo,” “Noel Paysan,” “Pot Pourri de Noel,” and (a gem) “Tonton Noel.” “I got this record on Nostrand Avenue, in Brooklyn,” he said. “That’s where you have to go to find things now. Essentially, the music of the people of New York has been eliminated from Manhattan. More Latin records are made and recorded here than anywhere else, for instance, but it’s almost impossible to find them in Manhattan record stores. And the same thing is true of West Indian music. A record buyer in Manhattan would have no idea of the musical richness of the city.”

In addition to his Nostrand Avenue shopping trips, B. George’s archive relies on the charity of record companies. “Unfortunately, record companies don’t have any mechanism for donating their works to archives,” he said. “But they know all about sending things to reviewers, so we make sure that we’re on all the review lists. Economically, it would make more sense if we were just a straight-ahead rock-and-roll archive. We know that the bulk of our requests from the public are always going to be for a discography of all the Dead songs or for the words from a Metallica album. But what interests me and moves me is the forgotten things. It’s not nostalgia. It’s just that pop music is little bits of information that join up with other little bits, and it’s from those connections—from all the Prince Busters and Princess Busters, who may be just an invention of a couple of hours in a studio in Jamaica—that this huge, impressive thing is made. Like a coral reef. Of course, since the record companies didn’t always keep master tapes of things that didn’t matter so much, it’s hard. The great enemy of sound recordings isn’t scratches but dust and the grease of human fingers. Essentially, the first cut on every LP is gone.”

B. George combines a profound anti-authoritarian streak (“The idea of this archive is to really have on hand what people listened to, not what they were *supposed* to listen to," he had explained earlier) with a relentless mania for systematization. "I think that the thing about American popular music is that there are snobberies within the snobberies," he said. "You begin with the notion that nobody ever wants to take this stuff seriously in the first place. But then you discover that even the people who take popular music seriously aren't really serious about *really* popular music. I think it's William Manchester who pointed out, in one of his books about the Second World War, that, while everybody talks about Sinatra in that period, the G.I.s were really listening to Roy Acuff. *That* was the soundtrack of Normandy—cowboy music. And it's still true. The great bulk of the popular music we received in 1988 wasn't 'rock' in the progressive sense. I suspect that if you removed the few hugely successful rock performers, like Springsteen and Michael Jackson, the bulk of what people were listening to in this country would turn out to be Heavy Metal and C. & W. But no one's going to put Van Halen on the cover of *Time*. One thing I've learned from the 1988 project is that we're acutely uncomfortable with anything that reminds us of truths about ourselves—such as that we are a rural country, or a suburban one."

His assistant called out that he had found the Princess Buster record in a store called Finyl Vinyl, over on Second Avenue. B. George celebrated by putting on a 1957 album of calypso songs sung in a West Indian accent by Robert Mitchum. It's another of B. George's favorites.

B. George began to search his perfect map of popular music for curiosities and portents. It took him half a minute to find that the word "Love" occurred in the titles of six hundred and forty songs recorded in America so far this year. "Next year, we'll be able to run that through again and see how the years compare for love," he said. Then he discovered that the word "nose" was used in the title of exactly one song recorded in America so far this year. It was written by a tenor-sax man named Tony Dagradi, and recorded on the Rounder label by a group called the New Orleans Saxophone Ensemble. The song is called "Nose Blues."

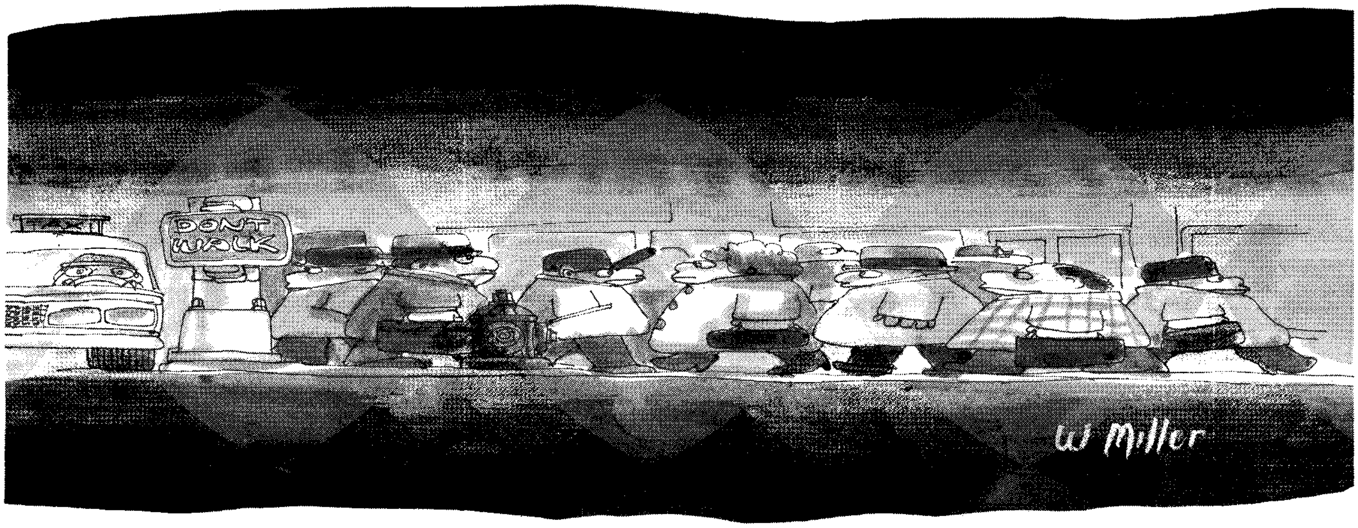


"Wellness clinics, stress-management checkups, hypertension screenings, lab tests, crisis after crisis. Fibre foods, fish-oil capsules, unsaturated spreads, plaque. Say what they may, McCormack, we did it our way."

Turkey Talk

Mrs. Jean Schnelle, the director of the Butterball Turkey Talk-Line (800 323-4848), says she gets a lot of calls of the "I couldn't call my mother, she's scuba diving in Hawaii" variety—especially on Thanksgiving Day, when she and forty-three other professional home economists who operate the Talk-Line hear from people all over the country who don't know the first thing about cooking a turkey. When the toll-free Turkey Talk-Line was started, by the Butterball people, eight years ago in Chicago, Mrs. Schnelle was told to anticipate a lot of calls from nervous young brides cooking turkey dinners for the first time. Mrs. Schnelle doesn't know whether brides aren't young anymore or whether they all cooked their fair share of birds before marriage, or what, but research shows that most of the callers are actually "mature women," who, though they may have cooked a turkey before, either have never done a very good job of it or haven't tried in a while. A lot of these women are embarrassed to be calling, Mrs. Schnelle says, but she feels that "it's like going to the doctor with your skin rash, or whatever you have that's troubling you." She adds, "Nothing really astonishes us."

We were talking on the Turkey Talk-Line ourself (if you must know, we had a few questions about basting), so we don't know what Mrs. Schnelle looks like, but she has a terse, practical manner of speaking, and an offhand way of telling funny anecdotes. She likes to say that the women who work the Talk-Line are a substitute for mothers, and she herself often sounds exactly like someone's mother. The Talk-Line operates only from November 1st to December 23rd, and last year the advisers helped approximately a hundred and thirty thousand people in those few weeks. Thanksgiving, of course, is by far the busiest day. "The people who call on Thanksgiving Day are not the planners-ahead," Mrs. Schnelle told us. "The first call is someone shrieking 'I forgot to thaw this thing!' or 'I put this bird in last



The Shortest Day of the Year

• •

night, and now it's done and nobody's here!' Now, why they did those extremely silly-sounding things, who knows? We don't ask. That's not our job. And we don't have time to turn to the operator next to us and say, 'Guess what? She left the giblets in,' either."

Forgetting the giblets is no big deal to Mrs. Schnelle. Neither are dropped turkeys or turkeys that the dog got hold of, or interfering mothers-in-law, or inconsiderate teen-agers, or people who need to know whether it would be O.K. to feed turkey to their pet piranhas. Sometimes, Mrs. Schnelle says, she'd like to ask "Why are you calling?" but the philosophy of the Turkey Talk-Line is that it's better to understand than to judge. "We don't think, Oh, shame on you," she says. "Though I do talk to a number of homes where I'm glad I'm not a guest for dinner—like the home of the man who put his turkey in the oven on self-clean. Or of the young man cooking his first turkey who called in and said, 'It smells great, but it looks kind of funny—it's kind of gooey.' I told him that that might not be so bad, and asked if it was brown and shiny. 'Well, no,' he said. 'It's shiny all right, but it's more like bright colors than brown.' Turns out he had left the plastic bag on the turkey. When he finally told us it looked like melted crayons, we came to that conclusion."

We asked Mrs. Schnelle if there was anything she didn't know about turkeys.

"Yep," she said. "I don't know a lot about making a turkey dead. Like one lady called in and said, 'We don't know what to do about Tommy Rose.' Well, Tommy Rose turned out to be a live turkey running around the yard. This they were going to turn into a dinner—something they had named *Tommy Rose!* We have to refer those calls."

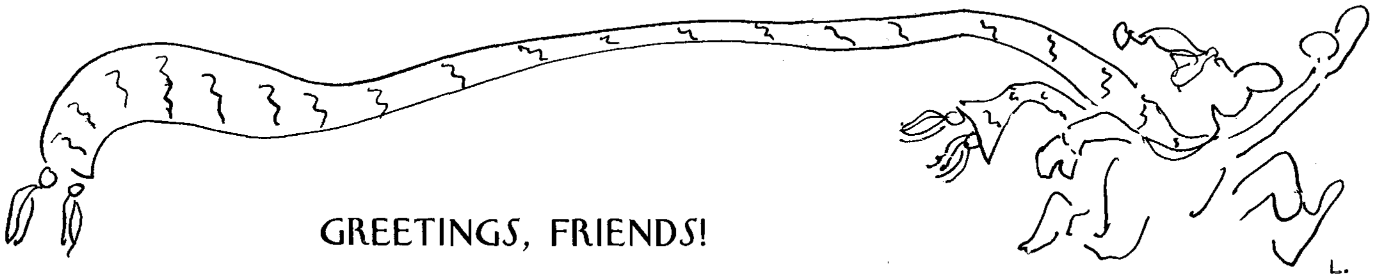
N Train

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

It was the gilt-edged pages that gave him away. Most people who read the Bible on the subway have a small pocket edition and keep it to themselves. This young man looked as if he had come away with the family King James. Otherwise, he was ordinary-looking: gray jacket, plaid scarf, blue-jeans, white sneakers; bristly brown hair; a gold wedding band. He waited until the N train had pulled out of the Queensboro Plaza station and was under the East River, and then he read aloud, "In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus . . ." A groan went out from my fellow-passengers.

Talk about a captive audience. The train was too crowded for people to switch cars. And New Yorkers will put up with all sorts of things rather than give up their seats on the subway. I couldn't help thinking that the young man was lucky there were no maniacs aboard and no piles of stones at hand. But no matter how you feel about being force-fed the Gospel under the East River it holds up better than the *Times* or the *Post* or the subway ads for Dr. Zizmor, dermatologist. Anyway, no one moved. No one said, "Oh, shut up." No one wanted to be identified as an irreligious loner at Christmastime.

I found myself criticizing the young man's intonation. He had a good, strong voice, but the words rocked up and back unvaryingly: ". . . to be en*rolled* with Mary, *his* betrothed, who *was* with child." When he *was* done, and the shepherds *had* rejoiced, he changed—thank goodness—his rhythm. He started singing "Joy to the World." He sang two full verses of it, again in a good, strong voice. But no one joined in. I was tempted, partly because I felt sorry for him—singing in the face of so much hostility—and also because I'm a sucker for actual human voices raised in song, as opposed to canned carols such as one hears in Doubleday (*pa-rum-pa-pum-pum*) and in Barnes & Noble (*gloh-o-o-o-o-oh-o-o-o-o-oh-o-o-o-o-oh-ria*). But I was sitting next to a man rigid with pain and fury at having his subway meditations interrupted, and I felt sorry for him, too. Especially when the young man finished singing and began to preach, reminding us that we were all God's creatures on the N train and that for each of us He had a plan. God's creature next to me was probably thinking that he didn't take the subway to fall in with God's plan—he took the subway to get to Fifty-ninth and Lexington.



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Whose words these are I think you know:
Your selfsame bard, with beard of snow.
He will not mind your stopping here
To soak up sounds of Christmas cheer,
And see some Yuley thoughts descend
On nearest bro and farthest friend,
And windy gusts of good will fall,
Enfolding field and shopping mall
With rhymes that wreathe a magic hush
As you watch this space fill up with slush.
Friends, peace upon youse, all and each—
On Frederick Crews and Stacy Keach,
Bishop Harris, Milton Babbitt,
Rosanne Cash, and Roger Rabbit!
At this sweet time, it's neat to greet
Susana Montana, Calvin Peete,
Kelly McGillis, Albert Gore,
And Orel L. Hershiser IV.
"Happy Christmas" is the motto
We keep for friends like Kristin Otto,
Shug McGaughey, Peter Gay,
Patrick Leahy, and Maynard Bray—
And for one you knew was due to
Fit in somewhere: John Sununu!
Your careworn greeter here wants sent
His best to our new President
And First Ms. Bush: So let's invoke a
Prayer for him and his *mishpokah*.
May wisdom light his nights and days
And give us cause for louder praise.
Now, friends, let's send some yup euphoria
By checking out the up emporia
For Mickey Hahn, Gloria Naylor,
Chaka Khan, and Lawrence Taylor.
Let's ask for something nice from Santa
For Anne Rice, the folks at *Granta*,
The lively Lees—Spike and Cathy—
And Dr. William Abernathy;
Plus a wreath of balsam, which'll
Please our Maine man, George J. Mitchell.
Blow, trumpeters, and sound a sennet
For David Cone and Tony Bennett,
While the Grateful Dead record a
Barcarolle for Tom Lasorda
And angel choirs impart their wish
For A. Bart G., the new Commish,
And for Ron and Nancy lay some trills
And fa-las on the La-La hills!
Yo, jolly vintners, tap a vine,
And we'll quaff a cup with friends of mine,
Like Jonathan Winters, Chuck Berry,
Taylor Branch, and Ben & Jerry,
Benazir Bhutto, Admiral Crowe,
Rita Dove, and Willem Dafoe.
Here's thanks, Mel Blanc (you old Tweety!),
Kathleen Battle, Charlotte Beattie,
I. M. Pei, Walker Percy,
And—hey!—Jackie Joyner-Kersee.
Hooray, hooray for everyone
From Bob and Ray to Moses Gunn,
Pat Sajak, Jean-Louis Barrault,
Roberta Flack, and Satchel Farrow!
Ho-ho—it's our mammoth sleigh ride
(Add snow to your basic hayride).
So wrap up warm and pack aboard
With Beppie Blankert, Richard Ford,
Or there (with care and flattened spondee)
Right next to Cher and Matt Biondi!
It's Christmas, dears! Fling off your cares
And bundle up in friendly pairs—
Viz., Liz Jolley, there *mit* Günter
Grass; Bart Starr and Holly Hunter;
And Judith Ivey interlocked
With Evan Bayh and Michelle Shocked!
Come on, buddies, *carpe diem*—
Live it up from A. to P.M.!
It's party time, so cuddle cllosa
With Sr. Mario Vargas Llosa,
Jimmy Cliff, and River Phoenix
(Photo op. for top-flight scenics),
The meta-Mehtas—Sonny, Zubin—
Grete Waitz, and William Rubin.
So, chockablock, o'er fields we'll go
With joy and Joel Conarroe,
As clumpy Clydesdales speed the sled
And carols sing the sun to bed.
That Eve, I think, we'll trim the tree
And drink to absent company.
We'll fax good will to far-off places—
To friends in Flint and Sint Eustatius;
To Gumby, Gorby, Apple II,
Pilobolus, and San Berdoo;
The Ueck, the Duke and Kitty, and
The A.C.L.U. Marching Band!

Friends, here let this space assume
The guise of that envisaged room
Which every Christmas (how surprising)
Still awaits us on arising:
An imagined place, I mean,
Where childish hopes stay evergreen
And once more we glimpse the reason
For this passing joyful season.
May peace embrace you, that's to say,
Upon this ancient holiday.

—ROGER ANGELL

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

"HOME for the holidays again?"

The cabdriver knows me. It's a small town. At my destination, he stops in the middle of the street and flings my luggage toward the sidewalk.

"Sure you won't come and see the folks?" I say, but all I hear is "Ho, ho, ho!" as he roars away.

The years away have not dulled my senses when it is again time to savor the nuances of our annual gathering. Sparkling in the morning chill, the old front porch awaits me, covered by a fresh layer of white winter fluffiness. The creamy vanilla frosting is my mother's own special recipe, lovingly applied with bold, sweeping strokes that crisscross the floorboards and handrails with a series of interlocking peaks and valleys.

The buttery-smooth layers give way easily beneath my shoes as I walk up the steps. After dinner, my young cousins will be turned loose on this area, and by the end of the night they will have licked every square inch back down to the finish.

A crowd gathers in the front hallway as I take off my coat and set down my suitcase. "Welcome back, Josh," says Aunt Gloria, leaning forward to give me a kiss. She is wearing a Santa Claus hat and a bushy white beard, and as her lips touch my cheek I suddenly realize that the beard is real.

Gloria is an actress, and has always stressed the importance of a total commitment to each and every role in her career. "Listen," she says in an urgent whisper, "this character is incredibly complex, and *he's not a nice man at all.* Promise you'll talk to me later—O.K.?" I nod, and she grins and pinches my ear.

I stroll through the old house and feel the familiar, warming glow of expectation. How sweet it is that so little seems to change from year to year. At the end of the downstairs hallway there are rumblings behind the kitchen door. Can it be?

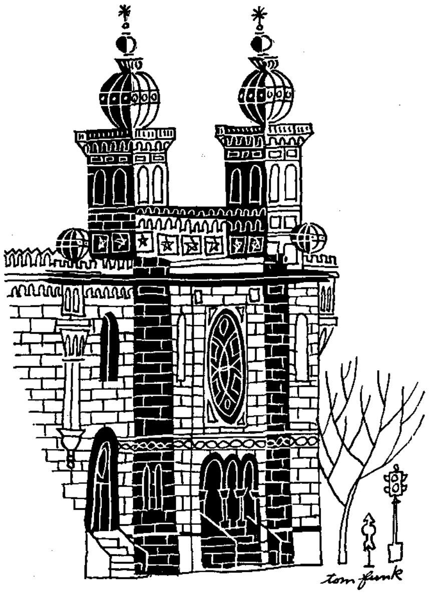
I peek inside and a blast of steamy heat takes my breath away momentarily. Yes, as is customary in this house at this time of year, the configuration of the kitchen furniture, the counters, the stove, and the appliances, has been temporarily modified into an Indian longhouse for the preparation of the holiday dinner.

Many years ago, our domestic assistant, Mrs. Koslowski, attended a class in Native American Cooking and decided we should make this day into a celebration of multicultural understanding. She changed her legal name to Harriet Ten Feathers, and now, staring through the opening in the doorway, I can see her tenderizing the turkey with vigorous blows from a hand-chiselled obsidian tomahawk.

On the floor lies a sheepskin poultice she has prepared in which the bird will be wrapped, along with a special blend of herbal seasonings. Harriet refers to this procedure as Tualit Keena-Ho, the Feast of Rainbow Warriors. Back in college, I once repeated the phrase to a linguistics professor, and he said it's more of a slang term that translates literally as "I am sweating and my pants hurt."

In the den, Uncle Elmore lies motionless beneath a single, glistening, two-hundred-pound Comice pear, the pride of this year's Harry & David catalogue. His efforts to incorporate the impressive specimen into the centerpiece of our dining-room table are part of his own personal ritual called Raising the Fruit.

"Hiya, sport!" he calls out cheerily. "Don't come in—I can handle this baby, once my second wind kicks in." In truth, Elmore has not gone unassisted for years. This harmless pretense helps him maintain the illusion of youthful vitality. I smile and say nothing. Later he will quietly lose consciousness.



In the dining room, my father is working feverishly to complete his own contribution to the festivities. The table is immaculate. Silver place settings and crystal goblets sparkle like treasure. In one corner of the room is a fifty-five-gallon plastic drum, exuding a savory holiday aroma. Since before dawn my father has been carefully blending bread crumbs, wild rice, spices, and chicken broth in it, on a scale unheard of in most civilized countries. Before my arrival, he began warming the drum with a hand-held microwave generator until its contents reached just the proper combination of firmness and consistency. Now, before my again astonished eyes, rests the outcome of his self-taught culinary and sculpting talents. It is a minutely detailed full-size replica of the original La-Z-Boy recliner. In our family it is simply called the Overstuffed Chair.

Before sounding the dinner bell, my father gestures toward his creation. Tears prickle my eyes, and for a moment I am too overcome to respond. This is a Christmas honor usually reserved for special guests. Taking my hand, he urges me forward and then helps me ease down, so that my body conforms intimately with the contours of the recliner. A profound sense of total unity with all living things engulfs me as wisps of steam rise from the armrests, and every fibre of my clothing and my being is penetrated by the warm, oozing juices.

"Happy holidays, Josh. Are you glad to be home?"

"Where else would I want to be?"

"Here's something else," my father says, handing me a length of nylon rope. I can see that the other end is attached to a trapdoor in the ceiling. The old man leans close, and his lips form the word "gravy."

"Dad," I say, "it's great to be home." —JEFFREY SHAFFER

●

She said the senator from Indiana had been invited to a state dinner in 1982. Although six years have passed, the nation's 100 senators are invited by rotation and Quayle's name has not yet surfaced again.

After Quayle moves into the White House, he will automatically be invited to all state dinners, she said.—*The News.*

But not until then—right?

THE MAN WHO BECAME A SOPRANO

ALL things have a beginning and an end. The recorder group began in the uxorious warmth of the Weisses' marriage, a model marriage of dark and light, firmness and delicacy, shining on top of their little hill as if for all the town to see. Andrea was a slightly skinny blonde with ironed-looking long straight hair both before and after such hair was the fashion, and pale-blue eyes that developed pink lids when she was tired or emotionally stimulated. Fritz was a dark, almost heavy man with wide hairy-backed hands that, like his tenacious scientist's mind, took up everything in a grip of steel. From a musical family of physicists, he had played the bass recorder since childhood, having been trained in this instrument to round out a quartet consisting of his father (tenor), mother (soprano), and sister (alto). But the bass was a doleful, mumbly instrument played alone, and for their seventh anniversary he bought Andrea a lovely soprano recorder, of dark-striped pale pearwood—a Moeck. Slowly, obediently, she learned to play it, filling with her hesitant piping the boxy bare rooms of their clapboarded white house—rooms rather underfurnished, their friends thought, with an austere mix of glass tables and Danish modern (Fritz's taste) and imitation-Shaker chairs and handwoven wool rugs (Andrea's). She owned a loom as big as a small room, and spent afternoons at it, before the three children (girl, boy, girl) came home from school. There was a shy and stubborn expertise to all she did, though on the soprano recorder she tended to panic at any note higher than the G at the top of the staff, and when a trill involved moving more than one finger on the stops she fluttered off into blushing silence. When she blushed, her cheeks suddenly matched the tint of her lids and lips, and the rose color sank into her throat and the loose neck of her peasant blouse.

Little music is arranged for the bass and the soprano in duet, though some of the Bach fugues build to a certain passion without the middle voices. The Weisses' three children, some nights, would be kept awake as the couple exchanged the theme back and forth, from low to high to low, and at intervals beat time in silence, or held harmonic whole notes, while the absent instruments possessed the melody. Another couple, the Bridgetons, had moved to town, and lived along the beach road at the base of the Weisses' hill, close enough to hear them these spring nights, now that the storm windows were off. In the crowded high-school corridor as they waited to be checked into the May town meeting, Terry Bridgeton mentioned the music to Fritz (they knew each other by sight, from the train platform and the supermarket aisles) and said how lovely it sounded from afar. He allowed that he was a musical ignoramus but his wife, Jessie, was a kind of marvel; she could play anything—piano, guitar, church organ, even the clarinet when she was a girl.

Joe Mirachi

"To the rich, the very rich, and the super rich! Have I left anybody out?"

Fritz told him, "The recorder is the easiest instrument in the world, next to the triangle and the tambourine. And I suppose the maracas." There was a German pedantry to Fritz.

"Well," Terry said, blushing with his effrontery, or from the heat of the high-school hall, "we could both try to learn, if you'd tell us what instruments to buy."

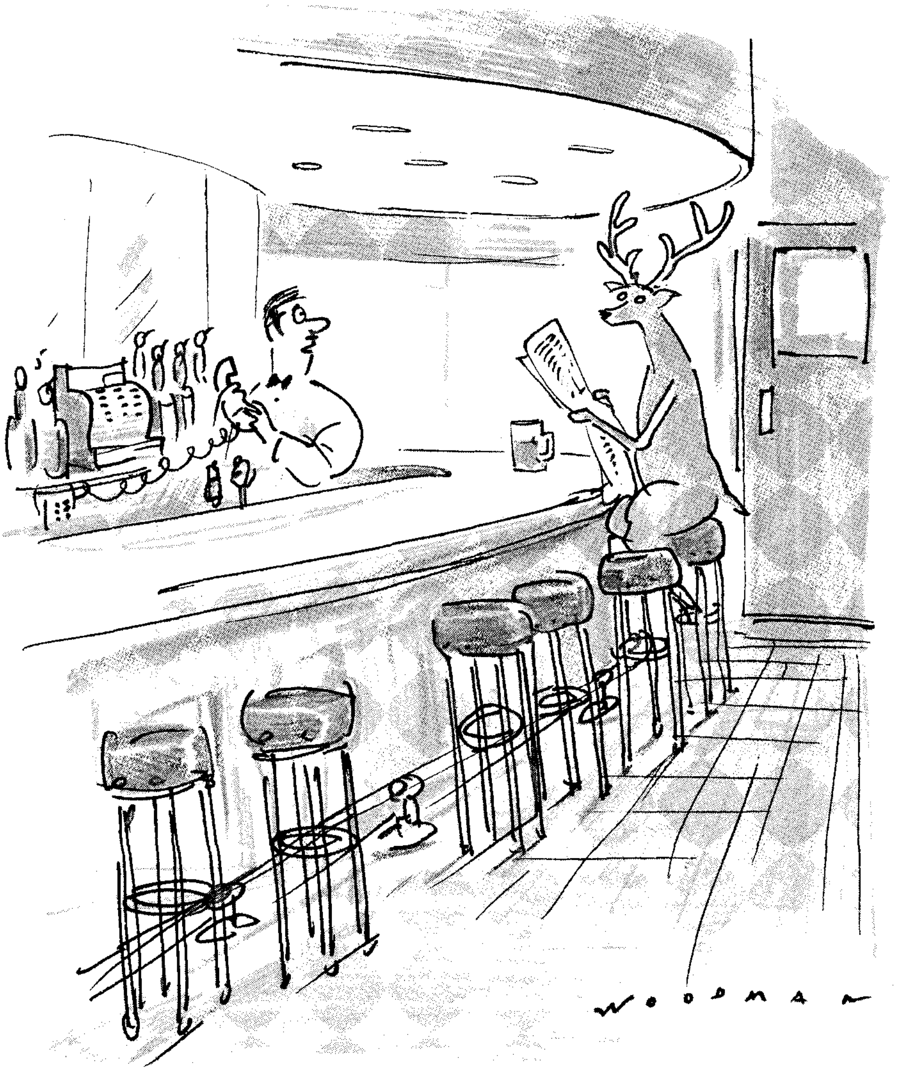
"Alto and tenor," Fritz said crisply, then, feeling perhaps he had allowed himself to get in too deep, added, "Of course, you and your wife may not take to the instruments."

Jessie, an olive-skinned, plumpish, eagerly smiling woman in bangs, somewhat alarmingly clad in a fringed shawl and a tangle of gold and turquoise pendants, spoke up behind them. "Oh, we'll take to them. We're desperate to do *some*thing and meet some *peo*ple."

It was high summer before the Bridgetons, having put themselves to school with Mario Duschenes's "Method for the Recorder" and Marguerite Dubbé's "First Recorder Book," dared present themselves to the Weisses one agreed-upon evening; Andrea had suggested they come for dessert and coffee and then "try it." The newborn quartet was able to make its way, with many halts and re-starts, through a Bach fugue without flats and sharps, several Corelli gigues, and the first sheet of a Byrd fantasia before the clock struck ten and it was time for cigarettes and beer and a social chat. But, though they arranged several more such evenings, it was uncomfortable—somehow too naked. Each player, alone on his or her part, was embarrassed whenever he or she became lost and the whole quartet had to stagger to a halt. Jessie, confidently warbling on her alto, rarely slipped and tried to keep the tempo up, and Fritz in his steely way persevered on the bass, which made so low and indistinct a noise that it scarcely mattered if he was in time with the others or not. But Terry, as he said, was a musical novice, and sometimes intently went along measure after measure without realizing that he was a beat behind and generating dissonance on every chord. And Andrea, though more practiced than he, was almost too sensitive to play the soprano, which by virtue of its pitch had to be dominant and to lead, and yet whose high notes she heard as painfully shrill, a wet strained squeaking she preferred to put out of its misery, enfolding her recorder with her long, pale, pink-knuckled hands in her lap. Terry loved her in those moments, grateful that someone else was causing the quartet to founder.

They needed more players; and, magically, more did appear, like dewdrops on a fall morning. Carolyn Homer, a tall auburn-haired woman who held aerobics classes in the parish hall of the Methodist church, turned out to have taught herself the recorder while taking, years ago, a course at the New England Conservatory in Renaissance music, and brought her well-mouthed alto to the group. Dick McHoagland, the squat and scowling leader of the local high-school band (and the typing instructor as well), brought a tenor instrument; he and Fritz, both being metronomic types, hit it off well, and played side by side, leaving Terry next to the alto section. Both Dick and Carolyn were married, to unmusical spouses, but the town was rich in divorcées and men on the loose, and now these began to adhere. Alice Arsenault, a nervous little rounded thing who had been unsuitably married to Skip Arsenault, an uproarious town fireman, former athlete, and hard drinker, showed up one night in Carolyn's shadow with a soprano recorder and an earnestly annotated copy of the Trapp Family Singers' instruction manual, and Maury Sutherland, a stooping, sexually undecided country gentleman (whom Terry had always supposed, from the way he tilted his head and spoke in cautious fragmented sentences, to be hard of hearing), produced from his inherited treasures an alto recorder acquired by his Great-Aunt Esther (on the Jekyll side) while sightseeing in Austria and Northern Italy before the First World War.

This made three altos, and soon there were three sopranos, since somehow in Maury's orbit there materialized, one bitterly cold night just before Christmas, a vivid woman newly escaped from Boston, propelled into this far suburb by the repulsive force of the crackup of her long-term relationship with an anchorperson whose handsome ochre visage was known from Provincetown to Pittsfield, from Salisbury to South Dartmouth. Toula Jaxon, as she presently called herself, had emerged from her discontinued relationship with a cathode-ray glow, a phosphorescence of skin and costume that made the men of the group stare and the women squint. She was a study in high contrast; her white forehead flashed between her eyebrows and hairline, her eyes were black lights encircled by ink, even the parting in her blue-black hair seemed incandescent. Her lips and fingernails were painted in slashes of purple. Her clothes, though she tried to tone them down as the sessions ensued through the drab winter, were city-slick—tight skirts well above the knee and a magenta-and-lemon Hermès scarf at the throat. She jarred

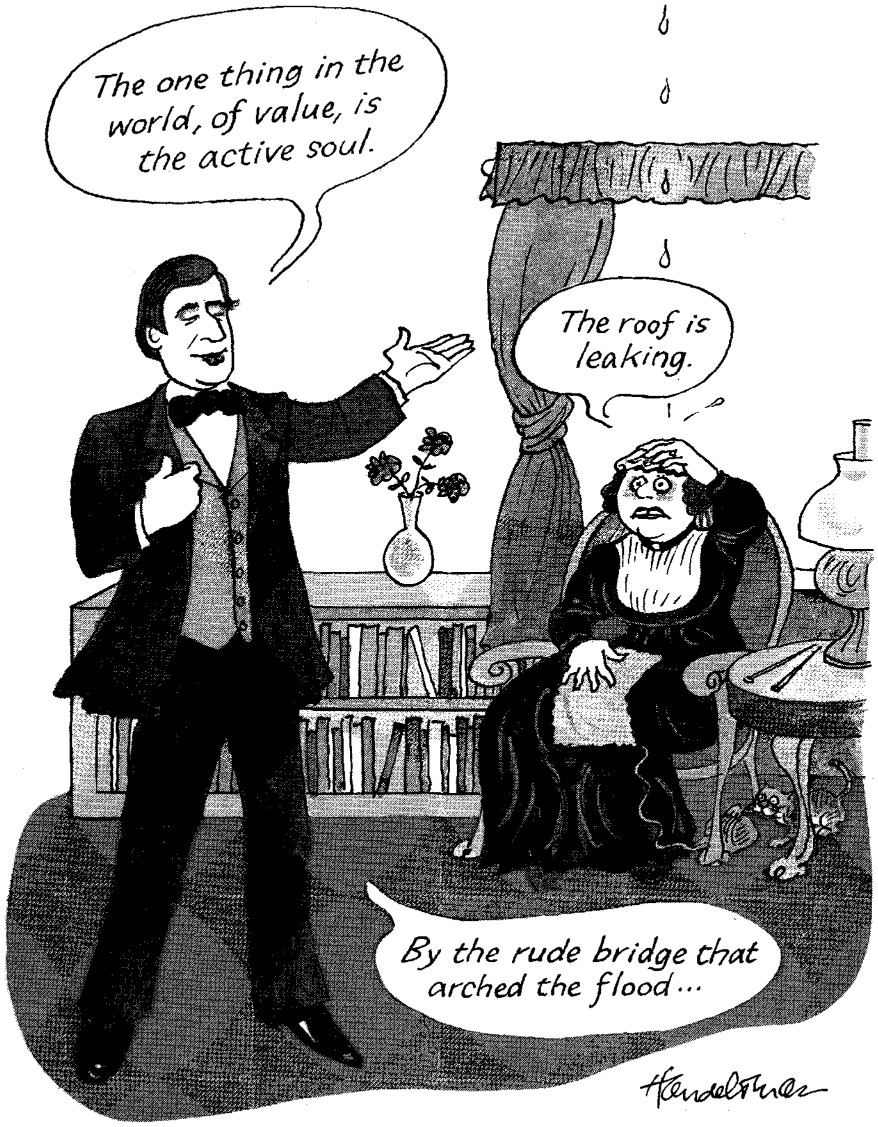


"It's the big guy."

• •

among the suburban earth tones of the other women as if colorized, and although there was something chastened and willing to please about her conversational manner, she played the recorder as she looked—loud and too expressive. Much defter than one would have thought possible from the length of her fingernails, Toula had no fear of high fast notes; her flair, mounted between Andrea's perfectionist reserve and Alice's novice awkwardness, seemed all too *displayed*. Her recorder, a stylish artifact of high-density plastic produced in Japan, didn't sound like the other instruments and glistened above their merge like oil making its rainbows on water.

In the alto section, tweedy Maury Sutherland did indeed prove to be hard of hearing, or blunderingly insensitive, for his alto, fed out of his large male lungs, arrhythmically overpowered the instruments of the two females; Jessie had to sit next to him, since Carolyn from the start assumed the right to sit next to the sopranos. Terry, glancing over past Maury, saw an expression of suppressed wincing on his wife's usually cheerful face. In the privacy of their home Jessie almost wept. "He just *blows*," she complained, "every note, as loud as he can. Tonight, on the little Purcell, I pointed out all the pianissimos and diminuendos, and he nodded, that obtuse handsome way he has of nodding, and then when the time came blasted away as if he were pouring buckshot into quail. And on top of everything else he's a disgusting racist fascist!" During the beer and cigarettes tonight they had discussed politics; these after-sessions, as they all got to know each other, were getting longer and longer, so that sometimes they broke up not short of midnight, though the recorder playing always ended on the stroke of ten, as chimed by the clock in the hall, a tall case clock of walnut and pine, with a pewter face, that Terry associated with Andrea's half of the furnishings, and that he loved for having her quiet elegance and soft severity.


The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul.
The roof is leaking.
By the rude bridge that arched the flood...

The Emersons at Home

"Darling," he said to Jessie, of Maury, "he's just a small-town conservative—a good old boy, Yankee style."

She looked at him warily; ever since meeting at a Seabrook sit-in, they had always been in perfect political agreement. Now Terry found her priggishly liberal. And he had noticed that though, as they all played together, he could distinguish the three sopranos—iridescently warbling Toula, fumbling Alice, and Andrea dropping away on the high notes, receding and vanishing into her seductive distance—and even hear Carolyn steadfastly keeping the alto beat amid Maury's loud wandering, he could never quite hear Jessie, his own wife, playing. He could see her lips prehensile on the fipple, her slightly protruding chocolate-colored eyes intent on the sheet music, her slightly thick coarse eyebrows arched in concentration, her stubby-nailed, practical fingers twitching on the stops, and not hear her. The effect was mysterious but not unpleasant. Between Maury's alto and Dick McHoagland's marching-band tenor, he felt inaudible himself. However, it was comforting to know that he could lose his place and Dick would march on; and when a third tenor joined them, a divorced accountant named Jim Keel, with a port-wine stain on the side of his face Terry couldn't see, Terry felt his own notes blending into an ecstatic whole, a kind of blessed nonexistence such as Buddhists talk about.

FOR what happiness, when all is said and done, and after its musical inadequacies are all confessed, the recorder group was! There was the happiness of arrival, especially keen on winter nights when it was a slippery battle to get the car up the Weisses' snowy driveway, and an exciting uncertainty whether or not one could get safely down at midnight. Scarves, mittens, down vests piled up on the Shaker settee in the front hall; boots accumulated under it. Cold fingers unfolded the steel music stands and assembled the wooden flutes. Cork joints were rubbed with a dainty ointment kept in cannisters smaller than pillboxes; chilled mouthpieces were tenderly warmed, held in an armpit or against open lips. There was the happiness of settling into the arranged arc of dining-room chairs, while the Weisses' wood stove cracklingly digested another log in its belly and the black night pressed on the frost-feathered panes and the footsteps of the Weisses' three children scurried overhead, on the other side of the ceiling. Preliminarily, there were scales and little abortive riffs, impudent snatches of jazz tune and hymn picked out by ear; then, when all were in place, there was fidgeting, coughing, the crushing of a last cigarette, a nervous giggle and a premature toot. Then, at Fritz's firmly whispered "*One*, two, three, four," a unified intake of breath and the astounding manifestation, the mellow exclamatory blended welling up, of the first note. They were off, stumbling, weaving, squinting, blowing, tapping time with feet no two of which tapped alike.

If you looked (and Terry, often lost and dropped out, did look), some feet kept time just by flexing the big toe (Carolyn, who wore sandals to minimize her height, favored this method), some by snapping the ankle sideways (gangly Jim Keel, right under Terry's left eye), and some by stoutly, thumpingly bouncing the heel (Maury, and also, in her insecurity, little Alice). During the universal rests that came in some codas, you could hear tapping feet like a shuffling of soldiers breaking stride across a bridge.

Rarely they made it to the end of a piece without falling apart and collapsing, as Toula, Carolyn, Fritz, and Dick, the last to give up, fluttered on for another stubborn, showoffy few measures. With Jim Keel's arrival that second winter, they had become ten in number, and unwieldy; yet no one seemed disposed to drop out or even to miss a single evening. They met though the day's news had brought disasters (a Beirut massacre, the Challenger blowup); they met during the seventh game of a World Series, whose progress the men periodically checked on a television set talking to itself in the kitchen. Once they convened on the fringes of a hurricane called Gayle; her winds stripped leaves from trees and lifted doghouses while the group generated its own breeze this side of the shuddering windows. Andrea, cleaning up afterward, complained to Fritz of the fortnightly intrusion: "It's become a brawl, and the beer and potato chips cost us twenty dollars every time."

"Perhaps we could say different people should be the host. The group could rotate."

"That'll make it even more of a brawl. I know *just* when the music stopped being the point. When Maury brought Toula, without even asking any of us first!"

"But Toula's the only one of you sopranos willing to attack the high notes. If she'd just get rid of that futuristic Japanese piece of plastic—"

"No. It's not that. She plays everything like a solo. I don't feel I can *grow* as long as she's there, doing everything so flashily. And you love her. All the men love her."

"*Liebchen.* Don't cry. Recorders were meant to be *fun*."

"They're *not* fun and never were. They're your attempt to make me something I'm not. I've never been an aural person, I've always been visual. You know that."

He was abashed, by an unexpected emotion that seemed less a matter of cause and effect than of simultaneous wave and particle, a single photon passing through two slits at once. "You didn't have to try to learn to play," he said.

"How could I *not*?" Andrea cried. "It was such a lovely anniversary present. So *visually* lovely. Those subtle stripes."

Judging the curve of her tears to have peaked, Fritz's mind slid off on a practical tack. "I've been thinking," he said, "the sessions might go better if somebody could stand up to lead. Without a visual beat, the tempo does tend to drag. Sometimes by the end of a piece it feels almost like a Doppler effect, we've all slowed down so."

"You *can't* stand up to lead. You're the only bass."

"Maybe we could convert another player to the bass."

Andrea stared at her husband with narrowed blue eyes; her eyelids were pink. "Who?"

Fritz shrugged. "Toula might enjoy the challenge."

Her eyes went round. "Darling!" she exclaimed. "You're brilliant! Get her away from me!"

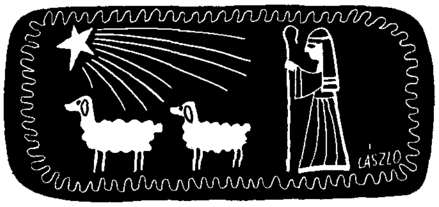
BY the second winter, they acquired a leader, a barrel-shaped little spinster, Miss Eleanor Rantoul, whom Carolyn knew from the Methodist church, and Toula acquired a bass. She said, with her brave brightness, "It will suit me better, at this low time of my life," and was undaunted by either the change of clef, from G to F, or the change of fingering system, from C to F. She took the chair next to Fritz, leaving him on the end in his traditional position of leadership, and separating Fritz and Dick. Miss Rantoul, scarcely five feet tall and quite waistless, and dolled up in lace-trimmed layers of velvet so that her front seemed arranged in shelves, would lift her stubby arms and the chattering arc of players would grow silent; one curt clenched hand would descend, and that first marvellous upwelling note would be born, and another, and then many overlapping others. She kept a clear beat and seemed curiously engaged, like a mother with secret plans for her children. She had taught the piano for decades and for a mysterious period long ago had lived in Cairo—perhaps, Terry speculated one evening over beer after she had gone, as a member of King Farouk's harem. "What does she see in us?" he asked aloud.

"An evening out," Andrea said, to relieve the silence. "Anything's better than sitting home," she added, she who had always seemed so ideally domestic.

Miss Rantoul always left after one drink of Diet Cherry Coke, a lone stray can of which the Weisses had found in the back of the refrigerator the first time she came to lead them, when she refused beer. This became, then, her drink, and as the group rotated from house to house each host or hostess went to the trouble of buying a six-pack of Diet Cherry Coke, of which only one can was drunk until Miss Rantoul came round again in four months and drank another.

Toula's brilliance was suitably muffled in the bass section, though she had found an eccentric instrument of bleached mahogany with aluminum fittings. It seemed, in retrospect, clear that Fritz had long wanted to take Toula into the bass section, where their hands in synchrony roamed the length of the romantic instruments and with identical vigorous gestures, between numbers, they shook the spit from their tubular curved mouthpieces. Without Toula, Andrea and Alice did not quite blossom, however; their timidity of attack truncated, as it were, the rising climaxes that Bach and Pachelbel had so methodically arranged, and drained some of the Renaissance dances of verve and lilt. And now that they had a leader, a restless chemistry possessed the group. As it met in one house after another—even Jim Keel played host when his turn came, in his bachelor condo on the river, with its purple shag rug, triangular kitchenette, and bedroom his bed entirely filled—the old chair arrangements seemed no longer sacred. Dick McHoagland, his he-man, can-do solidarity with Fritz broken by Toula's appearing at their end of the arc, moved around Terry and Jim in the tenor section (leaving Jim next to Toula, on the side with his port-wine stain) to sit next to Carolyn, who in an answering move had jumped over Jessie and Maury, rendering Jessie even less audible to Terry and her pained expression even richer in accumulating grievance against male afflatus.

"I can't *stand* it another night," she told Terry in the privacy of their home. "Every time he blasts in my ear I think of his position on the E.R.A. and the Contras and I could scream."



"He wouldn't hurt a fly, really," Terry said, ostensibly by way of comfort but really to irritate her, to provoke her to greater, more alienating fury.

"*Pfou*," she said, expelling smoke; she had taken up smoking again, claiming she was becoming too fat without it. "He has this complacent image of himself as a New England gentleman but in fact he's a lowbrow klutz who if he hadn't been born with money would have no idea how to make it. He can't even talk in complete sentences. The whole recorder group irritates me, in fact. Everybody's gotten silly and full of secrets, somehow."

"What's *your* secret?" Terry innocently asked.

"I just told you. I don't like anybody."

"Not even me?"

"Less and less," Jessie rather surprisingly confessed, bringing tears to her eyes and a twinkle of gratification to his.

He drew her closer to him on the sofa where they had been talking. "Tell you what," he said, letting his voice, largo, deepen and resonate. "I'll give you my tenor. Come join the boys."

"You'll swap for my alto?" she asked. "There're already too many, with Maury playing loud enough for two."

"Carolyn has the alto part under control, and anyway I'm not musical enough to go from a C instrument to an F one. I've been thinking of becoming a soprano. They need rescuing."

From within his accustomed arms

KITCHEN VISION

Here in the kitchen making breakfast
I find my own view of things
come to light at last: I loom, huge
freckled hands, in the aluminum
belly of the electric kettle. In there,

the lime-green fridge, military
files of spice jars, the transfigured
window where the sun breaks flagrant in
must all recede, draw off and join
the tiny face of Botticelli's Venus,
hanging above a Lilliputian door.

In there, all our household
effects are strictly diminished, pared
down to brilliant miniatures
of themselves, the worn and torn, daily
ineluctable clutter of our lives
contained, clarified, fixed in place
and luminous in ordinary light
as if seen once and for all by
Jan Steen or Vermeer. And off

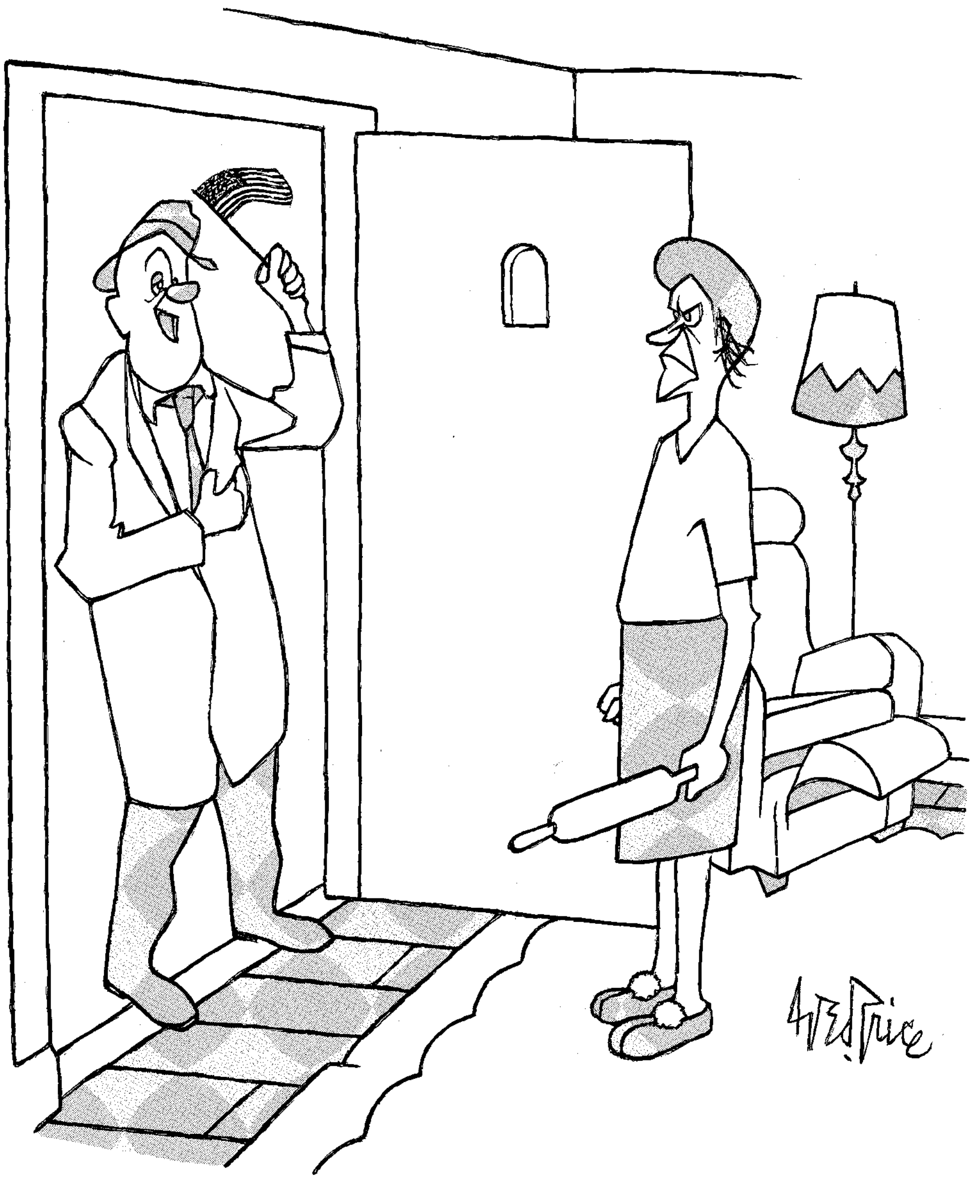
in the silver distance the baby
stares at me from her high chair
of a minute's silence, and you
—a mile away at the stove
turning the eggs—turn round to
look at me gazing at my own true
sharply seen misshapen self
in the crystal kettle that's just
starting to sing, its hot breath steaming.

—Eamon Grennan

• •

Jessie looked up askance out of her slightly protuberant chocolate eyes, from beneath her arched coarse brows, and asked, perhaps innocently, "You sure you're up to it?"

TERRY bought himself not a Moeck but, less expensively, an Adler, a smooth small instrument that felt in his hands like his tenor transposed to a daintier scale, where he had become daintier, too. It responded much more readily to his breath, with what seemed a certain excitement, especially when he set his nail in the thumbhole and attacked a note above G, where Andrea tended to give out and Alice never aspired. He became a specialist in high notes. The secret was to pinch the thumbhole truly small, as if closing it with the back of the thumbnail, and to blow into the mouthpiece quickly and sharply, like checking when skiing on ice. Hit it, and ski on. Don't panic or look too far ahead. It also helped to pronounce *tu* and not *du* into the mouthpiece, and to think of your mouth as tiny and dry. The high A was easy, involving only two closed finger holes, and the B not too bad, since to these two the right hand merely added two more, and the C possible, subtracting merely one, but the high D, using four fingers spaced apart, was a note he had never struck to his own satisfaction. Nor had he ever seen it called for in a piece of recorder music.



"But first, our national anthem."

• •

Alice or Andrea would turn to him afterward and say, "You're wonderful." "Wonderful" was not in their leader's vocabulary, but when the treble part began to move above the staff Miss Rantoul's neckless, many-chinned head turned with a touching expectancy toward the end of the arc where Terry sat, on the extreme right, and in the lower-left corner of his vision he could see Andrea's blurred white hands docilely lower to her lap. Only a maestro could have hit the high notes softly, so Terry's single instrument had volume enough for these dizzying moments when he strained alone at the top of the scale. In these moments his senses were besieged by the shine of Andrea's hair in the side of his vision, the scent of her shampoo and bath gel in his nostrils, the rustle of her sheet music and scuffle of her feet in his ears. In the summer, that third summer after the spring of the group's birth, he was aware of the scent of her suntan lotion, of the salt and chlorine dried in her hair, of an ice-creamy, cottony, dusty essence of summer rising from her, even of her musk. Perhaps her musk was on his fingers as they twiddled on the stops. By August he and she had become lovers, and sometimes on the day of a recorder session would have met at a beach or motel halfway to Boston, in an agony of bodily fluids, including tears. But long before her surrender he had felt her body beside him like an immense word on the verge of being spoken, while they played in unison or whisperingly compared trill fingerings. When they went to bed together the first time, she instinctively lay on his left, and he on her right. Ever since he had taken up the soprano, he had felt her peripheral presence pulling at him like a vacuum. Men and women in need distort the space around them, and Terry near Andrea in any circumstance, even at a May town meeting or accidentally met in the gourmet section of the supermarket on Saturday with their children in tow, felt enormous—marvellously extended, as if in a wavy mirror.

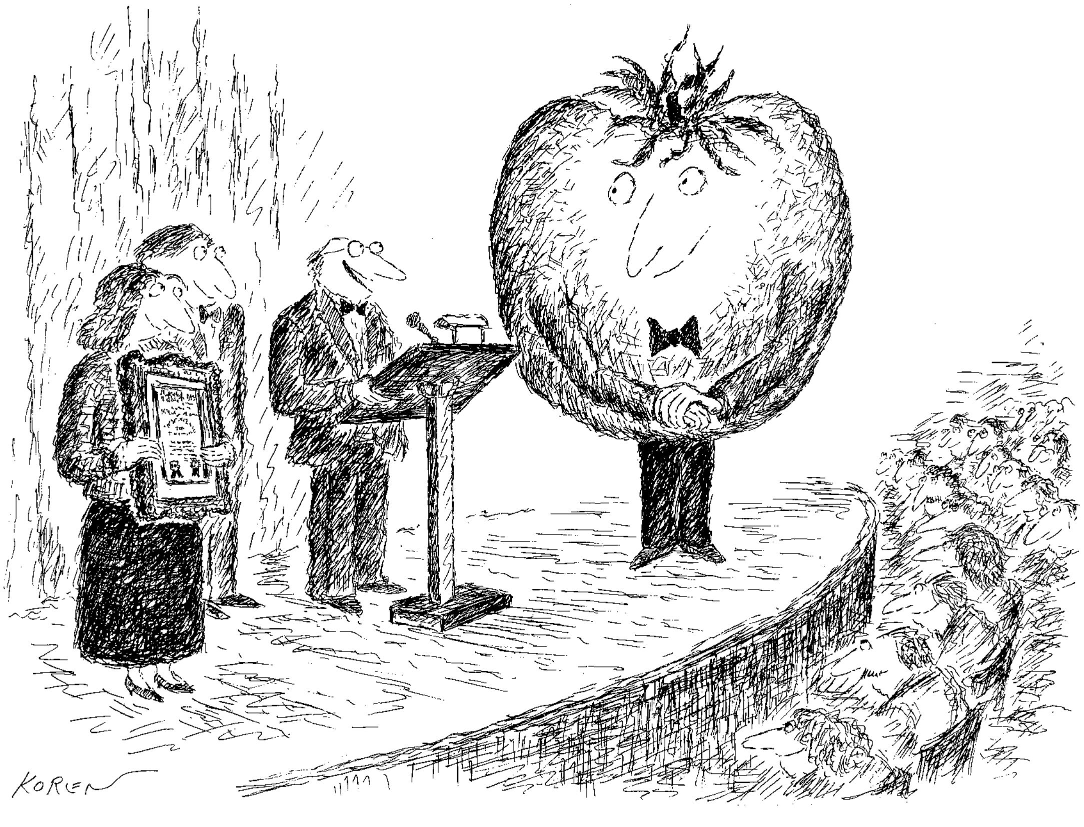
Nor was theirs the only warping within the group. The spectacular and able Toula, shining among them like an electronic wraith, had imperceptibly turned from Fritz, whose hairy, metallic nature did indeed have something repulsive about it, to the vividly stained face on her other side; both she and Jim

Keel were, in some vibratory way, out of synch, singled out, excessively vivid, extravagantly natured. And Jessie, guilty Terry was happy to observe, now that Carolyn had abandoned her to be next to Dick McHoagland—both of them married and doomed to respectability but nevertheless touching elbows and interpenetrated by their alto/tenor harmonies—was trying with a certain maternal breadth to suffer Maury's primitive political views during the beer-and-chitchat part of the evening, when his musical squalling had died down; she seemed to look upon him a bit tenderly, her heavy dark eyes shining, as on some rough beast who was nevertheless *there*, as Terry was never there for her anymore. But Maury, oblivious of this change of emotional tune, was tipping his big primly combed head with old-fashioned gallantry to catch, in his hardness of hearing, what soft-voiced little Alice Arsenault, beaten and abandoned by one of the town's agents of protective order, was shyly offering to say. They were all learning from one another. It seemed to Terry, inflamed by love and anxiety as his psyche was, that they were making music even without the recorders and in their interaction catching at something splendid, just as individual notes, bare of nuance, in combination gain meaning and mount to an expression of bliss. He hated to go home and face the tired babysitter, and the poor children lying in the muss of sleep, and Jessie in her ghastly aggrieved silence.

WHEREVER they played now, the trees at the windows were blood and brass; New England's autumnal climax swelled and faded. Miss Rantoul was excited and proud; the Golden Agers of her church had invited the group to give a Christmas concert. They must do it, they all agreed in furtive phone conversations; she had been so kind. Andrea and Jessie, Terry and Fritz had stopped speaking but communicated through others. The affair, which had burned through to common knowledge, cast over their rehearsals a pall of which only their stout leader was oblivious; her stubby arms lifted again and again in a flurry of yellowed lace as the group repeatedly flubbed the difficult time change into 9/8 and then 6/4 toward the end of Byrd's “The Leaves Be Green.” Adson's “Courtly Masquing Ayres” had two soprano parts, and Alice was in a panic over holding down the second descant line by herself while the lovers clung to the same part. Her former husband, the fireman and athlete, was paying her ardent attentions again and had expressed nothing but blazing scorn for the recorder group and its snobs like Maury Sutherland; drunk, he once tossed her instrument into the fireplace, and the acrid taste of char wouldn't leave the wooden mouthpiece.

Toula was moving back to the city, where Jim was also thinking of getting an apartment, and they began to miss rehearsals. Maury went off on a three-week golfing tour of Scotland sponsored by his country club, and Dick became preoccupied by the football season and the needs of marching bands. The Weisses had considered themselves a perfect couple and held true to their perfectionism to the end. The idea that they were now flawed and must be divorced had been taken up by Fritz's mind in a grip of steel. No legal steps were to be initiated until after the concert. Since the other players were now shying away, the Weisses steadfastly hosted the meetings, as they had at the beginning. On these evenings, before the other players arrived, Andrea would try, across the chaste space of their underfurnished living room as Fritz fetched in the dining-room chairs, to punish herself by feeling some tenderness for her husband; but the very rigor with which he arranged the chairs in a mathematical arc, and the grim ironic courtesy he had shown her ever since the night when she had revealed her secret in a flood of tears, merely confirmed her in her sad coldness. “Stop acting so righteous,” she might, maddened by his calm, blurt out. “You began it, enticing Toula into the basses. I was so insulted and upset, and you never noticed.”

“That was a sound



“We're presenting this year's award to the tomato—for the way he has deepened our understanding of world-conflict resolution, for fostering the ideals of peace, friendship, and international brotherhood, and for being delicious.”

move," Fritz would insist. "It gave us much better balance."

"It meant Terry had to become a soprano, for everybody's good."

"He didn't at all. You could have carried the section if you'd tried."

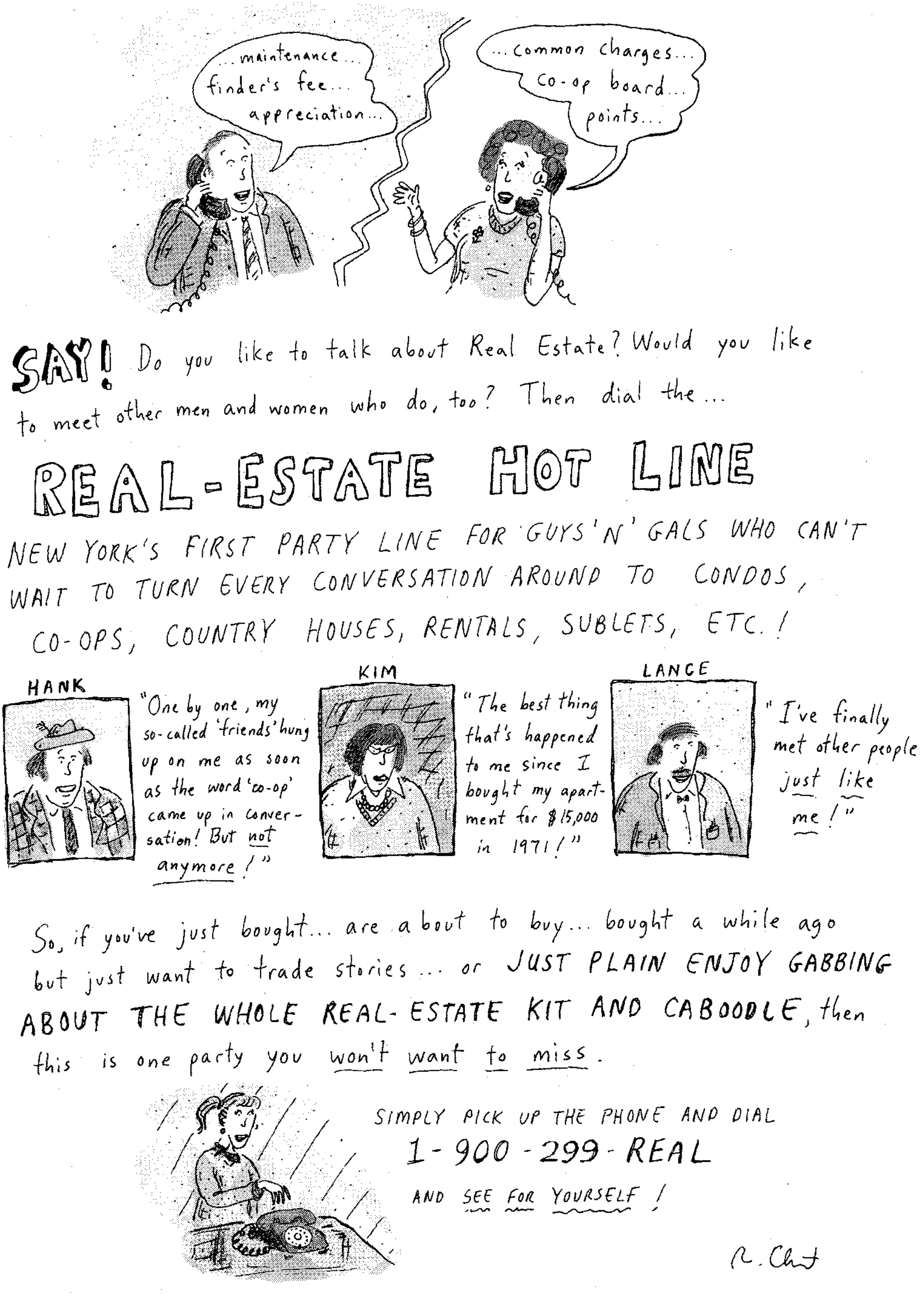
"I did try," she said, "I *did*," happy to feel tears coming, for their hot wash seemed to absolve her. On recorder evenings, Fritz always changed out of his professorial clothes into corduroy pants, a cardigan sweater with elbow patches, and a pair of green espadrilles such as old European men wear, and the sight of these espadrilles shuffling on the striped carpet she had once painstakingly woven seemed to absolve her further.

The concert consisted of the well-worn Byrd; two surefire Bach fugues; "My Robin Is the Greenwood Gone" and "And Will He Not Come Again?," from Kenneth Meek's contemporary setting of Ophelia's songs; "Patourelles Joliettes" and "Je l'Ay, Je l'Ay la Gente Fleur," by Claude Le Jeune (1528-1600); three of the "ayres" by John Adson (b. ?, d. 1640); a bit of Bartók and Hindemith to wake the crowd up; and, perhaps ill-advisedly, some Purcell "Music to Dioclesian," full of flats and dotted sixteenths. The program was too ambitious; Miss Rantoul flailed away at the spottily attended rehearsals sensing that the glue had gone out of her group but not knowing why. Jessie, catching a glimpse of, just beyond Alice, Andrea's pink-and-white profile next to her bobbing husband's, would find her lips trembling and her breath raw in her throat like vomit. Grimly Fritz clamped down on the stops and puffed wind into his metal mouthpiece as if pinching curses from the side of his mouth. By unspoken agreement, either the Weisses or the Bridgetons left early, before the beer, even before Miss Rantoul had downed her Diet Cherry Coke.

Yet the concert was a success. The elderly crowd in the Methodist church's parish hall didn't know what recorders were supposed to sound like, and accepted the dissonance and awry counterpoint as one more proof that music, like everything else in this world, has progressed. What they heard was what the group itself had heard on all those evenings of gathering, the sudden stunning beauty of the first note, blown through a little forest of wooden flutes. And the players, the men in gray suits and the women in floor-length formal dresses, looked so relatively young, so handsome and vital and pretty, and were so obliging to be here, under poor dear Eleanor's direction, that the applause thundered in. The group played all the encores it had prepared—"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," a saucy Handel bourrée, and, finally, "Silent Night."

Infected by the warmth of the audience, the ten members joined their sweaty hands and bowed. In front of these old faces, and amid the crowd afterward, they felt cherished as children are cherished, just for being themselves. Jessie gave Andrea, over by the bowl of pink punch, a curious hysterical kiss; neither had slept much last night. In their crisis Andrea had become skinnier and Jessie plumper. Terry felt hot and exhausted and exalted, on the eve of a new life. Nobody peeking in the tall black windows would have thought, as the performers and listeners mingled in a steamy atmosphere of congratulation and relief beneath the mistletoe and red and green streamers, that the recorder group was dead.

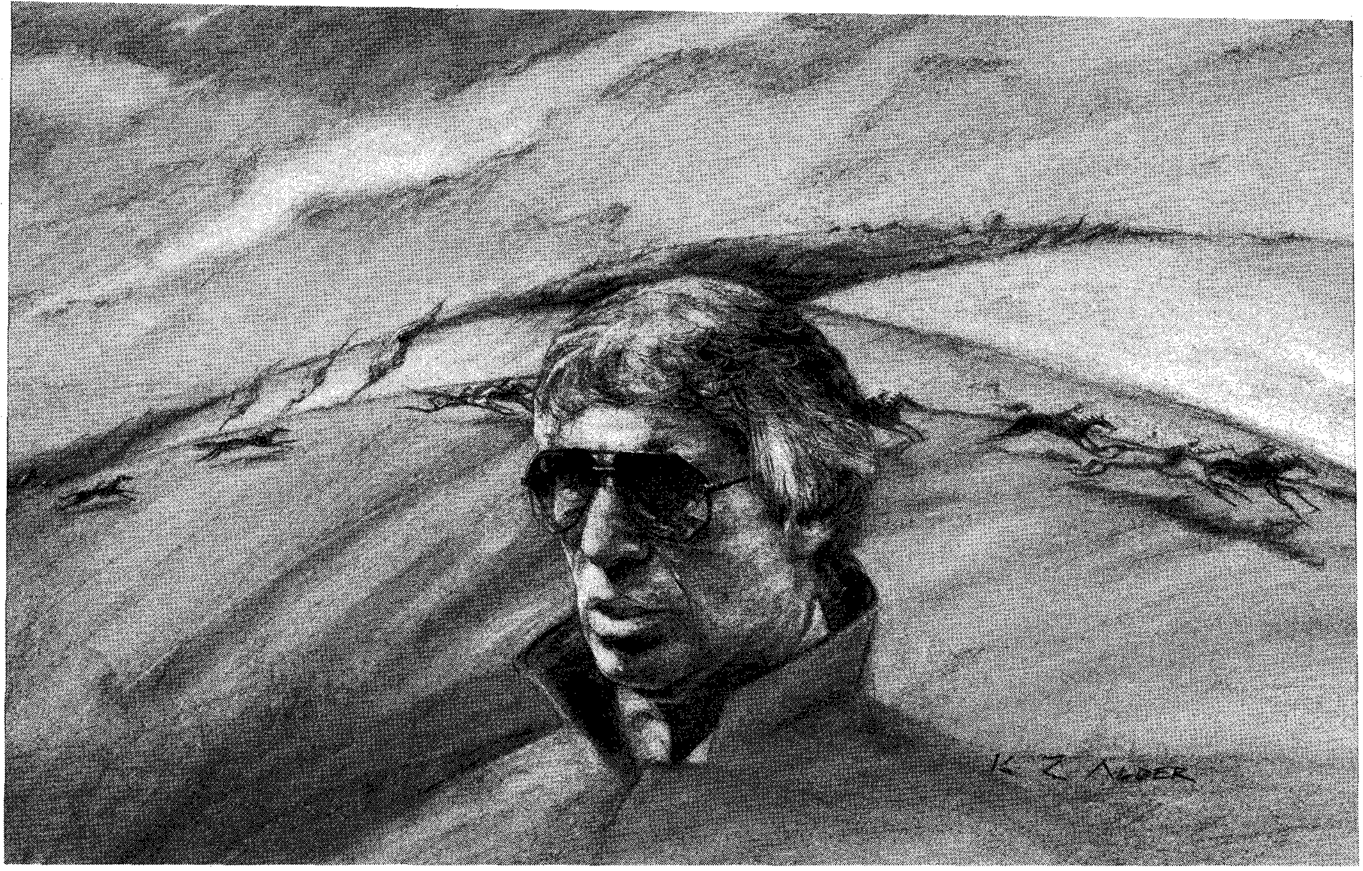
—John Updike


...maintenance... finder's fee... appreciation...
...common charges... co-op board... points...
SAY! Do you like to talk about Real Estate? Would you like to meet other men and women who do, too? Then dial the...
REAL-ESTATE HOT LINE
NEW YORK'S FIRST PARTY LINE FOR GUYS'N'GALS WHO CAN'T WAIT TO TURN EVERY CONVERSATION AROUND TO CONDOS, CO-OPS, COUNTRY HOUSES, RENTALS, SUBLETS, ETC.!
HANK
"One by one, my so-called 'friends' hung up on me as soon as the word 'co-op' came up in conversation! But not anymore!"
KIM
"The best thing that's happened to me since I bought my apartment for $15,000 in 1971!"
LANCE
"I've finally met other people just like me!"
So, if you've just bought... are about to buy... bought a while ago but just want to trade stories... or JUST PLAIN ENJOY GABBING ABOUT THE WHOLE REAL-ESTATE KIT AND CABOODLE, then this is one party you won't want to miss.
SIMPLY PICK UP THE PHONE AND DIAL
1-900-299-REAL
AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!
R. Chast

• •

PROFILES

THE INTENSITY FACTOR



ELEVEN years ago, D. Wayne Lukas, a former basketball coach, arrived at the Santa Anita racetrack, near Los Angeles, with a small string of thoroughbred has-beens and proceeded to turn the game of thoroughbred racing upside down. From his base in California, Lukas has created a virtual franchise system of training, with racing stables operated in his name at tracks around the country. Last year, his horses won seventeen and a half million dollars in purses, three times the record earnings mark he set in 1984 and has continued to break each year. Already—Lukas is fifty-three—the total career earnings of his horses have surpassed those of the legendary trainers Woody Stephens and Charlie Whittingham, both of whom are seventy-five.

"What took Woody fifty-six or fifty-seven years to do we did in nine," Lukas, who tends to speak in the upbeat cadences of a business evangelist rather than in the scrimped platitudes of a horse trainer, said last winter. And he predicted, correctly, that he would soon "encompass" Charlie Whittingham's earnings record as well. "We'll roll right by him," he said. (Stephens actually began training in 1936 and Whittingham in 1930.) "Modestly or immodestly, in a matter of two to three years, at this pace, we'll own all the records. That's by design."

Other trainers have their theories about the nature of Lukas's success. "Numbers," says Shug McGaughey, who trains for the Phipps family, one of the last of the old-time racing dynasties. "He's not a genius per se," says John Veitch, who trains for the Galbreath family, another of the last great private racing stables, and is a history buff. "He's doing essentially what Napoleon said to do. How do you win battles? You have the biggest battalions." Until this year, however, Lukas hadn't been able to win the battle that counts most—the Kentucky Derby. For most trainers, taking a horse to the Derby is rare. But Lukas has made the pilgrimage every year since 1981. His best finish—third—had been with Partez, his first Derby horse and, in Lukas's words, his sorriest. Since then, he had accumulated the worst Derby record in recent history. This was evidence, as some saw it, that, for all his accomplishments, Lukas, who spent his formative racing years as a quarter-horse trainer, had yet to master the ultimate mysteries of the classic-distance horse.

Early last winter, I called Lukas to ask about his Derby prospects for 1988, and he mentioned a number of possibilities, raising the spectre of a six-horse entry in a twenty-horse field. I asked if I could visit his headquarters, in California, as he plotted his strategy. He said yes, and added, "You'll be surprised by the intensity of our operation." Lukas once named a horse You'll Be Surprised, and it is an expression he uses as an understatement.

ORDINARILY, Lukas's day begins at 3 A.M., when the alarm goes off at his home on the northern edge of Arcadia, a ten-minute drive from the west gates of Santa Anita. On the morning I had arranged to meet him at Santa Anita, he was running a little late and had skipped his usual stop at an Arcadia doughnut shop, where at 4 A.M. he raps on the window and wakes up the proprietor for coffee and a glazed doughnut. He had got in from New York at 1:30 A.M., he told me. He had been in his private plane, a Jet Commander with his silks painted on the tail, and it had made an unexpected refuelling stop.

A tall, solid, good-looking man with dark, deep-set eyes, Lukas is known for his Hollywood-perfect teeth and what *Sports Illustrated's* Bill Nack calls a wraparound smile. In the afternoon at the races, sitting at his customary table in the top row of the star-conscious Turf Club, his eyes shaded by aviator sunglasses, Lukas could be a movie idol himself, except for an edginess that keeps him pacing between races. This morning, however, Lukas hadn't shaved, and his salt-and-pepper hair was tousled rather than perfectly blow-dried, as I was used to seeing it. He was wearing Mercedes cowboy boots, starched and pressed jeans, and a green windbreaker to keep out the cold morning air. Lukas doesn't smoke, drink, or take vacations, and he would do without sleep, too, if he could. For six or seven years, he said, when he switched over to thoroughbreds from quarter horses, he got by on three or four hours a night. He would work out his schedule on a yellow legal pad, budgeting his time for twenty hours a day, seven days a week, allowing thirty minutes for lunch and forty-five minutes for dinner. Things were particularly tight the first few years, when he was running thoroughbreds during the day and quarter horses at night. When he bought his home in Arcadia, a few years ago, it had a scrubby back yard. He had it bulldozed and, with the help of a Mexican hotwalker, built a series of pools, fountains, and flower beds, doing most of the work after midnight, under floodlights.

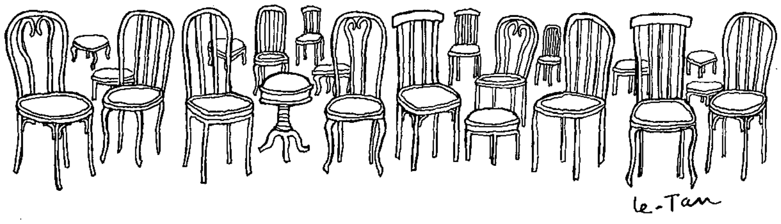
There were no other cars in the horsemen's lot when we arrived at Barn 66. An awning with a W.L. monogram hung from the eaves, and embellishing a tiny lawn in front were scallop-bordered beds of yellow pansies, a wrought-iron love seat, and an iron lawn jockey, his silks painted Lukas green, a shade that some have described as the color of money. The design is Lukas's own. His barns, he has declared, are "vintage Lukas," a trademark, like the flashy white bridles his horses wear. All his barns across the country have that Lukas-green look, and they stand out on the backstretch like billboards for luxury living. Before he ships his horses, he sends an advance man to attend to the landscaping and décor, set up polished tack boxes and monogrammed stall webbing. His barns have been conversation pieces since his quarter-horse days at Park Jefferson, in South Dakota, where the backstretch was so run-down that one of his clients helped him build his own barn. People would make a special trip to Park Jefferson just to see it. When he first arrived at Santa Anita, in 1977, he said, somewhat ingenuously, to the sportswriter Joe Palmer, "I just hope they don't think I'm too far out, the way I like to pretty up my barn." Around Santa Anita these days, the Lukas look seems to have caught on, with a hanging basket here, an iron jockey or a bench there. White bridles, too, seem to be in vogue.

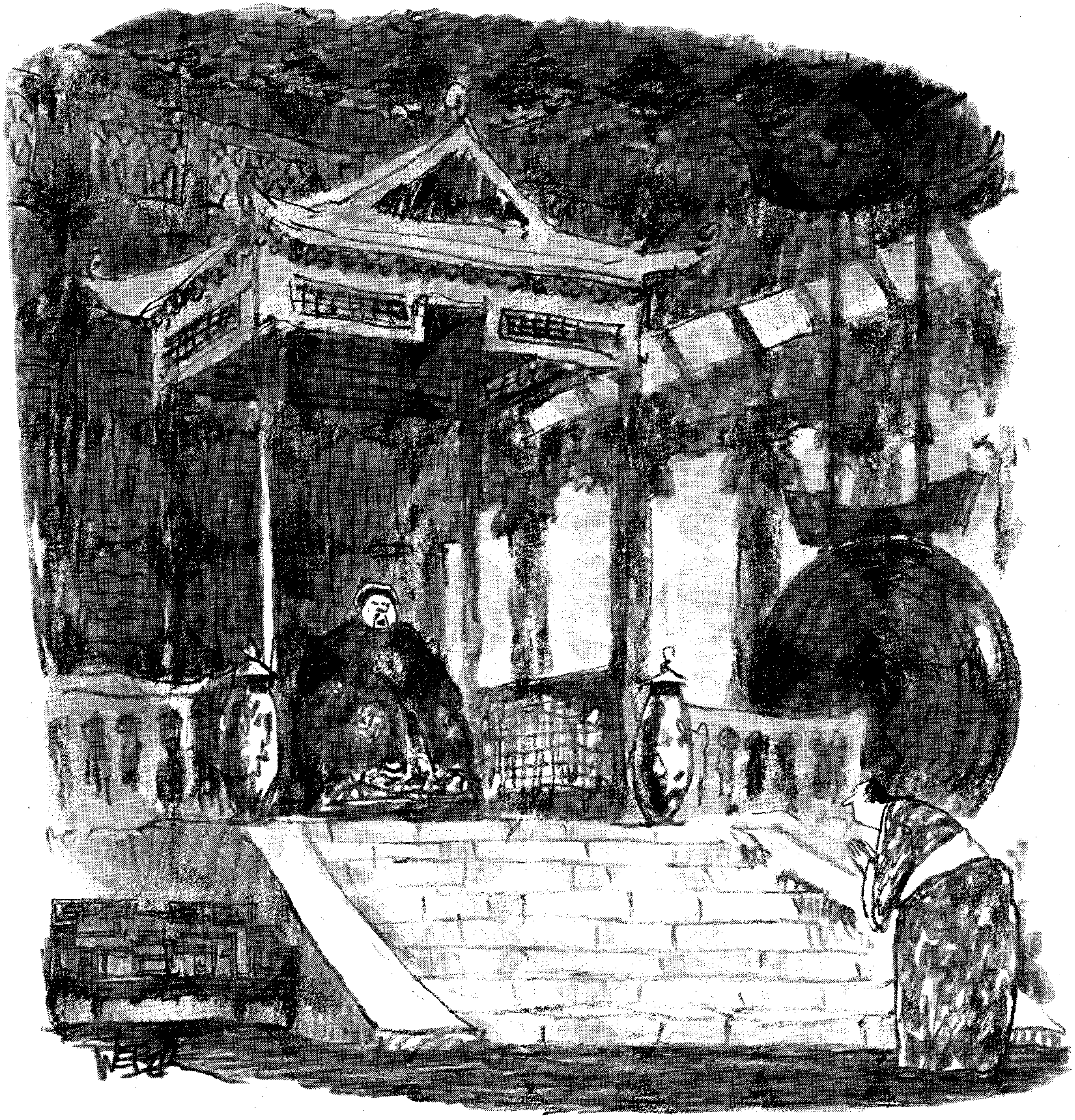
By 4:30 A.M., the Lukas operation was well under way. A van had arrived with horses from his stable across the valley at Hollywood Park, in Inglewood, where his son, Jeff, was in charge. "Look at that chrome," Lukas said, pointing to the van in the dim light spreading from the barn. Unlike most trainers, who use commercial vans, Lukas operates his own transportation service, with his own drivers and customized green-and-white vans. "You'll never see one of them pull in here with mud spotted on it," he said.

We walked down the shed row toward his office, past horses who poked their heads curiously over the webbing of their stalls. If they appeared taller than the average racehorse, it was because they were standing in straw eighteen inches deep, a luxury on the backstretch. The edges of the straw had been neatly forked into tuffets, so that no stray strands spilled onto the dirt walkway. Our footprints were the first of the morning to disturb the dirt's perfect herringbone pattern. "It makes the night man mentally finish off his day in a positive way," Lukas said, explaining the neatly raked floor. "Ninety-nine per cent of trainers wouldn't care, but we insist on certain things. It's the same way in the military. You shine your boots when you know you're going into a swamp in Vietnam. You know that shine isn't going to last five minutes. But it's a mental thing."

In his office, he offered me a director's chair, and he sat down at a large desk, his back to a Xerox machine and a stand with a hand-tooled Western saddle on it. He consulted a series of lists and charts giving in detail the status of the horses he keeps in training around the country—about two hundred, with around a hundred and fifty of them in racing fettle at one time. He also has a hundred or so untried two-year-olds. On the wall was a chart of the training schedule for the thirty-two horses at Santa Anita, and he quickly pencilled in the orders for the morning —walk, jog, gallop, or breeze. On another chart was the comprehensive racing schedule for the month, with winners inked in in yellow Magic Marker.

Lukas divides most of his horses between the East and the West Coasts, where most of the prestige and the purse money in racing lie. His largest division of racehorses is in Southern California, where he shifts horses, as the racing venue changes, between Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, and Del Mar. Occasionally, he runs horses at the smaller tracks near San Francisco, Bay Meadows and Golden Gate. Since 1985, he has operated his own training center near Del Mar, north of San Diego, on land leased from his principal client, Eugene Klein. Klein, a former owner of the San Diego Chargers —who has retained the Chargers' lightning-bolt insignia as his racing escutcheon—has built a horse farm and luxury subdivision next to what used to be Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.,'s Zorro Ranch. Lukas trains





"Combination No. 5—no MSG."

the two-year-olds on a private track there, surrounded by locked-gate residential resorts and polo fields. On days when there is no racing at Santa Anita, he commutes to the training track in a helicopter that he shares with Klein, taking off from a landing pad on top of a hospital across from the track.

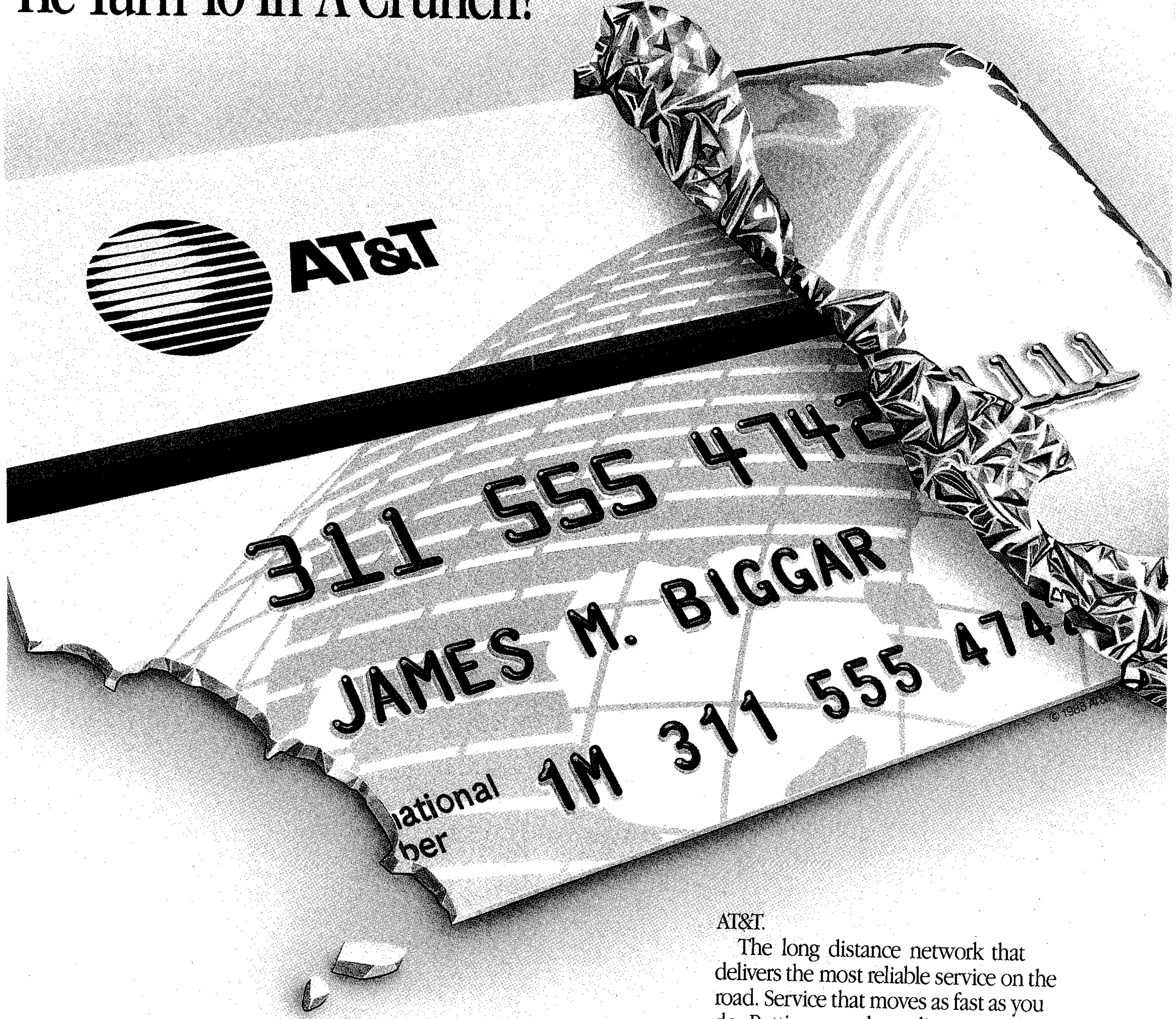
Lukas keeps a large division year-round in New York, stabled at Belmont Park—from which he can ship horses to Aqueduct in the winter and to Saratoga in the summer—and he sends smaller divisions to other tracks around the country, depending on the season and the size of the purses. With such a flexible system, he can choose the horse for the course, keeping speed horses in California on speed-favoring tracks, and shipping late-closing horses to the deeper, slower tracks in the East. Horses that are not good enough to win at the top tracks in New York and California can be dropped down in class to minor tracks, like baseball players sent down to Triple A. He is notorious for the hit-and-run: shipping a horse in for a big stakes race and then shipping it out. "He's got us all flying," said a fellow California trainer who now ventures East occasionally.

Lukas has taken advantage not only of an improved transportation system, which allows horses to be flown around the country rather than sent in boxcars, but also of extended racing seasons, larger purses, and rule changes that allow trainers to run more horses. Traditionally, a trainer was required by track officials to be present on the grounds in order for horses to run in his name, and he simply followed his stable of horses around the country from track to track, from season to season. But with the advent of year-round racing the rules had to be modified. In New York, for example, where racing was first extended through the winter in 1976, trainers began to split up their divisions, keeping one in New York during the winter, to race at Aqueduct, and sending another to Florida. As a result, racing officials were obliged to permit assistants to operate stables and accumulate winnings for the benefit of absentee head trainers.

Lukas's ship-and-run system also allows him to take advantage of different routes to the Kentucky Derby. Traditionally, most top Eastern trainers have preferred to winter in Florida, using the prep races at Gulfstream and Hialeah, followed by the Wood Memorial, at Aqueduct, or the Blue Grass Stakes, at Keeneland, in Lexington, Kentucky. But there are also lucrative prep races at Oaklawn Park, in Arkansas, at Turfway Park, in Kentucky, and, of course, at Santa Anita. This year, Lukas, with his embarrassment of riches, would muster an entry for each of the big prep races.

"He's a good operator, a hell of an organizer, but I wouldn't want to do it that way," says Charlie Whittingham, who ruled West Coast racing when Lukas came along, and who can still take the Santa Anita training title from him in a good year. Like Woody Stephens, Whittingham operates in traditional fashion, with a relatively small but powerful stable—constantly add-

When The Chairman Of Nestlé Travels On Business, Who Does He Turn To In A Crunch?


AT&T
311 555 4742
JAMES M. BIGGAR
ational
ber
1M 311 555 474
© 1988 AT&T

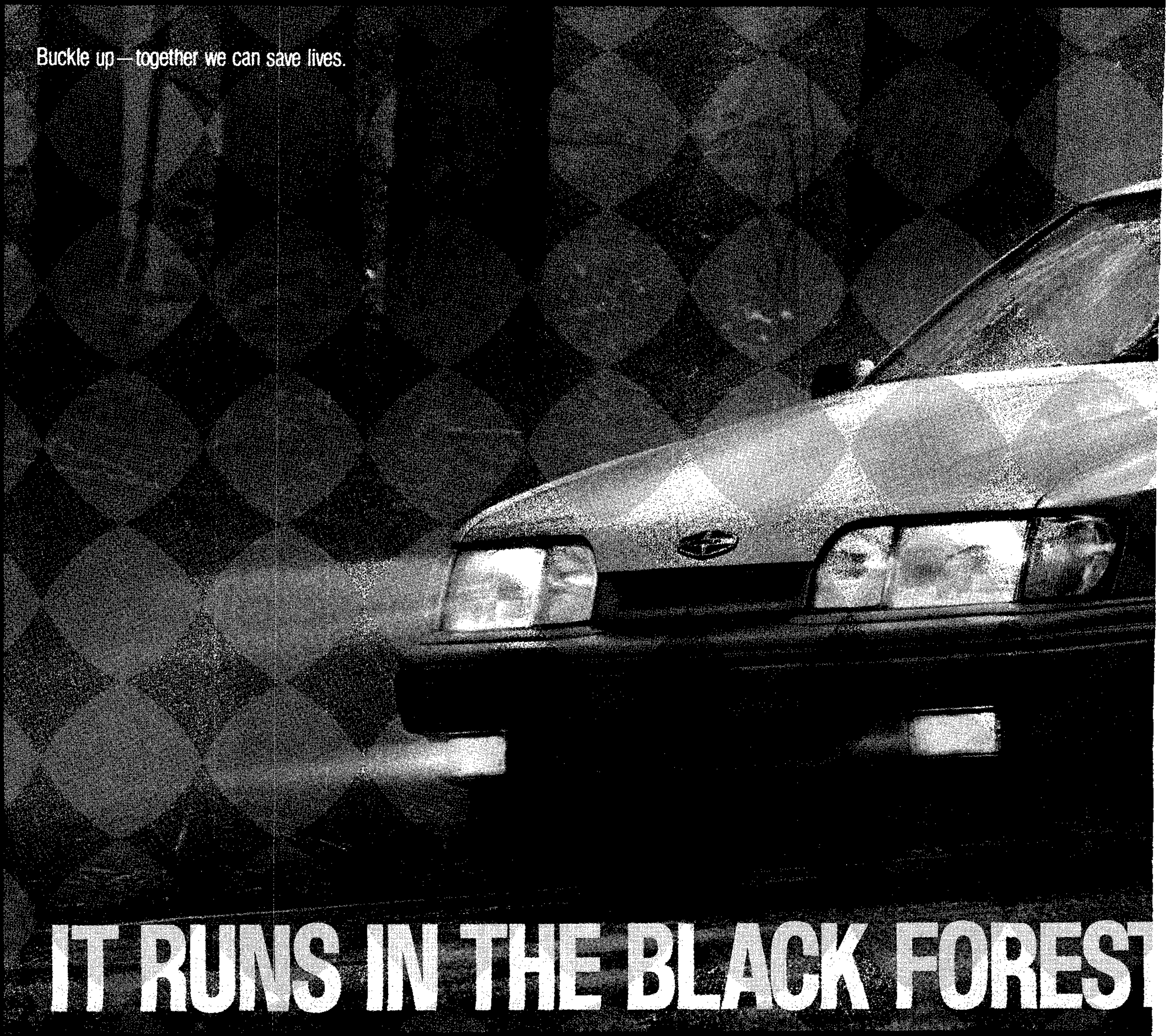
AT&T.

The long distance network that delivers the most reliable service on the road. Service that moves as fast as you do. Putting your long distance calls through instantly from more phones worldwide.

Which is why no matter where you are, or where you have to be, you're never in a crunch when you turn to us.
1 800 222-0300

AT&T
The right choice.

SCORPIO SCORPIO SCORPIO SCORPIO



Buckle up—together we can save lives.

IT RUNS IN THE BLACK FOREST

As well-mannered as they are on the road, the performance sedans of Germany sometimes seem to forget their manners in dealing with humans. Putting drivers in seats that are sternly unyielding. And even depriving passengers of decent legroom.

Fortunately, Scorpio shatters the myth that owning a precision-engineered German car requires sacrificing personal comfort.

Ease into Scorpio's driver's seat and feel the soft available leather gently support your back. Ask your companions how they're enjoying the power-reclining rear seats and over three feet of rear legroom.

Then, for the most comfortable feeling of all, turn the ignition. And put yourself in command of Scorpio's 2.9-lite autobahn-bred, fuel-injected V-6 and standard anti-lock brakes (ABS).

Scorpio keeps owners comforta in other ways, too: with the Scorpio Guaranteed Resale Value Program. N bership in Ford Auto Club's Roadcare Plan. And with the Scorpio Free Loa Program at participating dealers. So

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

BUT IT'S ALSO NICE TO PEOPLE.

strictions apply, so ask to see a copy
these programs at your dealer.
Scorpio. It's one German touring
dan that treats drivers with utmost
spect. Yet still treats passengers with
common kindness. **For more informa-
n, call 1-800-822-9292.**

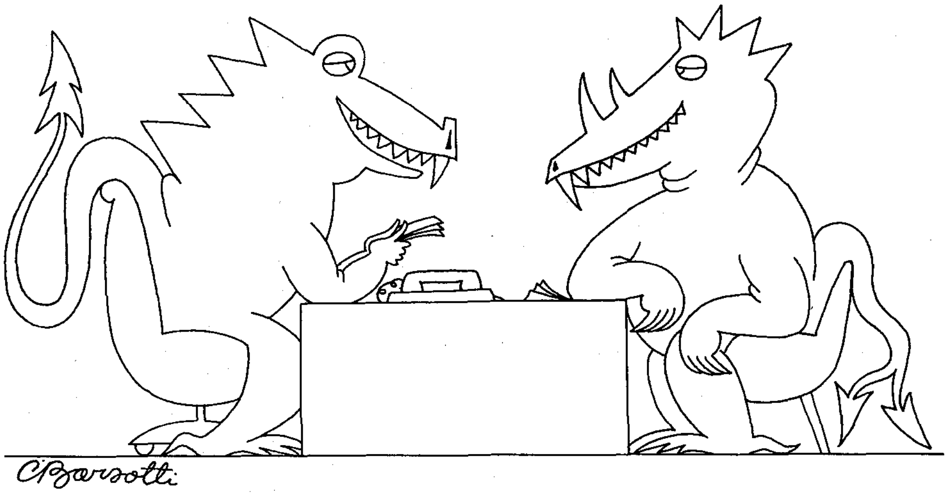
GERMAN PERFORMANCE YOU CAN BE COMFORTABLE WITH.

ported from Germany for select Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

A Grand Setting.
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Triple Orange
PARIS FRANCE
750 ml. (25.4 fl.oz) - 80° Proof

For gift delivery anywhere call 1-800-CHEER-UP (except where prohibited by law).
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 80 proof. ©1986 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

ing new horses and culling the weak. His reputation as one of the gurus of racing brings in a stream of good horses from various owners. Yet, despite his status, Whittingham had never won the Kentucky Derby until 1986, in his third attempt; the first two were in 1958 and 1960. Whittingham simply didn't go to the Derby unless he felt sure he would win. "I don't want to go with a horse that maybe can win —it can ruin a horse," he says. Lukas's campaigns for the Triple Crown races had taken a toll. He had sent twelve horses to the Derby, seven to the Preakness, and three to the Belmont. He had won two Preaknesses, and one of his Derby horses, the filly Life's Magic, had won two championships, but more than half of those horses never won another race.



"Well, partner, we're either going to be the greatest team ever to hit town or we're going to end up killing each other."

• •

IT was still well before daylight, and right on schedule came phone calls to the stable office from the assistant trainers around the country. This system allows Lukas to train by proxy—to coach his team, as he calls the process of conferring with his assistants. "That'll be Randy," Lukas said after the first ring, referring to Randy Bradshaw, a young man from Wyoming, who, with his wife, Alicia, was in charge of the Lukas string at Oaklawn Park. Next came a call from his son, Jeff, at Hollywood Park. Jeff joined his father full time in 1978, after the first semester of his senior year at the University of Wisconsin. "I pulled Jeff out of the university with one semester to go," Lukas told me. "My comment was 'You've been there long enough.' " Jeff had since become Lukas's second-in-command, to whom he entrusted some of his best horses. "I should have kept his mother pregnant for five or six years in a row," Lukas remarked later that morning. "I'd have an assistant trainer at every track in America, and they'd be superstars. I should have kept her in foal constantly. Little did I know she was going to be such a stakes producer." The next call was from his assistant in New York, an outgoing red-headed young Kentuckian named Kiaran McLaughlin. "You let that old Irish temper get a hold of you, but that's O.K., you're a fighter," Lukas said, consoling McLaughlin for an unfavorable ruling from the stewards in a Maryland race.

Lukas uses terms like "blind faith" and "brainwashing" to describe the intensity of his relationship with his assistants. Both Bradshaw and McLaughlin apprenticed with Lukas in California before being sent out on their own, and Lukas has been pleased with the results. McLaughlin once explained to me, "I learned to think the way he thinks, make decisions the way he does." Not long ago, Lukas said, McLaughlin had called him in exasperation, saying, "I'm waking up at two in the morning, staring at the ceiling, wondering what I forgot to do or what I should be doing. You got me so wound up and so into this." Lukas had responded, "You're doing perfect. You're coming right into the mold perfect."

Lukas is a longtime devotee of Vince Lombardi, and to work for Lukas is to enlist not only as a team player but as a believer. That holds true for everyone in his organization. Depending on the season, Lukas employs between two hundred and fifty and two hundred and seventy-five people, ranging from the assistant trainers to farm managers, financial planners, secretaries, grooms, and hotwalkers. This is Team Lukas, for which he presumes to speak when he uses the first person plural, as he does even when he is talking about his childhood; he was always a team leader, one feels, even when he was a team of one. Later in the winter, he told me, he planned to surprise the key people of Team Lukas with a Super Bowl-type ring, bearing a Lukas-green stone embossed with the Lukas emblem and the motto "World's Champions '87." On the sides would be engraved the four preceding years, for which Lukas also considers he won the world's championship of racing—the years his horses led the nation in earnings.

That team spirit also pervades Lukas Farms, in Norman, Oklahoma, a six-hundred-and-forty-acre facility, where oil derricks bob in the fields next to the brood-mare barns. Norman is otherwise best known as the home of the Sooners. Lukas has a ranch-style lodging at Lukas Farms, built of Arkansas Hackett stone, as is the Lukas Farms administration building, which flies the flags of Lukas, the State of Oklahoma, and the United States. The ranch house and the office, like his barns and his other homes (he has homes in Del Mar and in Garden City, New York, as well as in Arcadia), are got up in a style that his general manager, David Burrage, calls "ranchy early American," with furniture from Mathis Bros., of Oklahoma City, the largest retail furniture store in the country. Its owner, Don Mathis, is a Lukas client.

Most of the paperwork for Team Lukas is done at Lukas Farms, by a staff of thirteen, including the general manager, a chief financial officer, a tax and financial planner, and a computer specialist. I had made a brief visit to Norman earlier in the winter, and had found an upbeat, close-knit, churchgoing group that believed very strongly

L.L.Bean®

L.L.Bean
Winter Values 1989
Special Value Inside

FREE
Winter Catalog

Enjoy cold months to the fullest with the L. L. Bean 1989 Winter Catalog. Features quality apparel and footwear for men and women who enjoy the outdoors. Equipment for cross-country skiing, winter camping and ice skating; also warm bedding for mid-winter nights. Special values on many items. All products honestly described and fully illustrated. **We guarantee 100% satisfaction, pay for shipping and handling charges and offer toll free telephone services.**

☐ **Send FREE Winter Catalog**

Name ______________________
Address ____________________
City _______________________
State________Zip ____________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
883 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

Waterford also looks good on bookshelves.

Our full-color catalogue beautifully illustrates why Waterford® is a best-seller. Send $6.00 plus 50¢ shipping and handling to Waterford Crystal, P.O. Box 2298, Ocean, New Jersey 07712.

Three superb quality and in depth tours of India's mountain states—*Kashmir, Ladakh and Sikkim*, with the Buddhist Kingdom of Bhutan and intriguing Nepal. Developed in association with the Government of India Tourist Office and Air India, the airline that treats you like a Maharaja. Contact.

JOURNEYWORLD
Dept. TL6 • 410 E. 51st St. • NY, NY 10022
800-635-3900 • 212-752-8308

in Team Lukas and in the kind of all-American values that Lukas preaches: optimism, hard work, and the bottom line. Scattered around the office were plaques that Lukas had had made up bearing Lombardi-style proverbs. A special favorite of Lukas's is "The speed of the leader determines the rate of the pack."

Lukas combines Lombardi with Norman Vincent Peale, however, and members of Team Lukas are coached to look for the bright side; no gloom and doom are allowed. "We're a clean-cut group; we're not exactly the Chicago Bears," David Burrage said to me, describing the wholesome, clean-living kind of employee favored by Lukas, and the kind of wholesome-looking operation that might resolve any qualms about a horse-racing operation in the heart of the Bible Belt. "Everyone's upbeat, even the feed man," he added. The Lukas Farms administration office also serves as the headquarters for Lukas's venture in public offerings—Mid-America Racing Stables, a company that issued common stock last year. A promotional brochure for Mid-America that Lukas sent to investors declares, "For far too long, the Thoroughbred racing industry has been viewed either as an expensive hobby for the very rich or simply a sport. . . . At Mid-America Racing Stables, Inc., it is, first and foremost, a business."

BY 5 A.M. at Santa Anita, the grooms and hotwalkers had arrived at the barn, filing quietly into and out of the office to punch a time clock, another of Lukas's innovations. For many racetrackers, the clack of a time clock is an alien sound on the backstretch, to which they have come to escape from a certain way of keeping time and keeping score.

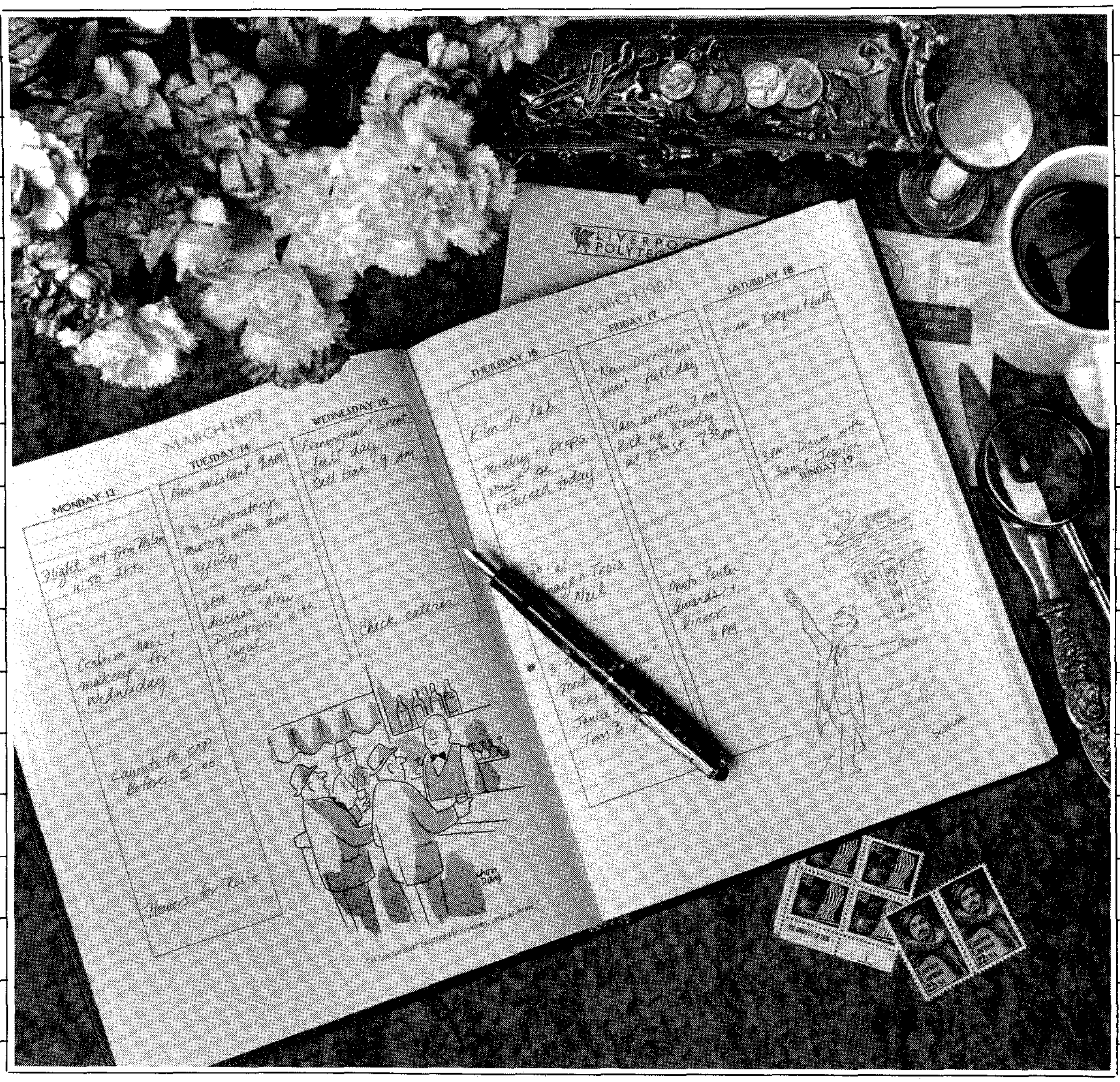
"Hey, Pedro," said Lukas, kidding a young groom. "You look like you just woke up." No one was drinking coffee, however, and there were no coffee urns at the barn. Lukas suggested that I ask Joe Vaca, an exercise rider, about the barn's coffee policy.

"This isn't a coffee shop," replied Vaca, in mock severity, obviously repeating a Lukas maxim. There is a ban on radios, too, and on loud talking and cursing—on anything that might disturb the horses and distract from work. When Lukas first came to Santa Anita, he also banned women from the barn, a rule he has rescinded because of the labor shortage. Liquor is still taboo, and anyone caught drinking in the barn will be fired. Even at the occasional stable barbecue, Vaca told me, no beer is served, "only diet stuff." Vaca, a native of Mexico, who worked for Lukas for nearly seven years, said that he is a tough boss—"picky, picky, picky." One morning when a hotwalker had trouble removing a blanket from a horse, Lukas snapped, "No former hotwalker will put a man on the moon." But Lukas pays well by backstretch standards, and the members of Team Lukas participate in a profit-sharing plan. And, oddly, he is known as a soft touch. One morning when a priest came around to collect contributions for sponsorship of a softball team in El Monte, a town south of Arcadia, Lukas wound up sponsoring the entire league.

Outside the barn, hotwalkers were setting up white wooden sawhorses at each end of the walking ring, where the horses would be cooled down after their workouts on the track. The workers also seemed to be setting up an invisible barrier between the world of D. Wayne Lukas and the rest of the backstretch. On the other side of the line were dust, disorder, the blare of salsa music, grooms drinking coffee and cursing the darkness: the wasting of time, the carelessness of transients making twenty-five dollars a day. On the Lukas side were order, efficiency, and everything that money can buy—the deepest straw, the smoothest oats, the cleanest tack.

"The nature of the game will cause you to doubt yourself," Lukas told me at one point. "You're making snap judgments, dealing with flesh, nerve endings, heart, bones. It will eat you up if you don't believe in yourself. Horses are suicidal by nature. The thing is, you can't live at the temple of regret in this game. You must always dwell on the positives. Or the negatives will eat you alive." The racetrack is the last refuge of fatalism, of a belief in a universe impervious to the virtues we like to attribute to sports and athletics. Going to the races cannot be said to build character, nor does racing suggest that victory is born of hard work, perseverance, or superior marketing and promotion. In the long run, most horses and all trainers lose more races than they win, and most owners lose money in the sport. Those who are

START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE.



WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1989, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

We've selected 50 all-time classic *New Yorker* cartoons and sprinkled them through the pages to be appropriate to the season. And we've supplied you with ample room in which to keep track of each day's appointments and all the things you want to remember.

The design is distinguished and *very New Yorker:* Eustace Tilley-patterned endpapers, *The New Yorker's* own distinctive typeface, even a special About Town listing of telephone numbers and addresses at the front.

The overall size is a large 10½" x 8". You can choose handsome hard covers in either leather-textured brown or midnight blue. And you can get your name or initials imprinted* to match the gold-embossed title on the cover.

It's the most cheerful appointment book you'll ever find. It's appropriate for business or personal use. And to spread the smiles around a bit, it makes a wonderfully civilized gift for friends and associates.

Please send me ________ copies of *The New Yorker Diary for 1989* as indicated below.

____ copies in blue binding @16.95 (211242)
____ copies in brown binding @$16.95 (211367)
____ copies in blue binding with name imprinted* @19.95 (211359)
____ copies in brown binding with name imprinted* @$19.95 (211375)

Add $3.00 for shipping. Outside U.S. & Canada add $6.00.

☐ My check for $________ is enclosed. (New York residents please add sales tax.)

☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Account # ________________________ Exp. Date________

Send order to:
The New Yorker, PO Box 10850, Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
(UPS will not deliver to a PO Box. Please use street address.)
City/State/Zip ____________________
Signature ____________________
*Imprint name(s) ____________________
(Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet, if necessary.)
Please allow 4 weeks delivery. 235846

successful knock on wood. Woody Stephens titled his as-told-to autobiography "Guess I'm Lucky." But for Lukas luck is just another word for failure to control the variables. With his white bridles, his pep talks, and his puritan work ethic, he has changed the very aura of the backstretch.

Owners, ordinarily one of the variables, were expected to join Team Lukas, along with the horses they bought at his urging or sent to him to be trained. Owners, I was once told, are what give trainers gray hair. But, according to one New York trainer, owners who send horses to Lukas "are so enamored of him he walks away with complete control."

Later that morning, when Joe Allen, the owner of a promising three-year-old colt, Dynaformer, called to discuss the race that had got Kiaran McLaughlin so angry, he took the approved Lukas approach. Lukas told me, "Joe said the things that I was going to say. He had already, in our typical mold, set the negatives aside and emphasized the positives." He went on, "Just two years ago, before he got to us, he was almost ready to quit the business. And now he's a believer." Another morning at the barn, I heard one of Lukas's clients use the phrase "walking on water" in connection with Lukas's abilities. And one morning as I sat in Lukas's office he turned to me after completing a phone call and remarked, "While you've been sitting there, I've been manipulating a two-million-dollar deal. There's hardly a horse deal in the country I don't hear about."

If trainers once enjoyed the dubious social status of what the former trainer John Nerud has called "men in plaid coats who steal chickens," barred from the élite inner sanctums of track clubhouses, Lukas meets his owners as an equal or better, who can offer them rides in his jet and the best tables at the Turf Club. He acquires an interest, from twenty-five to fifty per cent, in most of the horses he trains, and an interest, accordingly, in their winnings and in the sale or syndication price when their careers are over. The first time he met with Eugene Klein, he drove down to Klein's place near Del Mar in his new Rolls-Royce. Most of Lukas's owners are successful self-made men, some of them new to thoroughbreds, and they appreciate his hard work, his businesslike approach to the game, and his high profile. Because of a recent change in I.R.S. rules, most owners cannot afford to run horses simply as a hobby. "Most of my people seek me out because I'm successful, I produce, and because we're highly visible," Lukas said. "We've got a knack for developing the box-office horse." Two years ago, at a private party during the Kentucky Derby, Klein introduced Lukas to former President Gerald Ford as "the world's greatest trainer."

THERE was a faint hint of dawn, and Lukas strapped on a pair of chaps over his jeans. One of the grooms had removed the big Western saddle from Lukas's office and tacked up Lukas's "pony," as non-racehorses on the track are called—a huge gray quarter horse named Spud. Spud waited outside the barn patiently, like a good cow horse, ground-tied, with the reins trailing on the ground like an anchor. Climbing aboard, Lukas commented, "Some trainers will ride anything. We ride twenty-thousand-dollar ponies."

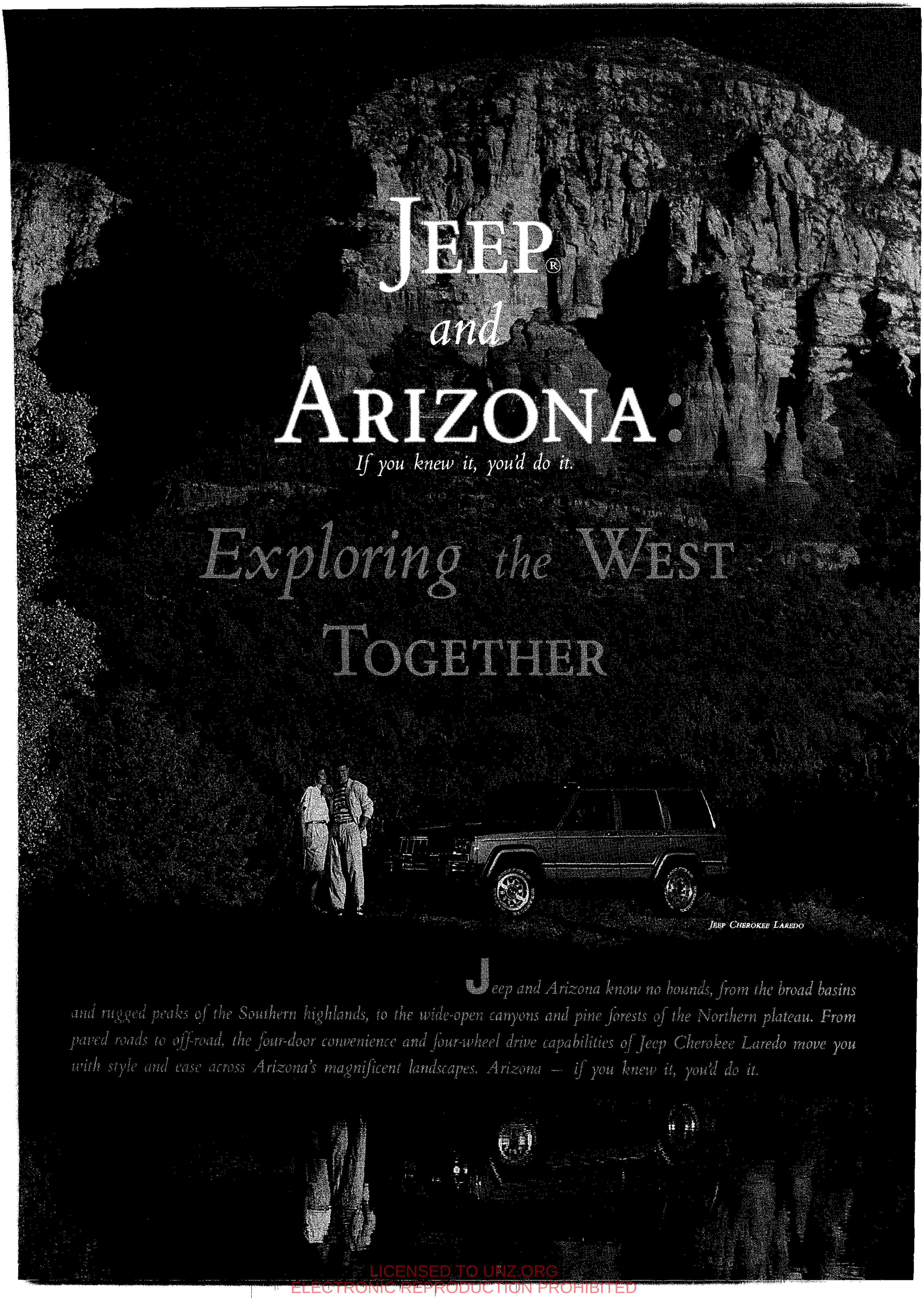
The horses for the first set were already circling outside the barn, and as Lukas watched them he looked like a ringmaster. He is one of the few trainers who talk about the mental condition of their horses; perhaps it is a legacy of his coaching days. There is a fine line, he says, between fitness and staleness: "Never take the try out of horse or boy." When he sends horses out for workouts, he doesn't use a stopwatch, as other trainers do, but watches the way the horses run, singly or in company with other horses, and issues hand signals to his exercise riders to slow down or speed up. He doesn't put much stock in hard-driving bullet workouts, preferring to keep a horse on edge, so that speed comes naturally.

This morning, he would have to send out an extra set, he explained, because he had just fired two of his exercise riders. "We're constantly telling why when we ask you to do something. We teach more than most trainers. After a period of time, if you don't improve we eliminate you." Employees failed for two reasons, Lukas said. "Either they're dumb, or their intensity factor isn't strong enough. The learning process involves intensity."

XMAS
PLANT SALE
W GOLDSTEIN

Lukas called out his orders, and Joe Vaca translated for the benefit of a new rider who didn't speak English. Lukas requires that the epithets be translated as well when he gives a lecture. For example, "fluff helmets" is what he calls exercise riders who don't follow orders. Lukas doesn't speak even the rudimentary Spanish that most trainers acquire on a predominantly Hispanic backstretch. "I don't speak Spanish because there is no intensity factor," he explained. "If my job depended on it, I would learn it in three weeks." He has made a study of success, he said, and has found that intensity is key. "I've studied a lot of people, and the common fibre for every successful person is the intensity factor," he told me. "Those people who are extremely successful, whether an Olympic athlete, a basketball coach, or the head of a large corporation, they've got a fire burning in them that the average person doesn't have. It's just like a racehorse. They've either got it from the eighth pole to the wire or not. The successful person can reach down and get a little extra, and win when the chips are down."

Lukas gathered up the reins and guided Spud across the backstretch toward the track, following his horses, making his way past ordinary barns with the makeshift, dusty look of frontier towns, past a hotwalking machine that resembled a clothesline hanging horses out to dry. Acknowledging greetings from a trainer here and an exercise rider there, he went through the gate onto the track as the panorama of Santa Anita at dawn unfurled. Once part of Rancho Santa Anita, a vast empire of vineyards, orchards, and pastures ruled by the stock speculator E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin, the Santa Anita racetrack lies at the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains, and on smogless days the mountains seem to loom over the track in bleak splendor. During the winter, Santa Anita is the top of the racing world. Only Saratoga in August, says Lukas, offers racing as competitive. Although tradition lies with the Eastern tracks, bolstered by the bluegrass/blue-blood connection forged generations ago between Kentucky hardboots and the wealthy sport-



JEEP® *and* ARIZONA:

If you knew it, you'd do it.

Exploring the WEST TOGETHER

JEEP CHEROKEE LAREDO

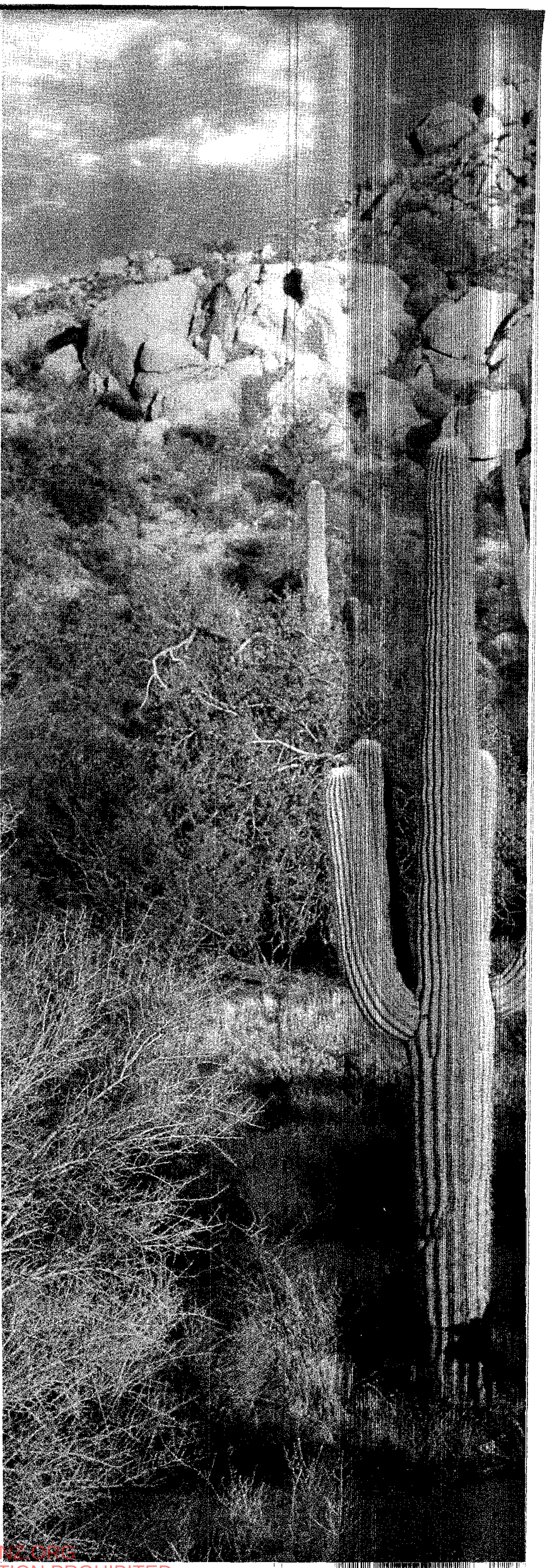
Jeep and Arizona know no bounds, from the broad basins and rugged peaks of the Southern highlands, to the wide-open canyons and pine forests of the Northern plateau. From paved roads to off-road, the four-door convenience and four-wheel drive capabilities of Jeep Cherokee Laredo move you with style and ease across Arizona's magnificent landscapes. Arizona — if you knew it, you'd do it.

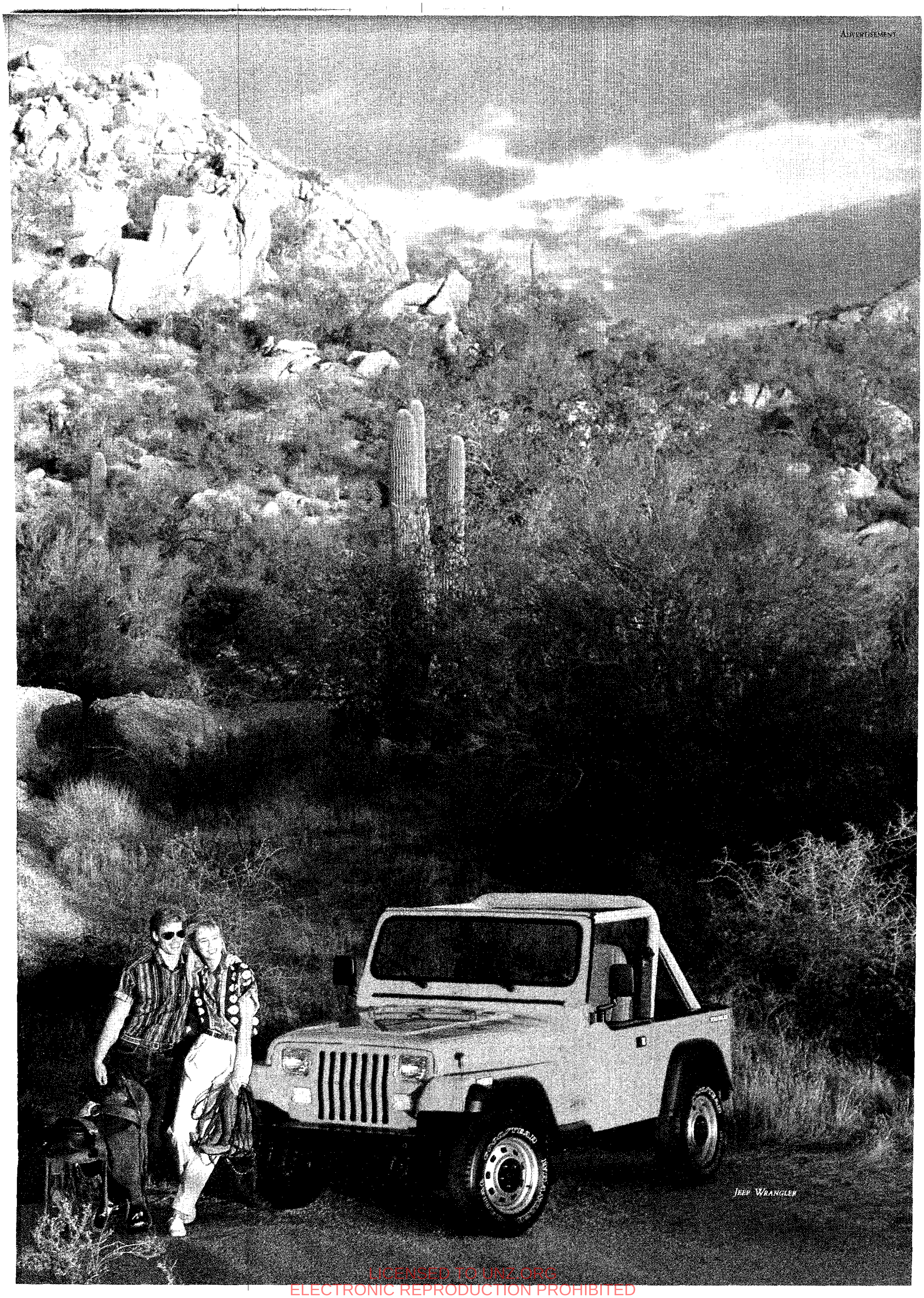
POINTE RESORTS RELAX BY SAPPHIRE POOLS, PERFECT YOUR GOLF SWING, OR SERVE UP A GAME OF TENNIS AT THE MOUNTAINSIDE POINTE RESORTS IN PHOENIX. UNWIND AT MANAGEMENT-HOSTED COCKTAIL PARTIES AT POOLSIDE EACH EVENING. ENJOY OUR LUXURIOUS SUITES, AND INDULGE IN OUR TEMPTING CUISINE. FOR RESERVATIONS, CALL (800) 528-0428, OR 997-6000 IN PHOENIX.

LOEWS VENTANA CANYON RESORT HIGH IN THE SONORAN DESERT MOUNTAINS . . . THE SPECTACULAR LOEWS VENTANA CANYON RESORT. COMPLETE RESORT FACILITIES INCLUDE AN EIGHTEEN-HOLE GOLF COURSE, TWO SWIMMING POOLS, TEN LIGHTED TENNIS COURTS, A FITNESS CENTER, FIVE RESTAURANTS AND LOUNGES, AND THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND SQUARE FEET OF DIVERSIFIED MEETING SPACE. OVERLOOKING IT ALL, 392 ELEGANT ROOMS AND SUITES. CALL (800) 223-0888 OR (602) 299-2020 IN ARIZONA.

Jeep Wrangler has the pioneering spirit it takes to move you under Arizona's clear skies, across its desert sands, and through its distant horizons. This is the genuine frontier Jeep — the ultimate freedom machine. For only Jeep Wrangler offers everyday driving excitement in the classic open-air style that celebrates Arizona's extraordinary climate.

The Jeep Wrangler is as at home against the Phoenix skyline as it is in the untamed lands that surround Arizona's largest city. Versatility is key to every vehicle Jeep makes, and this element makes Jeep the essential transportation in a land as diverse as Arizona. Only a Jeep can make the transition from city to country, from river canyon to desert, a simple effortless pleasure.



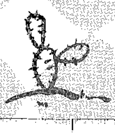

Jeep Wrangler

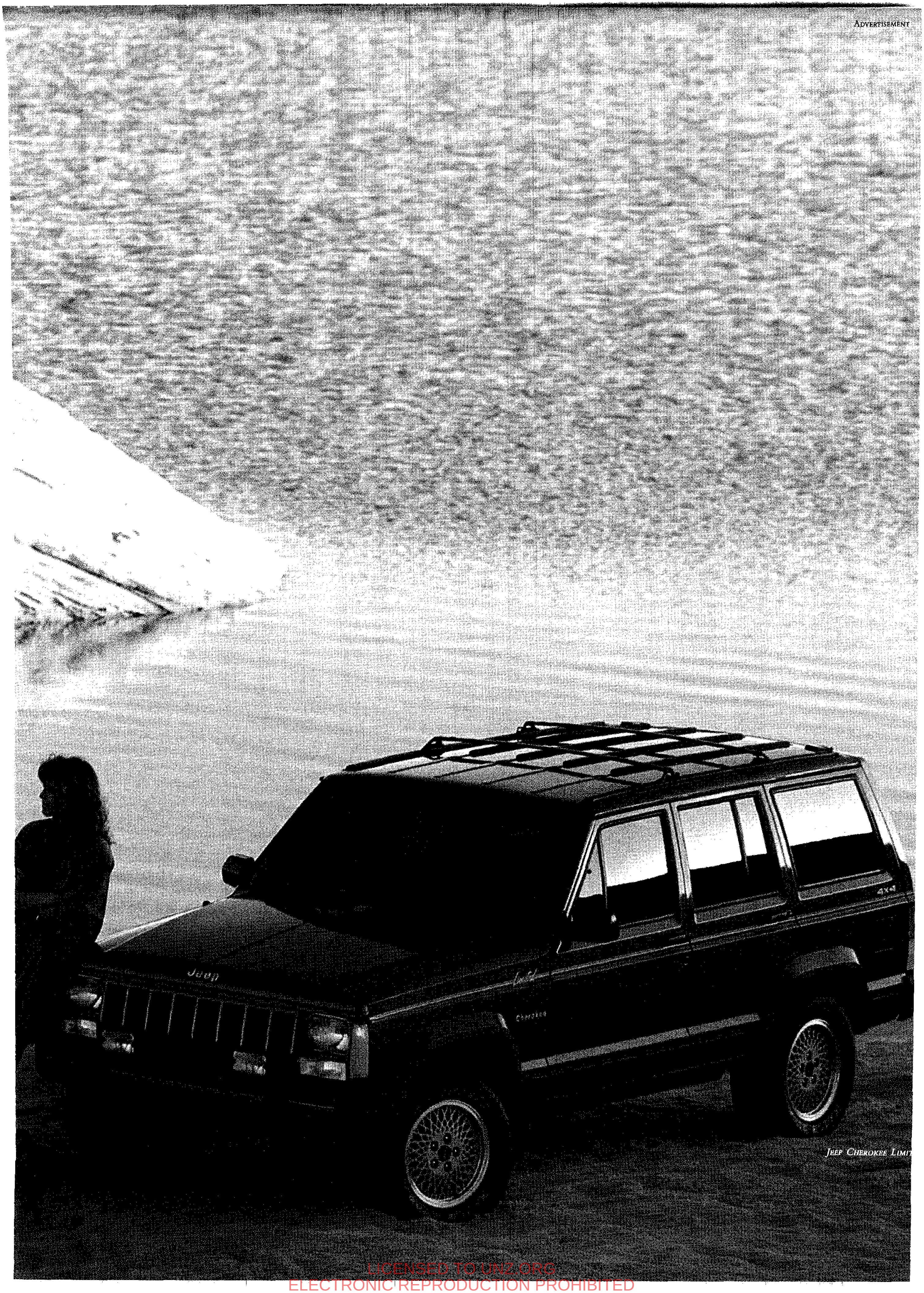
WAHWEAP LODGE AND MARINA DRAMATIC GATEWAY TO BEAUTIFUL LAKE POWELL. DINE OVERLOOKING WAHWEAP BAY. LODGING. BOAT TOURS. HOUSEBOAT AND POWERBOAT RENTALS. LAKE POWELL, WITH 1,960 MILES OF SHORELINE, IS SURROUNDED BY THE NATION'S GREATEST CONCENTRATION OF NATIONAL PARKS, INCLUDING GRAND CANYON, BRYCE, AND ZION. OPEN TWELVE MONTHS. CALL (800) 528-6154.

'AUBERGE DE SEDONA THE SPECTACULAR RED ROCK BACKDROP URES LANDSCAPE LOVERS TO L'AUBERGE DE SEDONA, THE AREA'S MOST ELEGANT STABLISHMENT. FRENCH COUNTRY SETTINGS AND STONE FIREPLACES CAST A ROMANTIC SPELL. THE THIRTY-TWO COTTAGES AND SIXTY-THREE ROOMS ARE ET AMID GARDENS AND NEARBY OAK CREEK. L'AUBERGE RESTAURANT OFFERS HAUTE FRENCH CUISINE. CALL (800) 272-6777, OR 800) 331-2820 IN ARIZONA.

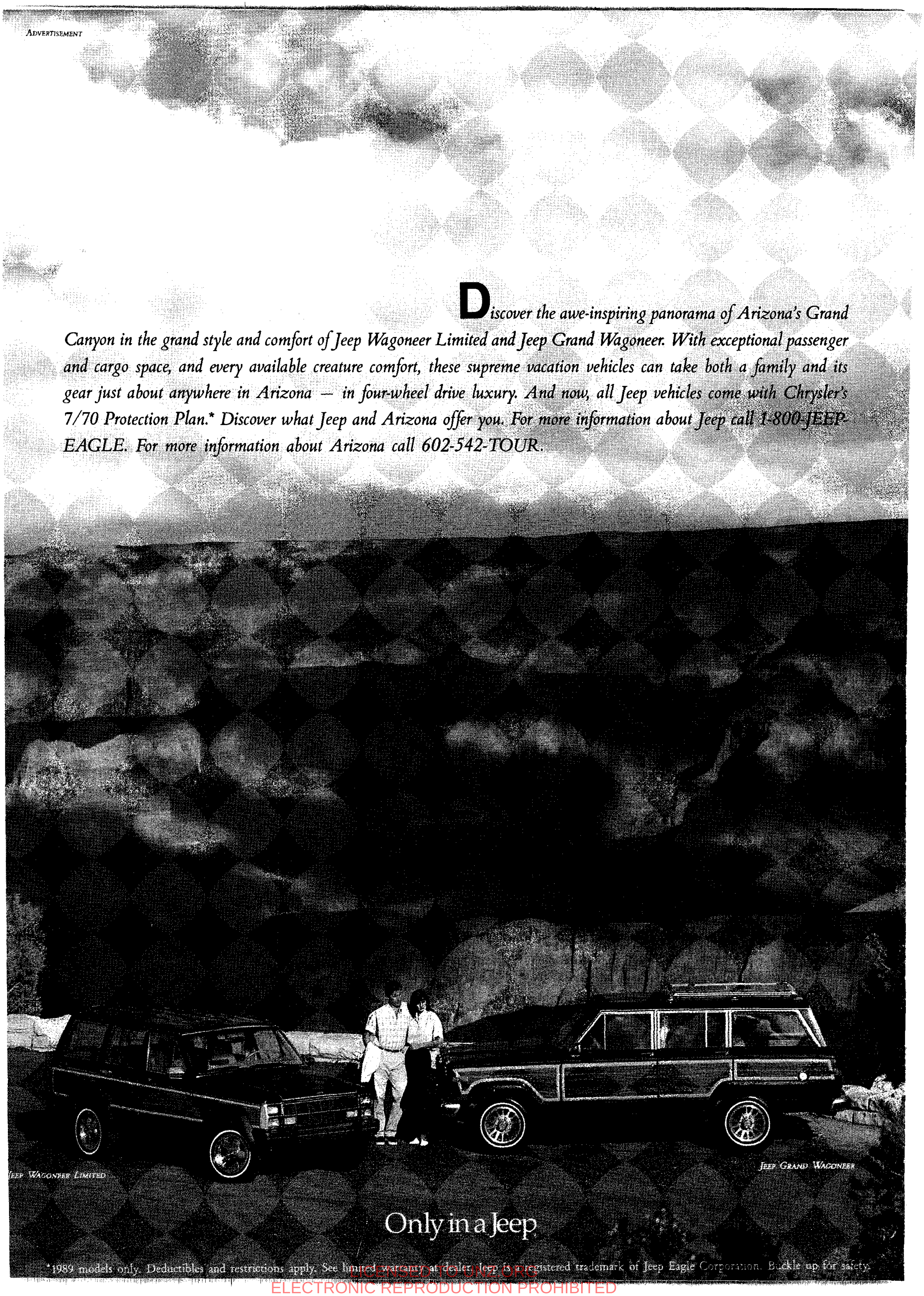
Experience Arizona's Lake Powell, with its more than 1,900-mile canyon-locked shoreline, in the Jeep Cherokee Limited. This s the ultimate Cherokee 4X4, with performance credentials that speak for themselves. The 4.0 litre Power-Tech Six engine puts out 177 horsepower, while Jeep's new optional four-wheel anti-lock brake system is the only four-wheel ABS in its class.

The Jeep Cherokee Limited is the perfect vehicle in which to discover he outdoor sports mecca that is Lake Powell. Whether it's swimming, boating, houseboating, fishing, water-skiing, jet skiing, camping, white water rafting, or simply touring around, Lake Powell offers it all in unrowded splendor. And you can be sure that Jeep vehicles are tough enough o handle the rugged backdrop of this unspoiled area found only in Arizona.



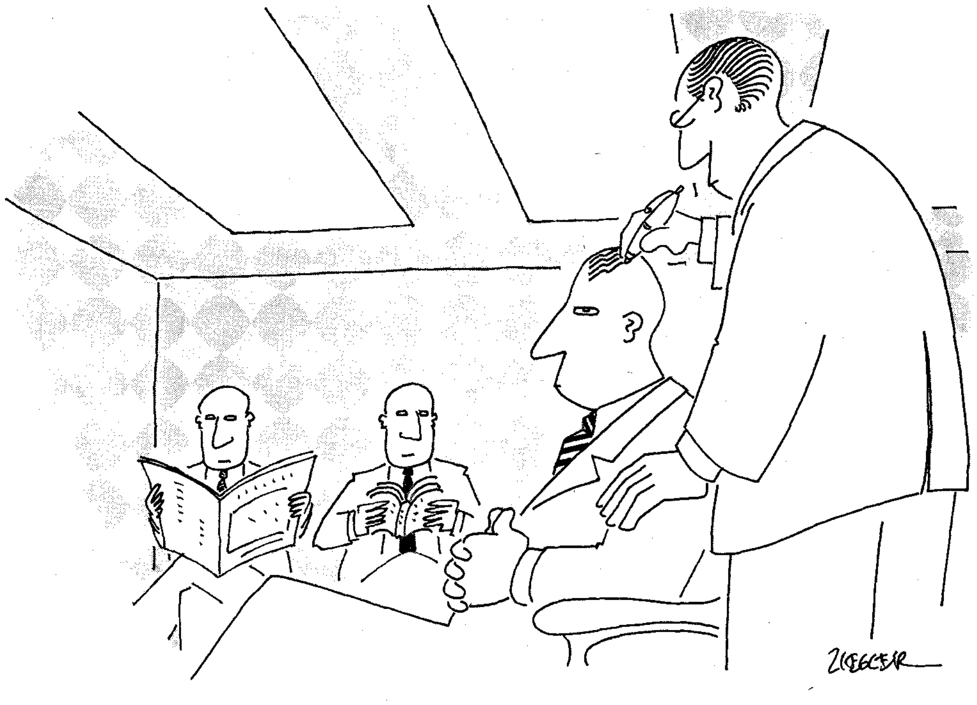

Jeep
Cherokee
4x4
Jeep Cherokee Limit

ADVERTISEMENT



Discover the awe-inspiring panorama of Arizona's Grand Canyon in the grand style and comfort of Jeep Wagoneer Limited and Jeep Grand Wagoneer. With exceptional passenger and cargo space, and every available creature comfort, these supreme vacation vehicles can take both a family and its gear just about anywhere in Arizona — in four-wheel drive luxury. And now, all Jeep vehicles come with Chrysler's 7/70 Protection Plan. Discover what Jeep and Arizona offer you. For more information about Jeep call 1-800-JEEP-EAGLE. For more information about Arizona call 602-542-TOUR.*

*1989 models only. Deductibles and restrictions apply. See limited warranty at dealer. Jeep is a registered trademark of Jeep Eagle Corporation. Buckle up for safety.



ing families of the Northeast, California tracks are closing the gap, and there has been a continental drift of power and money to California.

The population of trainers at Santa Anita appears evenly divided between urban sophisticates in satin jackets and Western types with a cowboy look. The trainers who favor cowboy hats tend to watch their horses from the backs of their ponies, while those who wear embroidered satin jackets watch their horses from the apron of the Mediterranean-blue grandstand, gathering at Clockers' Corner, where you can buy coffee at a window or be served breakfast, Saratoga style, by waiters in black tie. It is there, in the cold, misty mornings, as jockeys' agents go from trainer to trainer, weaving a tenuous web of gossip and camaraderie, that you feel a sense of community at the racetrack.

Across the rail, out on the track, seated on his big gray horse, Lukas appeared aloof from that community. He avoids the morning kaffeeklatsches, and expects his assistants at other tracks to follow his example. When Lukas waved to Bob Wheeler, another trainer, trotting by on a bay pony, the two men resembled rival trail bosses watching over their cattle empires.

Charlie Whittingham, who used to ride a pony to the track but now makes the trip on foot, figuring he needs the exercise, paused for a moment at the rail. A battered stockman's hat covered his bald head. He cocked an eye at Lukas, who was having some trouble with Spud. The horse was dancing around, nearly out of control, and as Lukas maneuvered the reins Whittingham narrowed his eyes. "He's no cowboy," said Whittingham, with the faintest of grins. "That horse bucked him off the other morning."

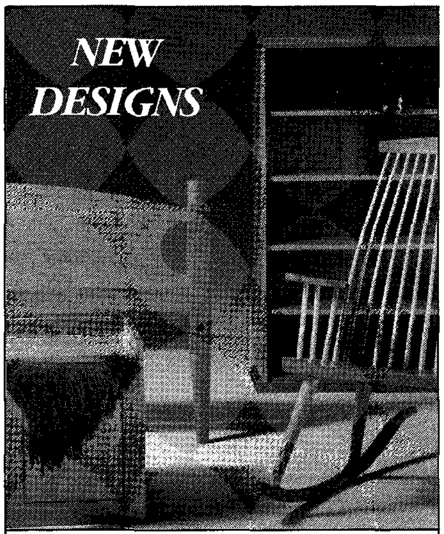
LUKAS used to be a pretty fair rodeo rider, but nowadays the cowboy side of his personality, like the way he dresses, has a certain Hollywood slickness to it. He has decided for himself what a horse trainer ought to be. One afternoon at his home in Arcadia, surrounded by trophies and winner's-circle photographs, he said, "There's a tradition that runs through the whole corps of trainers that you should work under one of the great old-time trainers that whittled in front of the stall and gave you bits of information here and there, and then you should pay your dues, work your way up through the ranks, and some day you run your own barn. And so when a college graduate comes along and speaks about motivation, talks about teaching, talks about business projects and cost projection, it doesn't sit too well, so they look at it and scoff at it. I never worked with a Whittingham, never rubbed elbows with one, talked with one. Everything I have in this world and everything you see, from the helicopter to the jet airplane to the Rolls-Royce in the garage, is directly related to what I was able to do with a horse by myself."

Traditionally, racing has been a sport of dynasties and bloodlines, of silks passed along from tycoon to heir, of speed and stamina passed along from one generation of thoroughbreds to the next, of cabalistic know-how passed along from trainer to son or apprentice. Lukas, however, presents himself as a racing orphan, who came up in the game without the benefit of money or mentors. "I get up in the morning knowing I have to win," he told me. "I'm looking around me, analyzing the situation—what is the best way to get from A to B. That makes you home in. When you're fat, when you've got security, when you have a family name to support you, you become complacent in your everyday activities, because you're not under the gun; you don't have to hone those skills. Even when I was a little kid, there weren't enough hours in a day, enough challenges. I remember trying early on to figure out all the things I was going to do."

He would make lists, he said, just as he later made lists on the yellow pads when he began training thoroughbreds. It was the sort of childhood that might begin a captain-of-industry success story. "I was always trading horses, or a sheep for a goat, or raising rabbits so I could sell Easter bunnies on the corner. I never got enough. I was never saturated. I was getting up at three-thirty in the morning at six, seven years old. Nobody had to get me up." He was always an independent sort, he said, who built up his repertory of skills in a deliberate fashion. "I used to observe people I admired," he said. "I used to ask, 'What is it that makes that guy so special?' I used to pick out those qualities and then try to develop those qualities myself."

The second of three children, Lukas grew up on a farm in Antigo, Wisconsin, a sparsely settled community of ten thousand or so, ninety miles northwest of Green Bay. Surrounding the town were dairy and potato farms and an occasional mink ranch, and to the north and east were large Indian reservations. Lukas's mother was of English and Irish ancestry, her roots in America tracing back to Lexington, Kentucky. His father, whose parents were Czech immigrants, delivered milk and did construction work to supplement the income from the farm.

Clyde Rice, a trainer about Lukas's



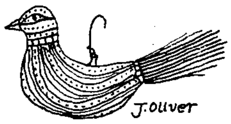
Vanden Brink

Handcrafted
solid cherry furniture
for the home and
corporate environment.
THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS
SHOWROOMS
Inquiries: 415R Cumberland Avenue
Portland, Maine 04101
(207) 774-3791
210 West Washington Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106
(215) 922-6440
Residential Catalog $5.00

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco
We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square. $70 to $140.
(800) 227-3844
524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

RIVER HOUSE
A small transitional living facility in a convenient suburban setting. A Board Certified Psychiatrist directs this structured program for adults needing to learn daily living skills. Most residents have any one of a number of major psychiatric disorders, including depression, substance abuse, or an eating disorder. Our goal is to encourage confidence and independence and a return to a productive life in the community. Inquiries welcome.
Richard Kaiser, M.D.
Director, River House
Silver Hill
Silver Hill Foundation
Accredited by J.C.A.H.O.
Box 1177 New Canaan, CT 06840 203 966-3561

age, who grew up on a farm less than a mile from the Lukas household, remembers that Antigo was a community where assets were distributed equally, without extremes of wealth or poverty. The economy might swing up and down a bit, depending on the price of potatoes, but there was usually enough to get by. He says, "It was the kind of place where you could act on your dreams." Young Wayne Lukas was full of restless enterprise and a yen for adventure. "He had lots of ideas," says Rice. "He was very ingenious. He was a go-getter, very aggressive." One summer, Lukas leased a bean field from his uncle, recruited friends and family to pick the beans, then sold the crop, for a profit, to a local cannery.



Most of Lukas's energy, however, went to horses—riding them, trading them, training them. He had a gray mare, Queenie, that he'd bought from a local kid, with an agreement to pay a dollar a week for two years. Horses were a popular diversion in Antigo, and there was racing at the county fairgrounds, a gathering spot for trainers who raced around the Midwest on the leaky-roof circuit. Lukas would ride over on Queenie, pester the trainers with questions, and gaze with longing at the cheap thoroughbreds with bowed tendons "as big as garden hoses." Before long, he and Rice were racing, too, with their back-yard pets as their entries.

Lukas and Rice would take their ponies to horse shows and county fairs around the region, racing one day and stunt riding the next. Lukas would "trick ride off that mare," Rice recalls. "He had a pretty good routine, swinging around under the neck and vaulting—things like that." With advice from Rice's father, who trained thoroughbreds on the side, they acquired more horses, and they took on the competition at mixed-breed race meets that were held twice a summer at the Menominee Indian reservation. Eventually, they had a horse in every race in every category—ponies, quarter horses, and thoroughbreds.

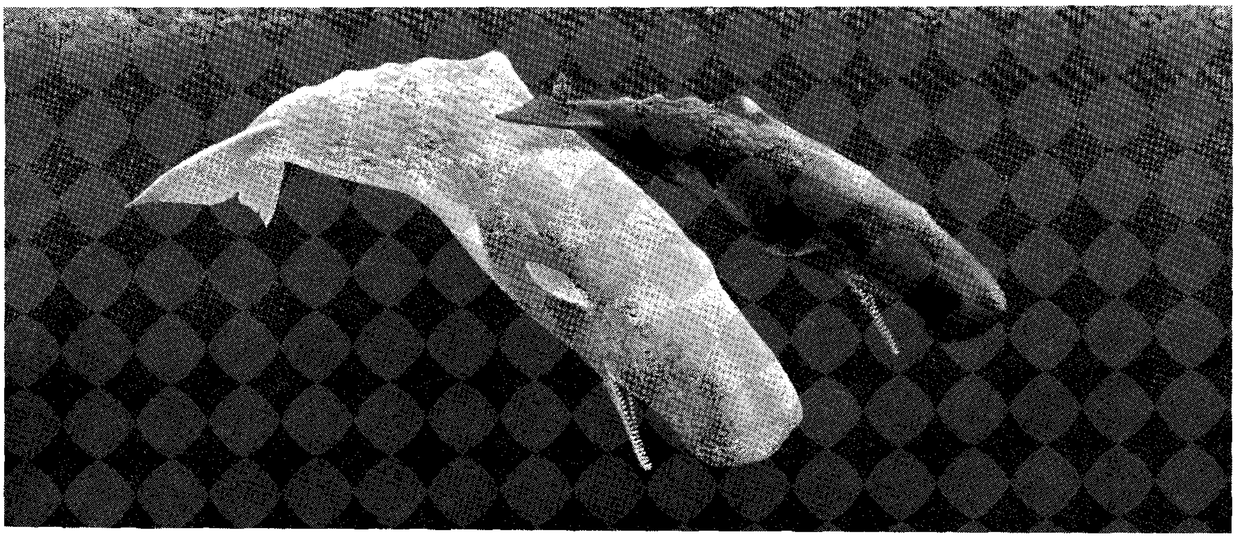
With his gift of gab and his eye for a good horse, Lukas was a born horse trader, and he was bidding on horses at auction when he was still in grade school. Later, as teen-agers, he and Rice found a cheap source of horses in truckloads of wild mustangs that were brought in from North and South Dakota to be slaughtered as feed for the local mink ranches. As the horses were unloaded through chutes into catch pens, Lukas and Rice would sit on the fence and watch them come down the ramp, and would cull the horses with a little flash and conformation. They'd have to pay only a few pennies a pound more than the knacker had paid, and so their markup when they resold a horse would be as much as two hundred dollars.

Rice still helps Lukas spot horses, buying thoroughbreds for him here and there (one he bought, a filly named Family Style, became a champion), and is still impressed by Lukas's abilities as a salesman. "He always had a knack for selling things, particularly horses," Rice says. "When he'd get to talking about a horse, I had to take another look myself, he sounded so good. People believed in him."

Lukas loved hanging around the horse business, and he picked up some substantial pocket change, but it never occurred to him that training horses might be a means to riches and respectability. His parents had urged him to do something worthwhile with his life. Dutifully, he went off to the University of Wisconsin, where he majored in physical education. On the weekends, though, he was riding broncs in a rodeo or hitting the horse sales around the Midwest. He and Rice, who was studying to be a teacher, would buy a horse, writing a check for it, and then spend the night cleaning up their purchase. They would hustle to a sale the next day, hoping to resell the horse, at a profit, in time to beat the check to the bank. It was during those high-pressure times that Lukas learned some practical lessons about horse trading, about matching wits, as he put it, "with every thief in the world."

For all his dexterity with horses and his determination to win, Lukas had never been that good at athletics, and he had decided to channel his energies into becoming a great basketball coach. He made a careful study of the game, learning the systems developed by such successful coaches as Adolph Rupp and Johnny Wooden. After graduation, he took a job as a teacher and all-purpose coach at a small high school in Blair, a town of less than a thousand in west-central Wisconsin. During his first

SAVE THE WHALES



Japan, Iceland and Norway Defy Whaling Ban

These magnificent creatures, which have the most complex brains on Earth, have been driven to the brink of extinction by the rapacious fishing industries intent on turning them into margarine, mink food and whale steaks.

The hard-won progress toward saving the whales could be destroyed if the greedy whaling nations succeed in their defiance of world opinion. The international conservation community needs your help to stop this criminal slaughter.

A cessation of all commercial whaling adopted by the International Whaling Commission (IWC) has been openly defied by Japan, Iceland and Norway for the past three years. These outlaw nations claim they have been killing hundreds of whales for "scientific research," but the IWC has repeatedly found this "research" lacking legitimacy and has directed all three nations to refrain.

Boycott Campaign

Conservation groups have launched an appeal to all concerned citizens to bring pressure against the whale-killers, including a boycott of their fish. Japan, Iceland and Norway export nearly $1 billion of cod, salmon, oysters, pearls and other fishery products to the U.S. annually. More than 50 school districts across the U.S. have already joined the effort by cancelling contracts for Icelandic cod. And several fast-food chains have stopped buying Icelandic and Norwegian fish.

Japan and Norway have been certified under U.S. law for violating IWC regulations. President Reagan is now empowered to embargo all fishery products from those two nations. Iceland, which has killed hundreds of endangered fin and sei whales for export to Japan, is threatening retaliation against the U.S.-operated air base at Keflavik in order to block certification under the Pelly Amendment.

The Japanese whaling fleet is sailing for Antarctica. The U.S. Government should respond to this piracy by embargoing all Japanese fishery products, including artificial crab legs and pearls. Last February, when Japan violated the whaling ban, the Reagan Administration barred the huge Japanese fishing fleet from the U.S. 200-mile zone under provisions of the Packwood-Magnuson Amendment. At that time, President Reagan withheld the fish embargo sanctions in an attempt to persuade Japan to comply with the IWC ban. The Japanese government has defiantly rejected U.S appeals.

Please Help

Millions of citizens have joined over the past 15 years to help save the great whales. You can make a difference. Here is how to help:

1) Write a letter to President Reagan today. Ask him to immediately impose an embargo on all Japanese fishery products in response to the outlaw whaling. The address is The White House, Washington, D.C. 20500.

2) Make a tax-deductible contribution to the save-the-whales campaign. Since 1973, the Animal Welfare Institute has been a leader in the battle against the whale-killers. For a donation of $20 or more, you will receive a four-color print of the sperm whales (above), measuring 20" x 26", by renowned marine life artist Richard Ellis.

The Animal Welfare Institute is a non-profit, educational organization established in 1951 to reduce animal suffering and to protect endangered species. A copy of AWI's annual report is available on written request to AWI or to the New York State Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, N.Y. 12231.

……

I want to help SAVE THE WHALES NYM

☐ Please send me more information about how I can help save the whales
☐ Enclosed is my tax-deductible contribution of $__________
(Make checks payable to Animal Welfare Institute)
☐ Please send me a color print of the sperm whales (donation $20 or more)

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

City ________________ State ______ Zip ______

ANIMAL WELFARE INSTITUTE, PO Box 3650 Washington DC 20007 year, he said, he tried to apply those complex systems to his undersized basketball squad and failed miserably. The next year, using more realistic methods, he had some success. Realizing, however, that he would never make the big time at that rate, he returned to Wisconsin to get a graduate degree in education.

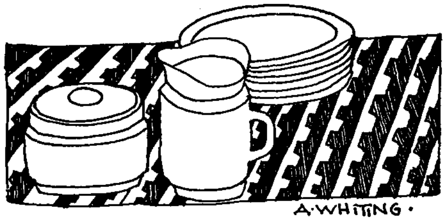
At Wisconsin, serving as a graduate assistant to the basketball coach, Johnny Erickson, he organized practice sessions. As part of his master's thesis, he developed a design for a practice basketball shoe weighted with BBs in a rag-rubber sole. Theoretically, the player who practiced in heavy shoes would feel lighter of foot when he donned regular shoes for a game. Lukas took the design to the Converse Rubber Company's Chicago-area office, which marketed the shoe as the All Star Trainer.

Lukas fully expected to follow the road to college coaching, but in the meantime he accepted a job at La Crosse Logan High School, in La Crosse, Wisconsin. He was expected to coach the basketball team and to teach a social-studies course. Unlike Antigo, La Crosse was big enough for social distinctions and for two public high schools. In the "right" part of town, where the professionals lived, was La Crosse Central. Across town was Logan, situated near factories and warehouses, in a blue-collar neighborhood. "I'm not going to say it was underprivileged," Lukas said, "but the railroad tracks ran right by the front door." It was the smallest school in its conference. As for the available talent, he recalled, "I knew we were going to have to have a good year to compete in our conference. We were undermanned, size-wise and talent-wise." Lukas was always dressed impeccably in suit and tie, even on the sidelines of the gym. He drove the team hard in practice. For size and talent he substituted aggression. "We tried to address the personnel at hand, which was not strong," he said. "We did something about the things we could. We felt that nobody would be in better shape or try harder."

Vince Lombardi had taken over the Green Bay Packers in 1959, and, by the time Lukas began coaching at Logan, Lombardi and the Packers were virtually a state religion. "I watched him rebuild Green Bay," Lukas said. He believed that he had discovered in Lombardi the secret of success, and during his tenure at Logan he gave motivational speeches to business groups around the area, touting the all-American virtues that would eventually become "The Trainer's Daily Dozen" on a wall of his barn. Lukas is still in great demand as a public speaker. "Most of my stuff you could apply if you were an insurance salesman, a farmer—it wouldn't matter who you are," he told me.

Initially, however, Lukas stirred up controversy at Logan by his disciplinarian methods. He would institute a curfew and then call the kids at home to make sure they hadn't sneaked out. He outfitted the team with matching sports coats from a local clothing store and brought in a hostess from the local Holiday Inn to teach the boys manners. To get them to the games, he took them off the old yellow school buses and put them on Greyhounds. However, anyone whose shoes were not shined or whose tie was not knotted correctly would not be allowed to board the bus. "We tried to give them a sense of personal worth and pride," Lukas said. "We made them optimistic about themselves. They were in a community where I don't think a lot of those kids were getting that from other places. Most of them just graduated and got jobs in the rubber mills, like their dads."

For all his enthusiasm, the team never won a championship, and Lukas began to think that coaching might not be his true calling. During his coaching career, he had never stopped fooling with horses. He had acquired a few clients and a string of horses that he kept stabled eighty-three miles away, in Rochester, Minnesota. He had settled on quarter horses rather than thoroughbreds, since "short" horses, as they are sometimes called, require less training in order to race. He would get up every morning at four and drive his pickup over the Mississippi River to Rochester to check on the horses, then drive back, arriving home in time to clean up and head for class. In the afternoons, he would return to Rochester to train the horses. In the summers, he would camp out at Park Jefferson, a little track near Sioux City, South Dakota. At Logan, his fellow-teachers called him Luke, but at Park Jefferson and elsewhere in the horse world, where men often went by initials or two names, he was D. Wayne, pronounced as one word, drawled: "Deewayne."



In 1966, Logan won only three basketball games, but Lukas won thirty-eight races and made more than four thousand dollars from his quarter horses, increasing his earnings by nearly two-thirds. He decided to resign from Logan and make the plunge into full-time racing. But two of his players talked him out of it, and he agreed to stay. The next season, the team won two games and lost sixteen, including eleven games in overtime. At the end of the school year, Lukas wrote a letter of resignation, then tore it up; wrote another; and left town.

WHEN Lukas headed west with his horses, pari-mutuel quarter-horse racing, compared with thoroughbred racing, was still in the frontier stage, with hundreds and hundreds of gypsy trainers dragging two-horse stables in two-horse trailers from meet to meet, from straightaways newly cleared from the brush to bush tracks with rickety grandstands. Most quarter-horse meets were conducted at tracks designed for both breeds—with the straightaway for the quarter-horse races feeding into a five-eighths-mile thoroughbred-racing oval—and the purses were small.

Lukas decided to base his operation in Oklahoma, at a small training track near Claremore, northeast of Tulsa. "I knew those Okies trained there all year round," he says. But he wasn't prepared for the icy weather, and after waiting two months for the track to thaw out he packed up and headed for the warmer climate of Laredo, Texas. Two years later, he moved his operation to El Paso, from which he could drive to the New Mexico tracks, Sunland Park and Ruidoso Downs.

Lukas, who was known on the backstretch as Mr. Clean, got along well with the Sun Belt oil men, ranchers, and new-money entrepreneurs who loved the sport. In winner's-circle pictures from those days, everyone, including Lukas, is decked out in silver-buckled belts, cowboy hats, and boots.

A Kentucky bloodstock agent who met Lukas then recalls that there was something different about him, something that set him apart. He thought that the "D" in D. Wayne Lukas stood for "Doctor"—that Lukas had just dropped the "r." By 1970, he led the nation in number of races won. The former quarter-horse jockey Bobby Adair recalls, "He wasn't that knowledgeable when he first came in, but he became a better horseman." If one thing didn't work, he'd try another, says Adair, who once remarked that riding racehorses was like gun-fighting, since "the second-fastest time ain't good enough."

The long hours, the single-minded devotion to racing, had taken their toll. "You're going to make some sacrifices if you're that intense," Lukas told me, "and with me it was marriages—and any chance for a leisure or social life." He and his first wife, Janet, whom he had married in 1957, just out of college, were divorced in 1971, when their son, Jeff, was thirteen years old. A second marriage, to the daughter of a horse trainer, also failed. He married his current wife, Shari, a serene, willowy woman, who frequently accompanies him on his travels, during Derby Week of 1984. Immediately after the ceremony, the newlyweds returned to the racetrack to tend to the two fillies Lukas had entered in the Derby.

In the late fall of 1971, Lukas decided to move on to California. After the divorce, Janet went back to Wisconsin, taking Jeff with her. Lukas had made a generous settlement, and he arrived in California broke, driving a beat-up Mustang, back at the bottom of the ladder. A few of his clients had agreed to send horses with him, and he set his sights on the top quarter-horse track in the country—Los Alamitos, in Orange County, near Disneyland. One day, as Lukas looked at the seven ordinary horses in his barn, he told Tom McKenzie, a former cowboy and starting-gate attendant at Ruidoso, whom he had brought along with him from El Paso, "You know what we need? One superstar horse to draw attention to the stable." As it turned out, the potential star was already in his barn, a late-blooming gray mare named Native Empress, who was descended from Native Dancer, and whom he had claimed in New Mexico for thirty-five hundred dollars.

Most quarter horses peak at two or

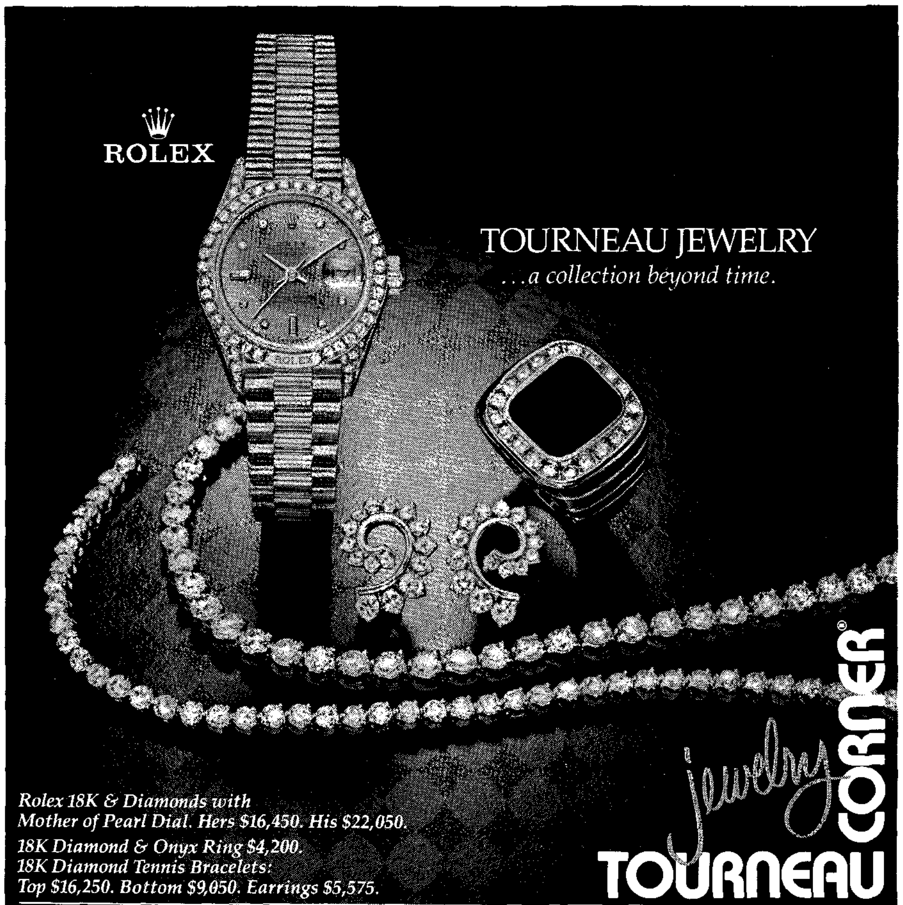
STEAMBOATIN'℠ THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN VACATION.

Over a century ago, more than 11,000 paddlewheelers plied the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. It was an era of discovery. An era of grandeur. The Steamboatin' Era.

Today you can glide back in time and rediscover America—Steamboatin' style aboard the legendary Delta Queen and the magnificent Mississippi Queen.

STEAMBOATIN'
THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN VACATION
DELTA QUEEN

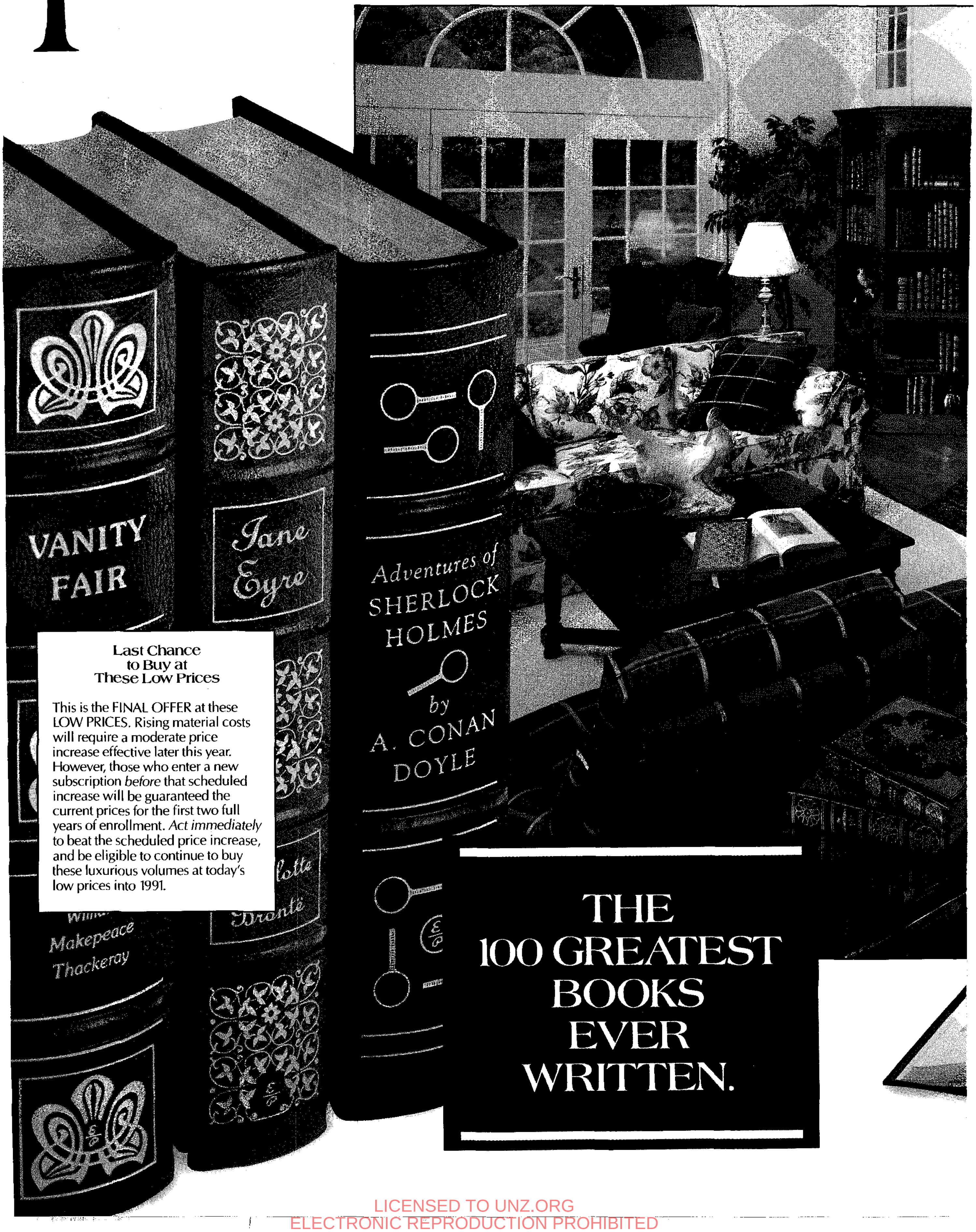
FREE COLOR BROCHURE
1-800-543-1949
See your travel agent or call toll-free
or write: The Delta Queen Steamboat Co.
Dept. NY73 #30 Robin St. Wharf • New Orleans, LA 70130
Name
Address
City State Zip
Telephone (area code)



Rolex 18K & Diamonds with Mother of Pearl Dial. Hers $16,450. His $22,050.
18K Diamond & Onyx Ring $4,200.
18K Diamond Tennis Bracelets: Top $16,250. Bottom $9,050. Earrings $5,575.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St. ■ Seventh Ave. & 34th St. ■ Bal Harbour/Florida
Major credit cards welcome. (212) 758-3265. Outside NY 1-800-223-1288

PICTURE THE FINEST LEATHER-BOUND

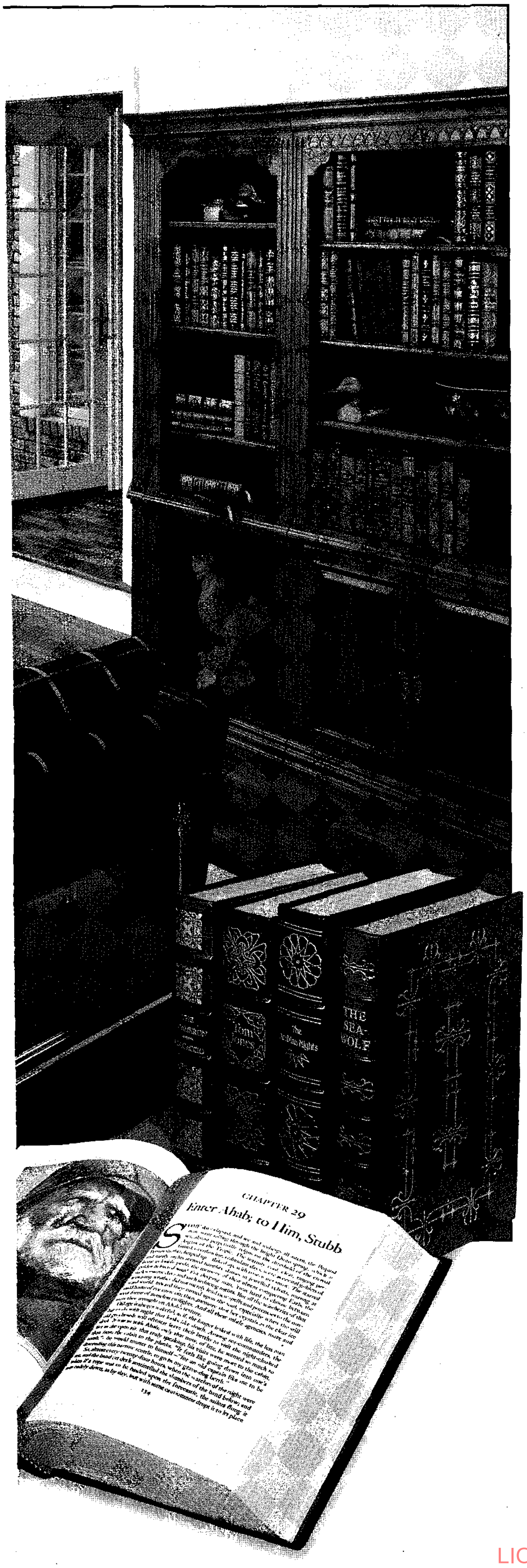

VANITY FAIR
William Makepeace Thackeray
Jane Eyre
Charlotte Brontë
Adventures of SHERLOCK HOLMES by A. CONAN DOYLE

Last Chance to Buy at These Low Prices

This is the FINAL OFFER at these LOW PRICES. Rising material costs will require a moderate price increase effective later this year. However, those who enter a new subscription *before* that scheduled increase will be guaranteed the current prices for the first two full years of enrollment. *Act immediately* to beat the scheduled price increase, and be eligible to continue to buy these luxurious volumes at today's low prices into 1991.

THE 100 GREATEST BOOKS EVER WRITTEN.

LIBRARY EVER CREATED... IN YOUR HOME.



You are invited to acquire the ultimate private library...

People are often judged by the company they keep. And here, the titans of literature provide the best of company... Shakespeare, Steinbeck, Chaucer, Tolstoy, Dickens, Melville, and Plato, to name just a few. Together in the most distinguished collection of world literature ever assembled—in editions you will feel a special pride in owning and displaying in your home.

Rich... aromatic... genuine leather with accents of real 22kt gold.

The poet John Keats said, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." And in this collection of heirloom-quality books, beauty and joy abound. This is the definitive private library you'll want your children—and *their* children—to read and own. Each book is luxuriously bound in top-grain leather with accents of real 22kt gold on the spine. Each has deeply inlaid cover designs... elegant satin moiré endsheets... magnificent illustrations... superb, easy-to-read typography. This private library exemplifies the ultimate in the art of printing, binding and illustration.

At only $4.95 for your first book, this is an exceptional opportunity.

Other collections are available, but you'll find that none compares with these Easton Press editions. In fact, we have made it easy for you to see how superior they are by making your first book available at just $4.95! See for yourself, and if you are not fully satisfied, simply return your book within 30 days for a refund and cancel your subscription. You have no further obligation and nothing to lose.

Subsequent volumes will be priced at just $35.00, and this favorable price will be guaranteed for the first two full years of your subscription. And we will send you a list of the titles so you can tell us which books *you* want to receive.

This is your opportunity to own the ultimate book collection... to enjoy the pride of displaying these superb volumes in your home... and to pass on your own private library—and, the love of fine literature—to future generations.

To accept this invitation, simply complete the Preferred Reservation and return it today.

For Fastest Service Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534

The Easton Press
47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, Conn. 06857

©1989 MBI

PREFERRED RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Easton Press
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written

No payment required now.

3180

For Fastest Service Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534

Please send me the first volume of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" and reserve a subscription in my name. I understand that this first volume will be billed to me at $4.95, that further volumes will be sent to me at the rate of one per month at $35.00* each and that this price is guaranteed for two years. I also understand that I will pay for only one book at a time, and that I will receive a list of books scheduled for future monthly shipment so that I may indicate any titles on this list which I do not wish to receive. I may return any book within 30 days for a refund, and either party may cancel this subscription at any time.

*Plus $2.95 per book for shipping and handling.

Payment Options (Check One)
Charge each volume when shipped to my:
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA
☐ American Express ☐ Diner's Club

Credit Card No. Expiration Date

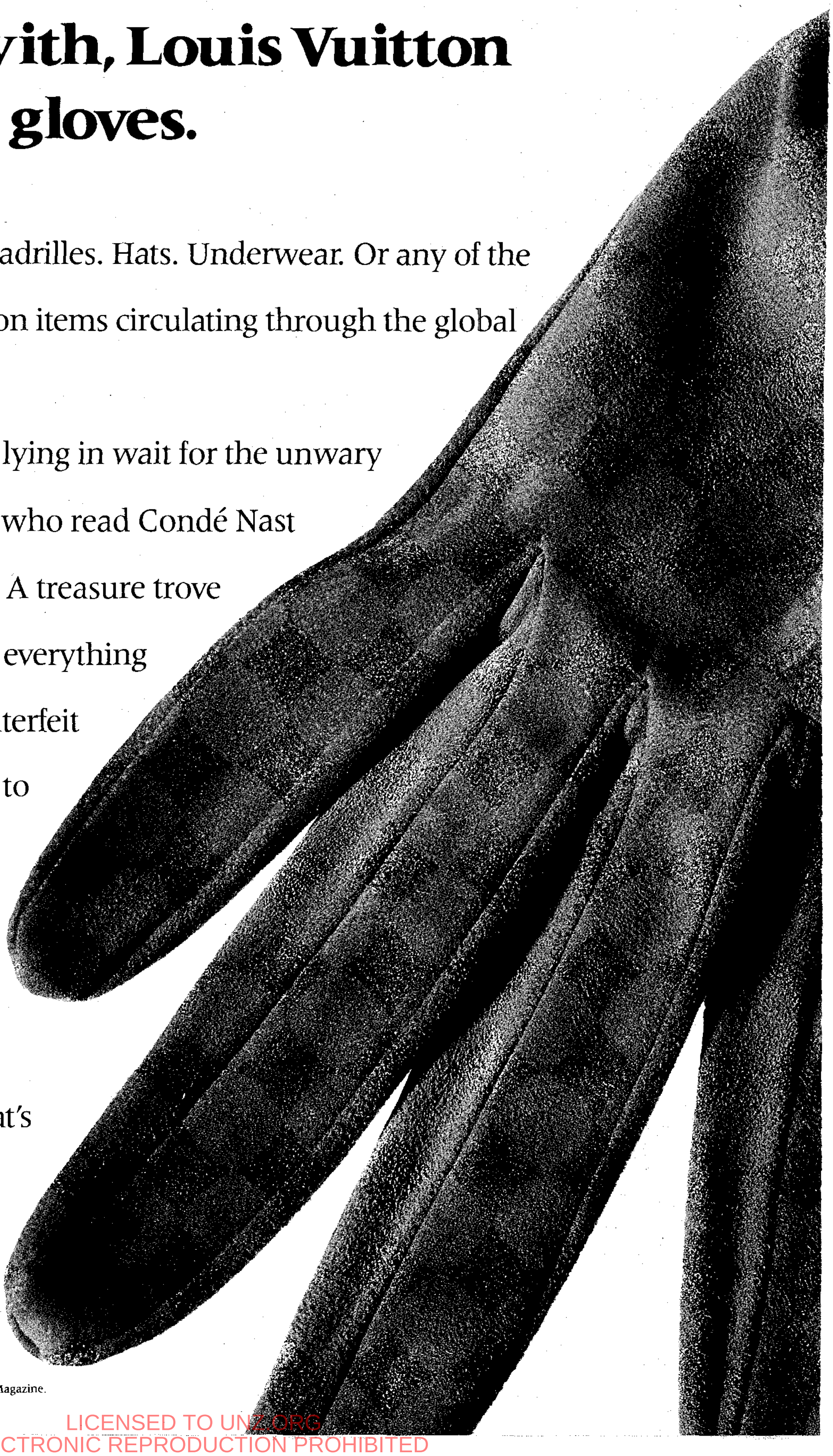
☐ Enclosed is $4.95** (payable to The Easton Press) for my first volume.
☐ Bill me $4.95** for my first volume prior to shipment.

**Connecticut residents pay $5.32 to include sales tax.

Name PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY
Address
City
State Zip
Signature ALL ORDERS SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Before you lay out 1,100 francs for a pair of Louis Vuitton gloves, there are a few things to consider.

To begin with, Louis Vuitton doesn't make gloves.



Nor does it make espadrilles. Hats. Underwear. Or any of the other counterfeit Louis Vuitton items circulating through the global marketplace.

Such are the hazards lying in wait for the unwary traveler. But not for travelers who read Condé Nast Traveler's Stop Press column. A treasure trove of news, tips and advice—on everything from ten ways to spot a counterfeit Louis Vuitton to the number to call when planning a trip on your private railway car.

Condé Nast Traveler.

If you believe there's another travel magazine out there that's superior, perhaps you'd also be interested in a pair of Louis Vuitton gloves.

© Copyright 1988 by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc. A Condé Nast Ltd. Magazine.

Condé Nast
Traveler
The insider's guide to the outside world.

three, but Native Empress won her first stakes race when she was five years old, in 1973, and she was named Horse of the Meet at Los Alamitos that year. Native Empress was a drawing card that allowed Lukas to ply his skill as a horse trader. She was sold a total of eight times, the last time for a quarter of a million dollars, and she remained in his barn each time. One of the buyers was Mel Hatley, a Texas-born Oklahoma banker and real-estate developer, who became a close friend. In 1970, the two men entered a partnership that was to last fifteen years, with Hatley managing the financial end of Lukas's operations.

In 1974 and 1975, Lukas led the nation in wins and money won from quarter-horse racing, breaking every record in the book. At Los Alamitos, the racing secretary, Curly Smith, nicknamed him Cadillac. Lukas would qualify so many horses for the top races that he could almost monopolize the starting gate. The tracks limited the number of horses that could be kept by each trainer on the backstretch, but Lukas would ship the horses in and out. Blane Schvaneveldt, a rival quarter-horse trainer and a friend of Lukas's, says he found himself having to revise his training methods. His jockey told him, "You've got to get more horses." Schvaneveldt, who moved to the top of the rankings when Lukas went over to thoroughbreds, says flatly, "He changed the quarter-horse business." The only major quarter-horse race that Lukas didn't win was the biggest—the All-American Futurity, the quarter-horse equivalent of the Derby. He won more quarter-horse stakes races than any other trainer ever had at Los Alamitos, and, according to the American Quarter Horse Association, he won a total of five championships during his quarter-horse career. He dominated the sport in a way that no trainer had before. Lukas tells a story of a bejewelled woman in the quarter-horse world who had got sick and tired of the way he kept beating her favorite palomino mare, kept winning all the big races. The woman told a friend of Lukas's, "Someday, it'll be like this: He'll just come out on the track and clap his hands, and the lights will go on. He'll run all the races. Then he'll clap his hands, and the lights will go off. And it will be over."

In 1977, an incident briefly clouded

SPARKLER

Spring—nowhere so wonderful as at The Cloister and Sea Island!

Linger at breakfast or luncheon at surfside. Glory in the eternal freshness of the sea. The new season bursts forth everywhere.

Inspiring beauty and grandeur enhance your golf at Retreat Plantation. Match Davis Love III's mighty drives over Seaside 7. Get a lesson from golf-great-of-the-century Louise Suggs.

At the 5-Star, 5-Diamond Cloister, all meals are included with your surprisingly affordable range of choices in rates. The Cloister,® Sea Island, GA 31561. 800-SEA-ISLAND.

THE CLOISTER

Sea Island®

SEE THE WONDERS OF EUROPE. THEN BRING ONE HOME.

Combine your next European trip with the purchase of Scorpio, the German sedan that walked away with 18 major European automotive awards. The Scorpio European Delivery Program makes it easy. Your car is licensed and fully documented when you arrive–for you to enjoy on the continent. When your trip ends, just return your Scorpio to one of 19 locations in 8 countries, and it will be shipped directly to your U.S. dealer. Scorpio. Imported from Germany for select **Lincoln-Mercury dealers.** For more information, call 1-800-822-9292.

SCORPIO

GERMAN PERFORMANCE YOU CAN BE COMFORTABLE WITH.

Buckle up–together we can save lives.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

Lukas's image as Mr. Clean. That April, following the fifth race at Bay Meadows, near San Francisco, one of his horses, Moving Moon, tested positive for a prohibited drug—Numorphan, or oxymorphone hydrochloride, a semisynthetic morphine substitute. There is some indication that the use of Numorphan, a strong drug said to give a timid horse courage, was not uncommon on the backstretch. Lukas was suspended from racing for sixty days and put on probation until the end of the year. He decided not to contest the ruling, because, Curly Smith says, it would hurt the image of the sport. And the incident was quickly forgotten.

That summer, Lukas began planning a move across town to race thoroughbreds. Mel Hatley recalls that he showed a certain reluctance to leave the sport where he had become king of the mountain. And he went on racing quarter horses for a number of years. But Lukas says that it was for this move that he had been preparing all along, to cross the barrier of class and pedigree which separated the two racing worlds. Hatley and other quarter-horse owners, including the Texas oilmen Bob French and Barry Beal, were ready to make the move with Lukas, confident that he would find a way to get to the top, as he had with quarter horses.

Although the two breeds have a common ancestry, and today's racing quarter horse may actually be as much as fifteen-sixteenths thoroughbred, the difference in physiology and aptitude between a top thoroughbred and a top quarter horse is as great as that between a marathoner and a sprinter in the human athletic world. In races at a quarter of a mile, the quarter horse is virtually unbeatable. Along with a shorter back and stronger rump, he has a higher percentage of fast-twitch muscle fibres. The point in training a quarter horse is to produce what Lukas calls "a controlled explosion." In order to build up an edge of energy, a horse is trained for eagerness rather than stamina, through a regimen of short gallops alternated with slow walks. Right from the starting gate, the horse gives everything he has. A quarter-horse race is something like a brief cavalry charge, all start and stretch run. In a TV commercial that Lukas once did on behalf of quarter-horse racing, he told viewers that quarter-horse racing was racing with the boring part—the middle—cut out. Going full blast, the quarter horse runs out of gas after a quarter mile (two furlongs). The thoroughbred cannot sustain his fastest pace—he will cover two furlongs in twenty-two seconds—much longer than that, either, but, with a greater percentage of slow-twitch muscle fibres, he has a greater capacity for oxidation and a greater tolerance for lactic-acid buildup. The point of training a thoroughbred, through a program of stamina-building gallops and short, fast workouts, is to enable him to relax rather than explode, to ration his energy over distances of as much as a mile and a half.

Lukas had occasionally run thoroughbreds before. In 1974, he ran some cheap horses at Hollywood Park and at Pomona, where the track was a fairgrounds bullring. He also won his first thoroughbred stakes race that year—the Foothill Stakes, at Pomona—with a horse named Harbor Hauler. At first, however, his horses went to the starting gate as wound up as quarter horses. He had not yet learned how to relax a horse or how to cope with the fragility that accompanies the thoroughbred's grace. "He had to learn how to slow 'em down," says the veteran trainer Rod Kaufman, who was known for his patience and skill with young horses (and whose daughter Pat was Lukas's second wife). Blane Schvaneveldt recalls that Lukas "didn't really succeed, and it bothered him, and he kept thinking about it. If Wayne can't do it first class, he doesn't do it."

Again, Lukas needed a star. In July of 1977, he made his first trip to the Keeneland racetrack, in Kentucky, for the annual select-yearling sale, where he persuaded French and Beal to buy a filly by Secretariat, from his second crop of foals. The filly, who was named Terlingua, for the legendary Texas ghost town, was built for speed, like a quarter horse, with a powerful chest and rump. Although Secretariat's first crop had proved something of a disappointment, Terlingua, who looked more like her sire than most of his foals, with a burnished chestnut coat and a white star on her forehead, sold for two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Lukas sent her for her early training to Rod Kaufman.

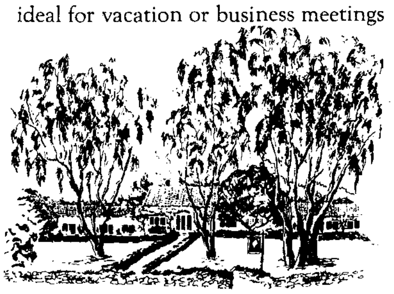
That fall, when Lukas applied for

WHY ARE
HANNA BABIES
SO HAPPY?

*Because their loving parents
provide soft quality cotton from day one.
Swedish quality in our unique 15 piece
layette set. It's $170 postpaid.
All you need for a soft natural start.
Comes in a sturdy straw basket,
makes the perfect gift.*

hanna Andersson
Call 1-800-222-0544, Dept NY4 to order or for a catalog.

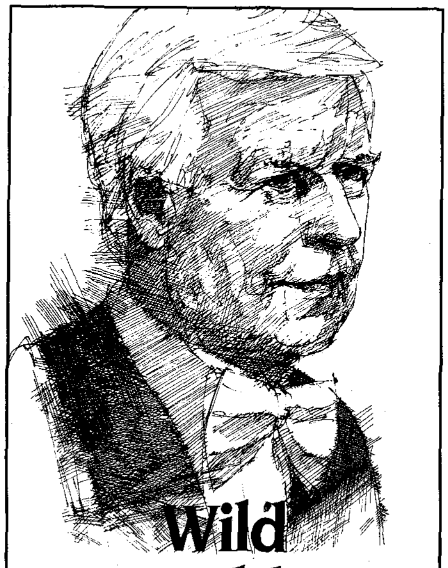
Winter Solace
Just north of San Diego, an elegant resort
ideal for vacation or business meetings



The Inn
P.O. Box 869, Rancho Santa Fe, CA 92067
(619) 756-1131

English Solid Teak Furniture
Benches ♦ Swings ♦ Planters
Free shipment from stock.
Country Casual NY
17317 Germantown Road
Germantown, MD 20874
1-301-540-0040
24 page Colour Catalogue $2.00

Since 1973
SOBEK EXPEDITIONS Inc.
Worldwide Safaris,
Adventures & Excursions
Box 1089-32, Angels Camp, CA 95222
(209) 736-4524



Wild on Baldwin

"The piano has always been my first love. The Baldwin has been a revelation in tonal beauty, wide dynamic range, and consummate craftsmanship. I've been playing the Baldwin piano for 45 years now, and I have the utmost respect for this magnificent instrument."

Life plays better on a Baldwin®

Free Catalog
Teak & Mahogany Outdoor Furniture
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled
Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled or as pre-drilled, precision-cut kits that are easy and fun to put together.
WOOD CLASSICS
Box 9Y52, High Falls, NY 12440
(914) 687-7645

MAYAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOURS
Visit Chichen Itza, Tulum, Uxmal, and Loltun Caves, and other ancient sites in the Yucatan. Expert speakers and guides. Luxurious accommodations. Free bonuses: Yucatan's delightful winter weather, Caribbean beaches, and colonial Merida. Call for brochure.
MEXICO TOURS 1-800-255-VIVA

NEW YORK'S BRITISH PUB
Oliver's
Entertainment Nightly
Saturday Nite Comedy
141 East 57th St. (off Lex.) 753-9180

stalls at Santa Anita, the string of horses he had put together hardly looked like turf-busters. His first winner at Santa Anita during the autumn Oak Tree Meet was Current Concept, a horse with a bowed tendon which he had bought for a song.

Less than a year later, in June of 1978, Terlingua made her début, in a stakes race against other fillies, and won in a time so fast that Lukas decided she could beat the boys. In her third start, the Hollywood Juvenile, she defeated a field of colts in the time of $1{:}08^{4}/_{5}$ for six furlongs, two-fifths of a second faster than the Triple Crown winner Affirmed had run the race a year earlier. And when a reporter ventured a hope that Terlingua would win the Triple Crown Lukas replied, "We may be brash enough to try it."

By the time of the Triple Crown races the following year, however, Terlingua was in trouble: she had lost five races in a row. Lukas, responding to criticism of his methods, explained that she had suffered a "mental letdown," and insisted that she would be back. She did win two minor stakes races later that year, but was then retired. Terlingua's brief, meteoric career prefigured the pattern a number of his horses would follow, demonstrating both the strengths and the pitfalls of his methods.

With his quick and conspicuous success, Lukas did not win friends on the backstretch right away. Tom McKenzie says, "People didn't like Wayne when he first changed over. He made some statements about trainers that get stuck in ruts and the world passes 'em by." In fact, although Lukas's methods seemed new and unorthodox, he was doing nothing that he hadn't already done in some fashion with quarter horses. Like most quarter-horse trainers, he had frequently run fillies against colts and had frequently run horses with only five days' rest. As a quarter-horse trainer, his policy had been to run his horses as though there were no tomorrow. Although racing a horse at the age of two years, before he has finished growing, can lead to serious injuries, most of the money in quarter-horse racing is in the futurities. And, despite the reluctance of some owners to run their horses early, there is a great deal of money to be made in two-year-old thoroughbred races as well. Blane Schvaneveldt once described Lukas's motto: "When they're hot, they're hot. You better run 'em. Tomorrow, they might be dead."

Later in 1979, when John Nerud, who was then the president of Tartan Farms, a high-powered Florida-based stable, began looking for a trainer to head a division of Tartan horses in California, he chose Lukas. He sent Lukas eight horses, including a troublesome colt named Codex. Nerud recalls, "That's a large contingent of horses. It takes trainers years to build that up. It put him in with the top group of people in the world. It gave him respectability."

In 1980, Lukas entered Codex in the Preakness, his first foray into the Triple Crown classics. He had discovered that the secret of training the headstrong colt was to space his workouts and let him run his own race. There was considerable talk when Lukas brought the horse to the Preakness following a thirty-four-day layoff with only three workouts, none of them on the Preakness strip. But when the horses turned for home in the mile-and-three-sixteenths race Codex had swept into the lead, clearly the best colt in the field. And there trouble started. Making her own move behind him to circle the pack was Genuine Risk, the extraordinary filly who had just won the Derby, the first filly to do so in sixty-five years, and who was making a bid to become the first filly to win the Triple Crown. Tapes of the race show that Codex's jockey, Angel Cordero, glanced behind him, saw the filly charging up, and angled out into her path, forcing her wide and breaking her momentum. It also appears, although Cordero denies it, that Codex bumped the filly, and that Cordero whacked her on the head with his whip for good measure, then drove his colt to the wire.

LeRoy Jolley, the filly's trainer, congratulated Lukas on a superb training job, but Jacinto Vasquez, her jockey, lodged a complaint of foul, and the former jockey Eddie Arcaro, who was serving as color commentator on national television, declared that if he had been a steward he would have taken Codex's number down. An unprecedented editorial condemning Cordero's ride appeared in the *Racing*

Form. At a hearing held by the Maryland Thoroughbred Racing Board, the stewards' decision upholding Codex's victory was confirmed. Three weeks later, Codex finished poorly in the Belmont, and he never raced again.

In the summer of 1982, Lukas flew Angel Cordero out to Los Angeles for an important workout by a filly he felt was going to make history. He promised Cordero a remarkable experience. The name of the filly was Landaluce, and she galloped so smoothly that Cordero overestimated her time for the four-furlong workout by three seconds. Like Terlingua, Landaluce—who was named by her owners, Bob French and Barry Beal, for a Spanish guide—was a Keeneland purchase. She was from the first crop of Seattle Slew's foals, and everyone at the Keeneland sale had wanted a look at her. Lukas had developed a system for rating his prospective yearling purchases from one to ten, and most horses at the sale fell below a six. She was the first nine he had ever seen. He told French and Beal, "We will not see another one like her."

Landaluce won her first race, in one of the fastest times ever recorded by a two-year-old, and she won her next race, the Hollywood Lassie, by twenty-one lengths. Lukas recalls, "You search and you look, and then, all of a sudden, it comes, that star, and you know you have been blessed with something special. It happened to Lucien Laurin with Secretariat. You know you will go down in the history books." There was talk of Landaluce's becoming the first two-year-old since Secretariat to be named Horse of the Year. "She was perfect in every way," Lukas said. Shortly before Thanksgiving Day, however, she began to suffer from a mysterious virus, and it became progressively worse over the next five days. On Sunday morning, she fell to the ground, unable to breathe. Lukas was in her stall, holding her head. "She died in my arms," he said.

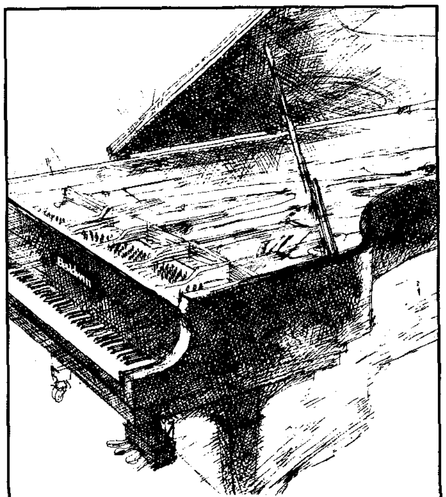
Lukas has told that story many times. Often he chokes up in the telling, finding it hard to finish, and, even more often, his listeners weep. He tells the story with a sad, inexorable rhythm, as though he were reciting an ancient ballad. But, besides letting the listener know that, for all his bottom-line toughness, Lukas does care for his horses, the story gets to the heart of horse racing in a way that nothing else in his philosophy does. In the Ballad of Landaluce, the horseman is destined to lose the perfect horse. All the positive thinking, the Lombardi discipline, the drill of hard work fall away, and behind the scenes is not justice but luck.

AFTER losing Landaluce, Lukas and his stable fell into a brief slump. Lukas had learned, though, how important it was to have not only a superstar but a stand-in—in fact, a virtual army of stand-ins—so that when one young horse was lost another would take its place. Never again would he depend on one horse to carry the stable. Rod Kaufman speaks warmly of Lukas's attention to the care and feeding of his horses but points out a certain quality of expendability in the stable. "Wayne's hard on his horses, all right," he says. "The young horses, he runs 'em and breaks a lot of 'em down. He just goes and buys more."

The summer that Landaluce rose to prominence, Lukas met Gene Klein. The two men hit it off right away. It was "a match made in Heaven"—the phrase that Lukas uses for the ideal matings of horses. Like Lukas, Klein, the Bronx-born son of Soviet immigrants, was a good salesman with a drive to succeed. As Cowboy Gene on TV in California, he had pitched used cars as "cheaper by the pound than hamburger," and had moved on from cars to movie theatres and then to part ownership of the San Diego Chargers. When Klein met Lukas, he was becoming fed up with pro football—with drug scandals, reluctant players, and power-hungry owners. He was about to divest himself of his interest in the Chargers, for more than fifty million dollars, and he was ready for something new.

Rather than start with a white-fenced farm and slowly build up a band of brood mares, as prosperous owners had done in the past, breeding the best to the best and hoping for the best, Klein—not a particularly patient man—took a shortcut, and set out to build a racing stable the way one would build a football team. Following Lukas's advice, he began with a few veterans. But more important was drafting young players—and that meant going to the auctions, where the best bloodlines were for sale.

Even a generation ago, when racing was still dominated by some of the wealthiest families in America, the best



Baldwin on Wild

It is one of the most beautiful sounds on earth: Earl Wild playing Franz Liszt on the Baldwin piano. Wild's virtuoso performances always sparkle with an innovative range, an even touch, and rich expressiveness. Just like the legendary piano he's chosen, the Baldwin.

Life plays better on a Baldwin®

Design at Harvard

Career Discovery in

Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Planning and Design

June 26–August 4, 1989

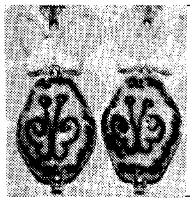
For people considering career choices or changes

Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street,
Cambridge, MA 02138
617.495.9340

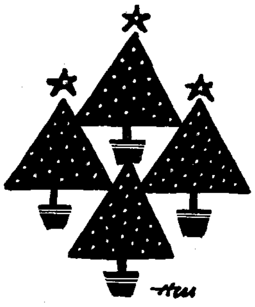
"Beautiful Hand Cut Wooden Jigsaw Puzzles"

Intricately cut from 5 ply hardwoods and personalized with interesting shapes and silhouettes. Call or send for free information.

Elms Puzzles, Inc. (301) 583-7535
8 Beech Leaf Court / Towson, MD 21204



BUTTERFLY
EARRINGS BY
TINY TREASURES
17 PARTRIDGE
HOLLOW
AUGUSTA, MAINE
04330
$44.00 A PAIR



young horses were simply not available to buy. Owners like the Whitneys, the Wideners, the Woodwards, and the Phippses, who were ostensibly racing for sport rather than for money, retired their best horses to the bluegrass, to breed new generations to wear the family silks. As John Veitch puts it, "horses were an extension of the family." With a great stallion, an owner could build a racing dynasty. For the typical Jockey Club member, an event like the Night of the Stars, a gala black-tie sale in which Klein sent his champion race mares to the auction ring, would have been unimaginable. However, by the time of Secretariat, who was syndicated for almost seven million dollars in 1973, tax laws and attrition had diminished the power of the traditional sporting families, and commercial breeders began to buy stallion shares and brood mares in order to breed yearlings for an auction market that had begun to heat up. Six out of ten winners of the Kentucky Derby between 1971 and 1980, for example, had been bought at auction, either at Keeneland or at the Fasig-Tipton sales, which are based in Saratoga. Commercial breeders found the yearling auction market extremely lucrative, as waves of buyers from around the world bid up fashionable bloodlines in something of a bluegrass bubble. By the time Klein and Lukas headed for the select sales at Keeneland, in the nineteen-eighties, European and Arab buyers had driven prices of certain bloodlines beyond the reach of most American buyers. During his first years at Keeneland, Lukas had felt a bit self-conscious among the international high-rollers. He complained that he could go to France and win the Arc de Triomphe, but some Frenchman would stop him on the street and ask, "Aren't you that quarter-horse trainaire?" For Lukas, however, conformation was more important than breeding in determining class, and the horses he was going for were not the classic-distance turf horses that succeed in Europe. He would arrive at Keeneland or at the Fasig-Tipton sales with a retinue of wealthy buyers, headed by Klein, and proceed to rate every horse in the sale. In order to corner the market, he says, he felt he had to buy all the horses that he rated at seven or above. And for the nines "you give up your wife, your firstborn, your ranch." Mel Hatley, who used to accompany him to the sales, would watch with amusement as Lukas forestalled any squabbles among his high-powered buyers about dividing the spoils. "He'd sit them down and tell them, 'There's plenty of horses for everyone,' " Hatley recalls. "Sometimes he'd talk them into owning the horses together."

Lukas was able to outbid nearly any other American buyer. From 1980 to 1984, he and his clients spent $17,850,000 at Keeneland, thus becoming the biggest American spenders. (By contrast, a European consortium headed by the British tycoon Robert Sangster spent $67,700,000, and the Maktoum family, of Dubai, $124,015,000.) From those horses Lukas's percentage of winners was sixty-two, the same as the Keeneland average, compared with fifty-four per cent of registered thoroughbreds. But more important was his percentage of big-money horses—the Grade I (highest-rated) stakes winners. Nearly nineteen per cent became stakes winners. The average for the Keeneland select sale is 2.1 per cent. Only .2 per cent of thoroughbreds ever win a Grade I stake.

Paul Mostert, a mathematician who now studies the biomechanics of the racehorse, has been watching Lukas at auctions for a number of years. By compiling data on the bone structure and muscle development of thousands of racehorses, Mostert evaluates the potential of a young horse on the basis of the geometry of its skeletal and muscular systems. He has found that his method of painstaking measurement and computer-model analysis, with a grading system of between ninety and a hundred, frequently corresponds to the system of picking out winners which Lukas has perfected in his years as a trainer and horse trader. Mostert has observed that Lukas tends to buy horses that will mature early and whose conformation indicates a proclivity for sprints and middle distances rather than classic distances. These are factors that would explain, in part, why so many of Lukas's horses tend to peak early in their careers and why he had such difficulty winning the Derby, a mile-and-a-quarter race. On the other hand, Lukas's method reflects the realities of racing in America. His speed horses are ideally suited to the fast, speed-favoring tracks in California. And while the greatest prestige adheres to the Triple Crown and other classic-distance races, most stakes races are at distances of a mile and an eighth, or less. At Santa Anita, for example, in 1987, only two stakes races out of thirty-six (on the dirt) were run at a distance of a mile and a quarter. And Mostert has found that Lukas's eye is now turning more to the classic horse.

In the nineteen-eighties, in the aftermath of the bluegrass bubble, which made ownership of top horses prohibitively expensive and encouraged early retirement of good horses to stud, two ideas emerged for stimulating interest and new ownership in racing, and Lukas was quick to perceive the advantages of both. The first was divided ownership: limited partnerships and public offerings. Although public offerings have not fared particularly well in the past, Lukas and his backers felt that his reputation would carry a public company. In the spring of 1987, the prospectus was issued for Mid-America Racing Stables, with five hundred thousand units of stock to be offered. The company would be in the business of buying, racing, and breeding quarter horses and thoroughbreds, with Lukas making the decisions and training the horses. Lukas, of course, would receive commissions on the purchase and sale of horses, as well as training and management fees and a commission on winnings.

The other big idea was the Breeders' Cup. Thought up by a group of influential thoroughbred breeders and inaugurated in 1984, Breeders' Cup Day, a series of seven races, was designed to become racing's equivalent of the World Series. And, as Lukas realized sooner than most, the races not only were extremely lucrative but often proved the deciding factor in the awarding of championships. Victories by three of his fillies in the Breeders' Cup race for older fillies had clinched Eclipse Awards, voted on by racing officials and turf writers. For the past two years, to the consternation of some he has entered five fillies in the Breeders' Cup two-year-old-filly race, making up nearly half the field. This year, he won three races, bringing his total wins in the series to nine.

It is little wonder that some trainers began to feel outmaneuvered and outgunned. They would be outbid by Lukas at the auctions, and every time they entered a horse in a stakes race there would be one or more of Lukas's sleek, expensive purchases in the starting gate. And if they came up with a good horse they might find that their client had decided to move to Lukas's barn. "He torpedoes horses out from under you," one trainer who lost a horse to Lukas has said. "Every owner is going to have to try him."

Lukas's Derby record, which demonstrated that there were still chinks in the armor, reached a low point in 1987. His top colt, Capote, who was a son of Seattle Slew and had been voted two-year-old champion in 1986 after winning the Breeders' Cup juvenile race, suffered a virus infection, and Lukas feared he would lose him. The horse recovered, but, according to those close to Lukas, his judgment may have been clouded by his emotional involvement. He was determined to run the colt in the Derby despite poor finishes in two prep races during the spring. Before the Derby, Woody Stephens, who had trained Capote's dam, predicted that the colt would finish last. As it turned out, Capote finished not last but next to last, and the two other colts that Lukas had entered in the race fared little better. There was speculation by Lukas's friends as well as his rivals that he might have become overextended. Nevertheless, in 1987 he set a new record for number of stakes victories and for money won. Two of his horses won championships. For the third year in a row, he received the Eclipse Award as the leading trainer and Klein received his third as the leading owner. Lukas's operation had become an industry, inexorably turning out top-quality, profit-making, expendable horses. He could lose a star, and still the operation—the program—would carry on. And he could be sure he would always have a Derby contender. In 1982, he had lost Stalwart, then the highest-earning two-year-old ever, to a bowed tendon, and had sent Muttering to the Derby instead. In 1985, although he had lost the potential champion Saratoga Six to a shattered ankle, there was Tank's Prospect, who won the Preakness before breaking down in the Belmont.

Last winter, as his army of young colts began to falter, there was the filly Winning Colors, the ace up his sleeve. Winning Colors, whom Lukas had picked out at auction as a yearling, for Eugene Klein, had rated an eight-plus at Keeneland, the highest rating Lukas gave any horse that year, and she had grown into a tall, awe-inspiring three-year-old. A roan who might have been carved out of Italian marble, she possessed not only quarter-horse speed but the classic, long-bodied build that allowed her to carry that speed a distance. With Winning Colors, Lukas changed the pattern of training that had been customary with his precocious superstars, and that he was using with his colts that year. Instead of running her early and often, driving her to a two-year-old championship, Lukas let her develop slowly after her début, at Saratoga, entrusting her to Jeff's care at Hollywood Park, increasing the difficulty of her races by increments.

In her second stakes race last winter, Winning Colors lost by a neck to Goodbye Halo, a chestnut trained by Charlie Whittingham, who would prove to be the best three-year-old filly in the country after Winning Colors. But Goodbye Halo had had to give it everything she had, changing leads three times in the stretch, and appearing to take two strides to every one taken by Winning Colors. When Winning Colors beat Goodbye Halo in their next race as though the little filly were hardly there, Lukas knew that Winning Colors was a Kentucky Derby horse. And in the Santa Anita Derby, when she made the best colts in California seem to be moving in slow motion, Lukas began to realize that she would be his only Kentucky Derby horse.

LUKAS arrived in Louisville the week before the Derby a different man from the curmudgeon who had chased reporters from his barn the previous year. This year, there was humor and whimsy and confidence. Lukas told those who cautioned him about his record, "We've been in the post parade, we've seen our silks go around the track, and we've sung 'My Old Kentucky Home.' And now we're ready to win." This year's Derby had all the drama anyone could ask for. There was Woody Stephens with Forty Niner, last year's two-year-old champion, and a colt named Cefis, son of Caveat, his 1983 Belmont winner, and grandson of Cannonade, his 1974 Derby winner. There were the trainers who had won the last two Derbies and had got a touch of Derby fever this year with two untried colts: Charlie Whittingham with Lively One, and Jack Van Berg with Din's Dancer. There were the two old racing dynasties—the Phippses, with the colt Seeking the Gold, and the Galbreaths, with the colt Brian's Time. There was the undefeated colt Private Terms, who was distantly related to the great filly Ruffian, and whose trainer, Charlie Hadry, was perhaps the quietest in America. There was a woman trainer, Dianne Carpenter, a former beauty queen, who claimed that her colt Kingpost, a son of Lukas's ill-fated Stalwart, could talk. There was Risen Star, a huge son of Secretariat owned by a pair of New Orleans businessmen, one of whom—he was also the colt's trainer—had inspired an order of nuns to pray for the soundness of the colt's legs. There was Proper Reality, the pride of Arkansas, and there was a colt named Sea Trek, so tiny he was known around the barn as Peewee.

Everyone was talking about the filly—about her devastating early speed that would give her such an edge unless someone dared to run with her. But among all those interesting horses there was no other horse with early speed except Forty Niner. Only Forty Niner was capable of challenging Winning Colors on the lead. But Forty Niner, a son of the sprinter Mr. Prospector, was not expected to be able to last for a mile and a quarter. And without another speed horse Lukas was in the position he loved to be in—he was controlling the variables. Late-running horses had to depend on racing luck; they could get lost in the pack. But a speed horse with staying power could dictate the pace and the outcome of the race. What was more, Winning Colors, despite the fact that she was a filly, simply looked bigger and stronger than any other horse in the race except the towering Risen Star.

During Derby Week, Stephens

gērald genta
Genève

Often called "The watchmaker's watchmaker"—"The Picasso of timepieces." The Genta aesthetic is an incomparable fusion of technical achievements and the impeccable touch of the creative artist.

Tourneau proudly presents New York's most outstanding collection of these unique masterpieces in the art of fine watchmaking.

SPIRIT; 18K gold, water-resistant Perpetual Calendar watch...$41,000.
Also available in 18K gold and stainless steel.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
Bonwit Teller/Trump Tower
Bal Harbour Shops/Florida
Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders **(212) 758-3265**
Outside NY **1-800-223-1288**
Corporate Gift Div. (212) 888-2955

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

IT'S TRADE-IN TIME

MARCIULIANO

Your old watch is worth more than you think!

Chances are it was purchased years ago when a dollar was a dollar and before gold prices floated up, up and away. If you are fortunate enough to have an old watch or two lying around, now is the time to discover its true trade-in value.

Bring us your old watch, working or not, for your free on-the-spot trade-in appraisal.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St., 500 Madison Ave., NYC 10022 (212) 758-3265.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St., 200 W. 34th St., NYC 10001.
Bonwit Teller, at Trump Tower, New York, NY.
Bal Harbour Shops, Fl. 33154.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

drilled Forty Niner like a Marine sergeant. By contrast, Lukas seemed almost insouciant, letting the filly gallop at her own pace. He hadn't been so confident, he said, since he sent out Codex in the Preakness. For once, he said, everything had gone right, even the draw for post positions. Winning Colors, who would be ridden by Gary Stevens, had drawn Post Eleven, between the two smallest horses in the field, Proper Reality and Sea Trek, while Forty Niner was stuck out in the hinterland at Post Seventeen.

When the gates opened for the start of the Derby, Proper Reality and Sea Trek parted for Winning Colors like the Red Sea, and she shot out to the lead with her easy, loping stride. Forty Niner, ridden by Pat Day, made an initial run at her from his outside post, but when Stevens swung her out around the clubhouse turn, forcing him wide, Day decided that conservation was the better strategy, and he took the horse back. Winning Colors was a blaze of gray as she streaked around the backstretch alone. And in the middle of the turn, when the other jockeys would have to begin their moves, Stevens preempted them, as he and Lukas had planned, by pushing the filly up to her highest gear. Winning Colors, whose size belied her agility, had always been able to accelerate on the turns, and this time her move took the heart out of the rest of the field. A quarter of a mile from the finish, Winning Colors was flying at top speed, just as the rest of the field was beginning to get going.

When the dust cleared at the top of the stretch, only one horse had the speed left to take up the chase. Amazingly, it was Forty Niner, burning up the track like the wrath of Woody Stephens. Forty Niner accelerated out of the pack, charging past little Proper Reality, who for a moment had had only one big gray horse between him and the Derby. Finally, however, Winning Colors met the challenge, and she swept under the wire a neck ahead of Forty Niner. "My turn," said Lukas, who had watched the race on a screen in the track superintendent's office. And later he said, "I was thinking of where we started, in Park Jefferson, South Dakota, running for three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pots. If it can happen to me, maybe it'll give some hope to other guys out there struggling with a couple of horses."

—Carol F

MUSICAL EVENTS

From Page to Stage

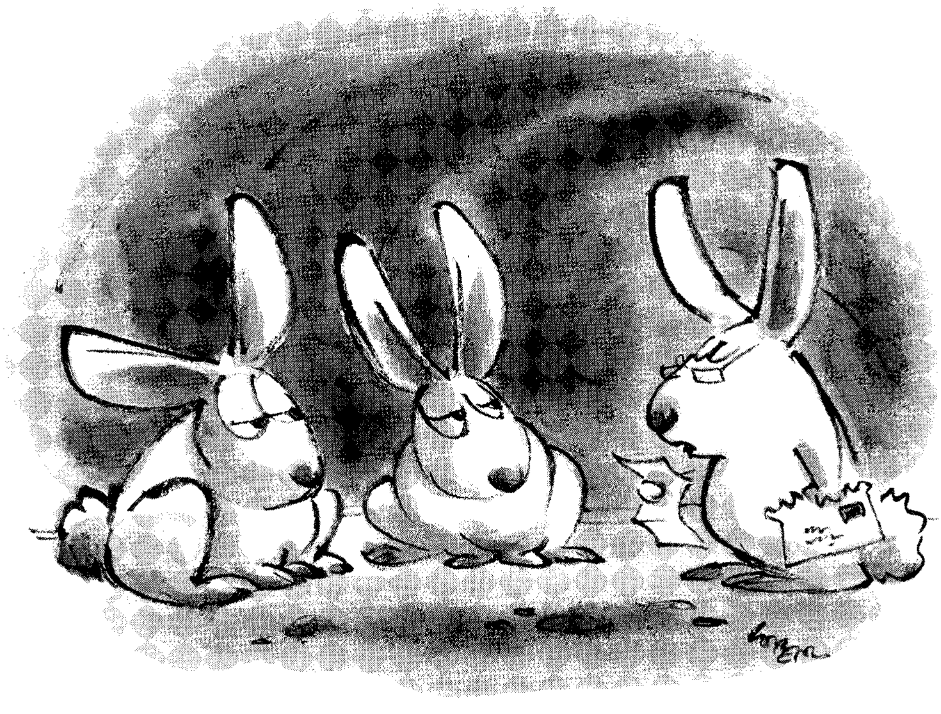
OPERAS based upon stories or novels by Henry James are not uncommon. The most successful—it has become pretty well a repertory work—is Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw." The City Opera's production, first seen twenty-six years ago, has often been revived, most recently this year; the company has also played Douglas Moore's "The Wings of the Dove" and Thea Musgrave's "The Voice of Ariadne," after the story "The Last of the Valerii." "The Aspern Papers" has yielded at least three operas. Salvatore Sciarrino's "Aspern," a "Singspiel in due atti . . . da Henry James, con frammenti di Lorenzo Da Ponte," appeared at the Florence Maggio Musicale ten years ago; Dominick Argento's "The Aspern Papers" and Philip Hagemann's "The Aspern Papers" had simultaneous premières last month, one in Dallas and the other in Evanston, Illinois. (By further coincidence, they marked the centenary of the novella's publication in the *Atlantic*.) Argento and Hagemann were their own librettists; Sciarrino worked with the stage director Giorgio Marini. These three "Aspern" operas illustrate three very different ways of turning a literary source into matter for music.

James's novella is dramatic in construction. In effect, the narrative frames a series of dialogues between the Narrator and Miss Tina, heightened by the Narrator's three memorable encounters with Miss Bordereau. The setting of each conversation is vividly described. There are two strong curtain lines: the end of the garden scene, with Miss Tina's questions "Do you write? . . . Do you write about *him*—do you pry into his life?" and, when the Narrator admits that he does, her exit with an exclamation of "Santo Dio!" And Miss Bordereau's passionate, furious hissed exclamation "Ah you publishing scoundrel!" as she surprises the Narrator attempting to rifle the desk in which he thinks the Aspern papers may be hidden. Most adapters have retained much of James's dialogues and have used these curtain lines.

There are no ground rules for the transference of a literary work from page to stage. Theatrical transformations of "The Aspern Papers" have varied from Michael Redgrave's "The Aspern Papers," a rather elegant "comedy of letters adapted for the theatre" (1959), to A. R. Gurney's free, larky "The Golden Age" (1980), set on East Eighty-first Street, where Isabel Hastings Hoyt claims that her "papers" include a steamy postcard from Joseph Conrad, a photograph of Calvin Coolidge goosing Edith Wharton (both of them in bathing dresses), a song written for her by Cole Porter, with additional lyrics by T. S. Eliot, and—her greatest treasure—a missing chapter of "The Great Gatsby." An opera composer must, even more than a straight dramatist, refashion the original material if he aims at something beyond an effective play set to effective music. Verdi recast Shakespeare's "Macbeth" as a series of operatic numbers, some of them traditional in form and others not. For Verdi's musicking, Boito thoroughly refashioned first "Othello" and then "The Merry Wives of Windsor." As I said, no rules. Or, as Winton Dean puts it in his study of operas based on Shakespeare, "The question of how much of the original plot a composer ought to preserve must be answered empirically; the gap between the two arts can be bridged at different levels. Suppression or modification of details is no more automatically to be condemned than literal fidelity is to be applauded."

IN Sciarrino's "Aspern" (which I know only from the score), the novella is spoken and enacted while a suite of chamber-music numbers inspired by it is performed. Six instrumentalists take part, and a cast of five. Only one of the five sings, and she sings texts from "Figaro"—Da Ponte's words to Sciarrino's, not Mozart's, music. The others—a girl, a boy, an actor, and an actress—speak, and they exchange roles in a phantasmagorical evocation of the James story. This "Aspern" got stinking reviews, but it seems to me an alert and fanciful—though admittedly arty—piece.

Hagemann's "The Aspern Papers," on the other hand, is a respectful transformation. (I caught the second performance, the day after the twin premières.) His dramaturgy recalls Redgrave's. In an earlier version, this opera, with no more than trio accompaniment—flute, cello, and piano—had a studio production at Indiana University, Bloomington, eight years ago. Now it has been amplified into a full-scale two-act opera (with Miss Tina's "Santo Dio," taken up to a


"It's from Mr. McGregor. He's now willing to submit to binding arbitration."

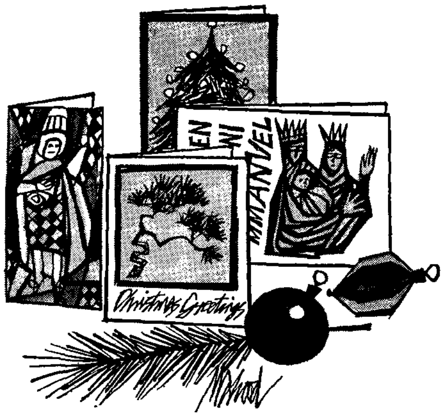
sustained high B, as the first-act curtain). It's "a well-made opera," with both the good and the bad points implicit in that phrase. Hagemann is a proficient composer, and a well-made opera is preferable to a badly made one. There is intelligent use of motifs. In the "portrait interview," Miss Bordereau reads—in the operatic context, sings—to the Narrator an unpublished poem of Aspern's ("To be seen by the eyes that see all, Yet invisible to all other eyes . . .") that, like the sonnet in Strauss's "Capriccio," keeps recurring. But the music does not take command. It adds little. The opera seemed to be not much more than James's "Aspern Papers" ably dramatized and set to music. The performance, given by the Northwestern University School of Music, was a simple, satisfactory student presentation. Stephen Zebell, the Narrator, was adept at singing words in a way that made them mean something. Alexandra Kosachukova, as Miss Tina, pushed rather too hard. Hagemann's decision to underpin Miss Bordereau with brasses led to striking timbres but obscured her words.

FOR Argento's "The Aspern Papers," the first new opera in the Dallas Opera's thirty-one-year history, a starry cast had been engaged: Elisabeth Söderström, Frederica von Stade, Katherine Ciesinski, Neil Rosenshein, Richard Stilwell. Argento—who in "Postcard from Morocco," "A Water Bird Talk," "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe," and "Miss Havisham's Fire" became a new, imaginative voice in American opera—set out to write a big romantic work. To the events of James's novella he added a romantic mystery. Miss Bordereau is no longer the daughter of an obscure American painter; she is the prima donna Juliana, a star of La Scala, a Giuditta Pasta-cum-Isabella Colbran. Aspern is not a poet, not an American Shelley or Byron, but another Bellini, and the "Aspern papers" are the score of his lost masterpiece "Medea," which he composed for Juliana but which mysteriously disappeared at the time of his death. The characters' nationalities are, un-Jamesianly, left unspecified, unless we are invited to deduce Americanness from Argento's having set "Juliana" like "Pollyanna"—to four, not three, syllables. (The way familiar classical names were uttered in Dallas would have made James wince; a glance at Webster could have righted the cast's attempts at "Medea," "Eurydice," "Hecate.") There are six principals and three bit parts—a maid, a manservant, and a painter—and sometimes an offstage chorus is added to the score.

In "Italian Hours" James wrote of the landscape around Lake Como:

> I wondered . . . where I had seen it all before—the pink-walled villas gleaming through their shrubberies of orange and oleander, the mountains shimmering in the hazy light like so many breasts of doves, the constant presence of the melodious Italian voice. Where indeed but at the Opera when the manager has been more than usually regardless of expense?

To make an opera of "The Aspern Papers," Argento has shifted the scene from the decaying Venetian palazzo to a Como villa (such as Pasta had). The impresario Barelli (a version of Barbaia, who launched Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti on their international careers) has relinquished his prima-donna mistress Juliana to Aspern (as Barbaia relinquished Colbran to Rossini). But Aspern has now fallen in love with Barelli's new mistress, the singer Sonia. Juliana discovers this. To prevent Aspern from crossing the lake to visit Sonia—on the very night "Medea" is completed—she casts the villa's boat adrift. Aspern, no doubt remembering Leander, Byron, and the Hellespont, decides to swim for it, and is drowned. In remorse, Juliana abandons her career and conceals the "Medea" score, giving out that it has been destroyed. This stagy tale, set in 1835, alternates with a version of James's "The Aspern Papers" set in 1895: a music historian comes to the villa in quest of the lost opera. It is an ingeniously worked libretto, and it provides a rich role for Miss Söderström: the glamorous, passionate Juliana in her prime and the racked, remorseful Miss Bordereau sixty years later. She commands the hands, the presence, and the voice of both a young and an old woman. Her words were clear: while she sang, there was no temptation to glance up at the supertitles.



THE production was made the occasion of a three-day scholarly congress, "From Text to Performance," sponsored by the Dallas Opera and Southern Methodist University. Eminent Jamesians—Leon Edel, Daniel Fogel, Adeline Tintner—spoke. From others, there was a certain amount of academic hot air (Miss Bordereau's name was derived from her dwelling beside water), but in sum the papers delivered dealt with James's novella in ways to make the opera's listeners realize that, perhaps inevitably, the tale had been conventionalized and coarsened for stage enactment. Most "Aspern" adapters have chosen to end the drama "Hedda Gabler" fashion, with Miss Tina's burning of the papers. Redgrave did so. Hagemann and Argento both do so. This provides a striking final curtain but turns the candid Miss Tina into a liar and drastically alters the psychological dynamics of James's beautifully written farewell scene. In the New York Edition preface to "The Aspern Papers" James discussed the relation between a creator's "given" and the uses he makes of it. Elsewhere he wrote that "the private history of any sincere work . . . looms with its own completeness." There are perhaps limits to an adapter's permissible freedoms. Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" opera, which ends with Hamlet ascending the throne, amid the courtiers' acclamations, and the versions of Rossini's "Otello" that end with Othello and Desdemona happily embraced are scarcely acceptable today. A version of "The Aspern Papers" that presents the dialogue of the final scene while the papers are still in existence seems to have got the tone wrong. For that matter, the substitution, for private, intimate papers, of something as publicly intended as an opera undermines the fine sense of the confrontations.

Maybe one should have forgotten James while listening to Argento, but that was not possible in the scenes with dialogue derived from the novella. Elsewhere James was swamped by the invented flummery. Argento in the first of his two acts gets through eight of James's nine chapters (Miss Bordereau's hissed "Sssssssss-scoundrel!" is the curtain line), leaving the second act to be filled mainly by his own inventions: here Aspern's "Medea" is (mutely) enacted—with Juliana, Aspern, and Sonia playing Medea, Jason, and Creusa—while the Narrator reads aloud a synopsis of the plot; Aspern announces that his opera is finished and sings a love duet with Juliana; she casts off the boat, and he enters the lake. From James we have just Miss Tina's proposal and the final interview.

Dallas did well by the work. Miss Söderström, as I said, was stunning. So was Miss von Stade, a Miss Tina who somehow reconciled the subdued James character—his "plain dingy elderly person"—with the soaring, ardently Italianate outbursts that Argento had composed for her. These were two detailed, delicate, and moving performances. Mr. Rosenshein sang Aspern in a strong, Domingo-emulating way. Mr. Stilwell, the Narrator, is a potentially sensitive artist who needed stronger guidance than the director, Mark Lamos, had provided. Miss Ciesinski, the Sonia, looked gleaming but sounded rather frayed. Eric Halfvarson, the Barelli, deployed a bass of exceptional power, but his English was hard to understand. Most of the action is no longer contained within James's carefully observed rooms but played out on a spacious lakeside terrace. John Conklin's setting was picturesque but a shade puzzling: the terrace seemed to be below water level. Mr. Lamos's production mingled realism with surrealist touches: a painter posed Aspern at a distance of perhaps fifteen feet while limning a miniature portrait of him; a "mood" shower of autumn leaves fell thickly toward the end, though the only trees visible were cypresses. Nicola Rescigno conducted with warmth and sympathy.

The opera starts with an eleven-note, singable, and memorable theme on the words "Snow and cypress; Glacier and leaf; The Ice-age and . . ." The aged Miss Bordereau cannot remember Aspern's next word or find the missing tone; we discover them later. Argento several times explores the melodic and harmonic implications of the theme; at the close, after a long pedal on that previously absent tone, E, he repeats it one last time, and cadences into his initial and recurrent F-sharp harmony. Successive chords from strings, woodwinds, and brasses accompany the phrase; Britten's "Midsummer Night's Dream" seems close, and so it does again when the love duet for Juliana and Aspern, with canonic rising-scale melodies, recalls the music of Britten's four lovers. Argento would probably be the first person to acknowledge the beneficent, fruitful influence of Britten upon his operas. But his grain is softer and his textures are lusher than Britten's. He tends to drop into melodic periods and melodic gestures that recall nothing so much as Cilea, going through the motions of costumed lyricism. "The Aspern Papers" is indeed an ambitious attempt at a new romantic opera. It contains some imaginative, and not merely well-made, music. But it defers rather too readily and rather too often to a contemporary audience's conventional expectations. What might have been an unusual James music drama is crossed with something uncomfortably kin to "Adriana Lecouvreur," in both dramaturgical and musical tone. The work is not cheap and offensive, as Argento's "Casanova's Homecoming" was, but it adds little to life. In the chronicle of contemporary opera, to which earlier Argento pieces have contributed, it seems to be an episode of marking time.

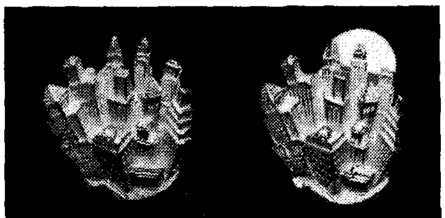
THE Juilliard Opera Center this month revived Robert Ward's "The Crucible," which is based on the Arthur Miller witch-hunt play and was first produced, by the City Opera, in 1961. (It was also revived this season by the Pennsylvania Opera Theatre.) This is a well-made opera that has not worn well. One kept wishing that the orchestra would fall silent and the singers would stop singing and get on with a spoken performance of the drama. For the music added nothing: by its diatonic drabness it all but muffled the play. The City Opera première had Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, Chester Ludgin, Norman Treigle in leading roles. The Juilliard talents were more modest, but the work was given a decent performance, on an almost bare stage. It was strongly and unfussily directed by Eve Shapiro, strikingly lit by John Gleason, and ably conducted by John DeMain. Kurt Loft Willett, as John Proctor, and Wonjung Kim, as Mary Warren, showed a good feeling for communicative, not just clearly pronounced, sung English.

—ANDREW PORTER

✻ AL HIRSCHFELD ✻
AT THE MARGO FEIDEN GALLERIES
60 YEARS OF DRAWINGS • WATERCOLORS •
LITHOGRAPHS • ETCHINGS
75 University Place
at the corner of East 11th Street - NYC 10003
(212) 677-5330

LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Etching, limited edition of 100
signed and numbered impressions,
22 1/2" x 17 1/2", $500
*(It is the nature of artwork to appreciate in value.
As the edition is subscribed, prices are subject to change.)*

• Special Holiday Hours through December 31st: •
Open 7 Days a week 10AM-6PM , Tuesdays & Fridays till 8PM
Delicious Catalogue $10.00 (post. incl.) / Major credit cards accepted
AL HIRSCHFELD IS REPRESENTED EXCLUSIVELY BY
THE MARGO FEIDEN GALLERIES
✻ ARGUABLY, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ART GALLERY IN THE WORLD. ✻



"Moon Rise Over Manhattan"
Handcrafted Earrings And Tie Tack Pin
(Shown Actual Size)
Earrings (No Moon) Sterling $65, 14K $350
Pin (With Moon) Sterling $40, 14K $210
Add $3.50 for handling, check or money order. Call for COD
Debbie Lee Ridge Designs
258 Newark St., Hoboken, NJ 07030
(201) 659-7553

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Are you driving between Paris and Florence or wanting to savour the delights of Provence and the Riviera? Then we invite you to stay on our secluded 260-acre estate owned by a hospitable Anglo-American family. Five comfortable private apartments, pool, informal dining patios with splendid views only half hour from Cannes. Brochure available from La Collette St-Pierre P.O. Box 7543 St. Petersburg, FLA 33734; or call France direct: (94)76•96•79.

Elegant Country Charm–
Luxury London Hotel
& Magnificent Suites
Telephone: 01-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 01-724 3328.
USA Toll Free 1-800-543 4138
DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

THE CURRENT CINEMA

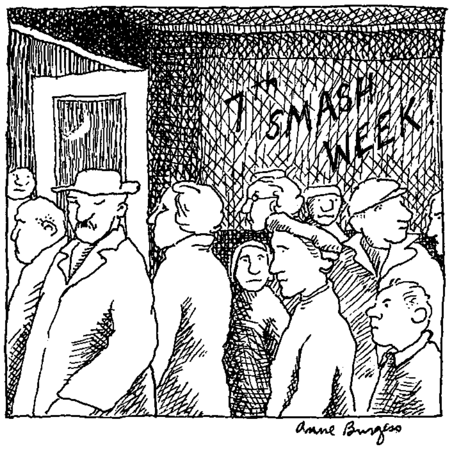
Love/Hate

Michelle Pfeiffer tells Mel Gibson how sorry she is that she hurt his feelings. He replies, "C'mon, it didn't hurt that bad," pauses, and adds, "Just lookin' at you hurts more." If a moviegoer didn't already know that "Tequila Sunrise" was the work of a master romantic tantalizer, Gibson's line should clinch it. That's the kind of ritualized confession of love that gave a picture like "To Have and Have Not" its place in moviegoers' affections. What makes the line go ping is that Mel Gibson's blue eyes are wide with yearning as he says it, and Michelle Pfeiffer is so crystalline in her beauty that he seems to be speaking the simple truth. (If she weren't a vision, the picture would crash.) It's a line that Gary Cooper might have spoken to Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco;" it requires youth and innocence in the man and flowerlike perfection in the woman.

You have to be able to enjoy trashy shamelessness to enjoy old Hollywood and to enjoy "Tequila Sunrise." Robert Towne, who wrote and directed, is soaked in the perfume of thirties and forties Hollywood romanticism. Chances are that while you're watching the triangular shuffle of Gibson and Pfeiffer and Kurt Russell, as Gibson's friend who also gets involved with Pfeiffer, you'll know you're being had but you'll love it. This old shell game can make you feel alert and happy—at least, it can when it's brought up to date with the seductive panache of a Robert Towne.

"Tequila Sunrise" is about flirtation; it's about Towne's wanting to give pleasure. Set in San Pedro and the other beach communities in and around L.A., it has a golden, studied casualness; the cinematographer, Conrad Hall, feasts on the stars' faces, the three sets of blue eyes, the beachfront, the water washing through the scenes, the waves crashing over lovers. All this beauty—and it's about cops and robbers! And not even about that, exactly. Towne has the effrontery to offer us the wizened plot device of the two friends from school days—one (Gibson) has become a crook, the other (Russell) a cop—who are in love with the same girl. But the movie is much too derivative and vague to be a successful crime melodrama; it doesn't have the compression of a thriller. There's an emptiness at its center—a feeling of hurt and loneliness, a lesion of vitality.

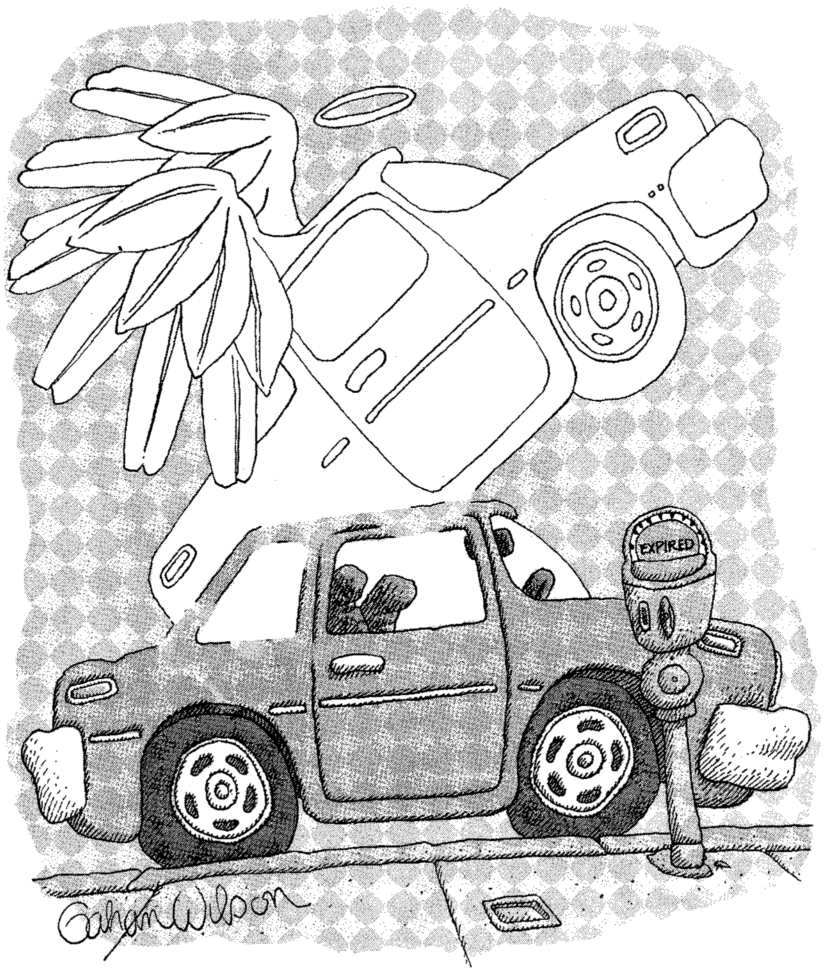
Gibson's McKussic, a former drug dealer who's desperately trying to succeed in the irrigation business, is driven to make manic fun of how hard it has been to get out of the drug trade. He tells Pfeiffer's Jo Ann, "Nobody wants me to *quit*. The cops wanna *bust* me, the Colombians want my *connections*, my wife she wants my *money*, her lawyer agrees, and mine likes getting paid to argue with them. . . . I haven't even mentioned my customers. You *know* they don't want me to quit." This special pleading for McKussic's purity is right at the heart of the movie (and it gives Mel Gibson a warmer character than he has played before). Mac is like the Bogart heroes who have finer feelings than people understand, and his love for Jo Ann is a truer, deeper love than Russell's Nick Frescia offers. (Mac is also a prodigious cocksman.) It doesn't take long for a viewer to grasp that Mac is the writer-director's simplified and idealized version of himself. Besides, Towne has said that his legal troubles —a divorce, and litigation over a couple of movie projects—made him feel like a criminal, so that it was easy for him to identify with Mac. (And those who have read interviews with him won't have much trouble spotting drug dealing as a metaphor for script doctoring, a lucrative sideline that his associates wanted him to mainline—his rewrites were a convenience for directors and producers. Drug dealing can also serve as a tidy metaphor for the messier matter of drug use, which also makes you feel like a criminal.)



The movie has a lot of talk about friendship, and whether the bond between Mac and Nick, who's the head of the narcotics squad in L.A. County, can withstand the pressure from the Feds to bust Mac, or can withstand Nick's wily maneuvers to extract information about Mac from Jo Ann. But the characters aren't centered enough for their subterfuges to amount to much—they're just vagrant impulses that lead to romantic misunderstandings. Towne's actual legal troubles involved old, close friends, but in the movie he doesn't supply the injuries that have been done to Mac and doesn't pin them on anybody in particular. (Nick hasn't done any real harm to him, and even when they argue their voices have the rhythm of friends arguing.) Yet Mac is melancholy, as if betrayal were in the air he breathed. We do see that he's bled dry by his ex-wife (Ann Magnuson), who's out for everything she can get and won't let him see his son if he doesn't deliver his payments. But his grievances seem cosmic, and he longs for a decent, respectable life. His character is a victim fantasy.

The picture may have a special erotic appeal for women, because Mac is waiting for the true-heart woman, the woman whose love is limitless and unconditional, the woman whose only need is to be a helpmate. That's Jo Ann, a woman who never lies. (She's the opposite of Brigid in "The Maltese Falcon.") Jo Ann, who, with her brother, operates an elegant Italian restaurant, is soft-spoken and refined —a lady. She has her own code of honor, her own gallantry. At the restaurant, she's a pro: she's thoroughly in command of seeming in command. And the film equates her smoothness with the best of traditional values. She isn't up to anything, so Mac can put himself in her hands. And she falls in love with him, supposedly, because she believes that he's been more truthful to her than Nick has been. It's a priggish, vacuous ideal-woman role, but Michelle Pfeiffer bursts right through it. She activates Towne's romantic dream of the good, kind woman.

Kurt Russell's worldly jokester Nick —a calculating charmer—gives the plot a little bit of motor, or, at least, an



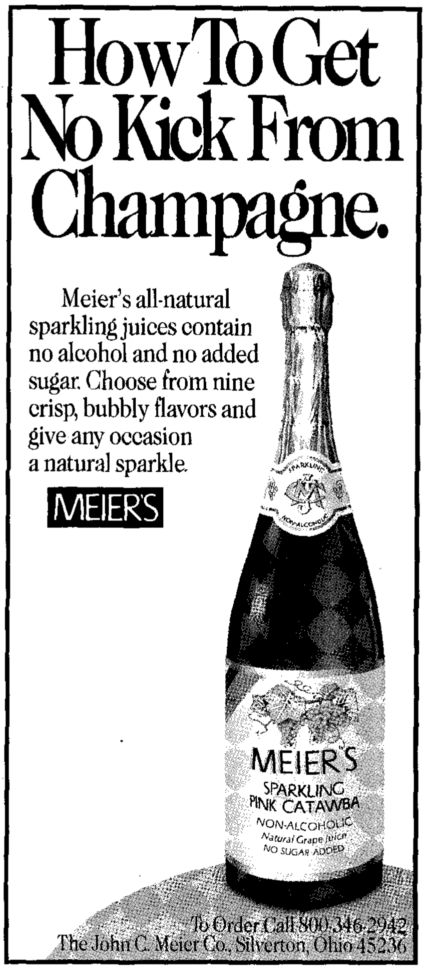
occasional push. And the movie badly needs Russell's brazenness and his slippery grin; it needs his sly, shiny eyes. Nick locates us in a wisecracking movie tradition, especially when he razzes the high-muck-a-muck from the federal Drug Enforcement Agency. (J. T. Walsh makes this clown villain the quintessential flatfoot; it's a classic turn.) But Russell's main function is as a contrast to Mac, who's the male ingénue here. Both Nick and Jo Ann want to protect Mac, because he's a-hurtin'. And because he's a saintly stud.

The movie is a confluence of fantasies, with a crime plot that often seems to be stalled, as if a projector had broken down. A good melodramatic structure should rhyme: we should hold our breath at the pacing as the pieces come together, and maybe smile at how neat the fit is. Here the pieces straggle, and by the end you're probably ignoring the plot points. Raul Julia, who turns up as the Mexican Comandante Escalante, has a big, likable, rumbling presence; his role recalls the Leo Carrillo parts in movies like "The Gay Desperado," with a new aplomb. And for a few seconds here and there Raul Julia takes over; he's funny, and he detonates. (The character's lack of moral conflicts gives his scenes a giddy high.) Then the film's languor settles in again. An elaborate government sting operation waits while Mac and Escalante play Ping-Pong, and waits again while they sit in a boat and Mac talks drivel about bullfighting. (It's the worst dialogue in the film; for sheer inappropriateness it's matched only by Dave Grusin's aggressive, out-to-slay-you score.)

Most of the dialogue is sprightly—it's easy, everyday talk that actors can breathe to. But Towne's directing is, surprisingly, better than his construction—maybe because when he plans to direct he leaves things loose. He says, "I make the character fit the actor, I don't try to make the actor fit the character." That sounds as if he's highly variable, a modernist. But he isn't. He likes bits from old movies, such as having the cops who are planning to surprise Mac be so dumb that they leave peanut shells wherever they've been posted. The difference between the way Towne handles the peanut shells and the way a director of the thirties would have (and did) is that he doesn't sock the joke home; he glides over it. He wants the effect, yet he doesn't want to be crude about it, so he half does it. Almost everything in the action scenes of the last three-quarters of an hour is half done. Often he gives you the preparation for action and no follow-through; sometimes the reverse.

Towne's memory is stocked with movie tricks, but what he really treasures is the rhapsodic buzz of those moments when two stars hooked into each other's eyes. That's what saves "Tequila Sunrise." His obsessions about friendship and betrayal don't mesh with the plot (which is off somewhere floating in cloudland), but his understanding of how movies work for audiences lightens this movie, keeps it happy. It's about a guy who wants to say, "I'm dying from loving you so much," and a girl who knows that in a hot tub he's "like a world champion." Traditionally, these feelings are disguised, or kidded, before they're presented in public. Robert Towne puts them right out on the table. (Both Mac and Nick approach Jo Ann through the pain her beauty causes them. Nick phones and tells her, "I'm going to die if I don't see you.") By rational standards the movie is flimsy and stupid, but by romantic standards it's delectable. The three talented stars are smashing, and the film's paranoid narcissism is dreamy and pretty. Hollywood glamour has a lot to do with a moviegoer's braving out the silliness that's part of it. This is a lusciously silly movie. It has an amorous shine.

THE director Alan Parker likes to operate in a wildly melodramatic universe of his own creation. In "Mississippi Burning," which is set during the Freedom Summer of 1964, he treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. We see the white Southerners burning and beating and lynching, but Parker isn't content with that. He wants to give the audience violence it can cheer. A black F.B.I. man is introduced so he can threaten to castrate a white man, and the F.B.I.



How To Get No Kick From Champagne.

Meier's all-natural sparkling juices contain no alcohol and no added sugar. Choose from nine crisp, bubbly flavors and give any occasion a natural sparkle.

MEIER'S

To Order Call 800-346-2942
The John C. Meier Co., Silverton, Ohio 45236

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent VHS or Beta videotapes by mail. Over 900 hard-to-find quality films available, including *Betty Blue, Tampopo* and *Jean de Florette*.

Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information and list of films.

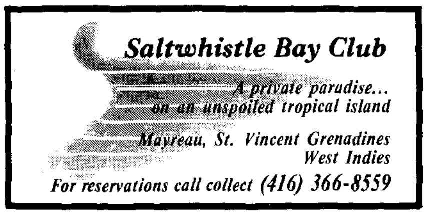
1-800-258-3456
(in PA, 1-800-633-3456)

Home Film Festival
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

Rare Expertise.

Fountain Square Stamp & Coin Inc.
27 Fountain Square Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202
(513) 621-6696

LIBERTY
1796



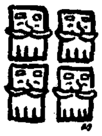
Saltwhistle Bay Club

A private paradise...
on an unspoiled tropical island

Mayreau, St. Vincent Grenadines
West Indies

For reservations call collect (416) 366-8559

strings up a suspected Klansman to scare him into testifying against his buddies. Then, there are the inventions that jack up the plot. A deputy sheriff (Brad Dourif) brutally beats his tiny wife (Frances McDormand) while his K.K.K. pals watch to make sure he does a thorough job. She has succumbed to the overtures of an F.B.I. man (Gene Hackman) and told him where the bodies of three missing civil-rights workers were to be found. (Actually, the F.B.I. informant was a man, and he was given a thirty-thousand-dollar reward for his help.) The entire movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. couldn't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until it swung over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. This cheap gimmick undercuts the whole civil-rights subject; it validates the terrorist methods of the Klan.



When black people here are on a march, they look withdrawn, dead-eyed, blank; there's no elation or glory in their progress down the street. The Civil Rights Act had just been passed in the Senate, and during that Freedom Summer, when roughly a thousand students and activists arrived in Mississippi to set up schools and register blacks to vote, blacks themselves were busy in the fight for desegregation; they were holding rallies, staging protests, and forming picket lines. They were training themselves to take verbal and physical abuse without being provoked to violence. In the movie, the blacks are sheeplike and frightened; they seem totally unprepared. The events here took place eight and a half years after Rosa Parks refused to go to the back of the bus, but Alan Parker is essentially putting blacks at the back again. The picture opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, the local black who was working for CORE, and two young Jewish activists from up North, Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner—who were in their station wagon and were stopped by Ku Klux Klansmen and lawmen. Chaney was driving; in the movie, he has been replaced at the wheel by one of the whites. It's a small detail, but the details add up to a civil-rights movie in which blacks don't do much of anything except inspire pity and sympathy in the two F.B.I. men (Hackman and Willem Dafoe) who are the heroes.

Hackman's Anderson and Dafoe's Ward arrive in the small town where the three men were last seen; their mission is to find out what happened to them. Anderson is a burly, big Mississippian who grew up dirt poor and knows that for whites to feel that they're better than blacks may be the only point of pride they've got. He understands, but it disgusts him. He's a complicated, lonely man who no longer feels at home in the South yet isn't at home with Northerners, either. (Actually, Hackman, a Midwesterner, had never been in the Deep South before, but you wouldn't guess it from his performance.) The pale, bespectacled Ward, who is in charge of the investigation, looks small next to Anderson. He's formal, conscientious, and deeply courteous. A Harvard Law School man who was at the Department of Justice before joining the Bureau, he represents the idealism of the Kennedy era—he's brave and dedicated, but rigid. The man has no common sense. And he inadvertently sets off a brief war between the Bureau and the Klan.

When the local people, black and white alike, won't tell Ward anything, he thinks the answer is to bring in more agents, and after he's got a huge manhunt going and still has no results he brings in Naval Reserves. The K.K.K. fights the invasion by attacking black people and burning their churches. Anderson, who knows how to nose around town and pick up leads, keeps arguing with Ward, showing him that he's making the situation worse. At one point, they face off as if they were going to kill each other, and the movie turns into a bad imitation of a Western. But what's involved in the running battle between the two is the central cheat of the movie. Parker, working from a script by Chris Gerolmo (which he says he rewrote), sets up Dafoe's Ward as a high-principled official with no resourcefulness or flexibility or canniness, and says that he represents the only legal way to tackle the problems. The only alternative, according to Parker, is the illegal, underhanded methods that Anderson insists must be used. And, of course, Anderson—an uncommon common man, whom Hackman plays with humor and buried rage—is the man we identify with. Hackman draws us to him; he's the star here—he's vivid. And he's the spokesman for brutality. There isn't even a whisper of a suggestion that Anderson may get any undue satisfaction from the brutal methods that Ward, recognizing his own defeat, finally allows him to employ. No—they're employed righteously, for Biblical vengeance. (The common man knows what those gents from Harvard Law are too educated to understand.) Parker uses the civil-rights movement to make a wham-bam Charles Bronson movie, and, from his blithe public statements, he seems unaware that this could be thought morally repugnant.

He justifies his small inventions and his big, crude ones in terms of fiscal responsibility to his backers. Presumably, the audience needs a whomp in the gut every two minutes. But if it does, that's because whomping is Parker's basic way of reaching people, and he sets up a pattern. He pounds you, in scenes like the one of the K.K.K., armed with clubs, gathering outside a church in which black people are singing. He won't let go of effects like the lowing of cows in a barn that's been set on fire. (He takes the title very literally; the sets keep going up in flames.) Yet, despite the heaviness of "Mississippi Burning," it doesn't necessarily stay with you—it's too mechanical, too inexpressive. (There are exceptions: a night shot of the station wagon, with the three young men, coming over a wavy, hilly road, followed by two cars and a truck with no lights; the lovely shades of regret in some of Hackman's scenes with Frances McDormand; the cheeriness of the actress Park Overall's remarks in the town beauty parlor.) Parker is a slicker—a man with talent and technique but without a sustaining sensibility. Each time I heard the pulsating music start working me up for the next bout of violence, I dreaded what was coming. The manipulation got to me, all right, but the only emotion I felt was hatred of the movie.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

11:30 (4) COLLEGE FOOTBALL Rutgers at West Virginia (Taped)
(8) COLLEGE FOOTBALL West Virginia at Rutgers (Taped)
—*TV listing in the Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette-Mail.*

With a VCR, one could watch both games.

IN A CITY
FAMOUS FOR HOTELS,
WHY DOES ONLY
ONE HAVE BOTH
A FIVE STAR AND
FIVE DIAMOND RATING?

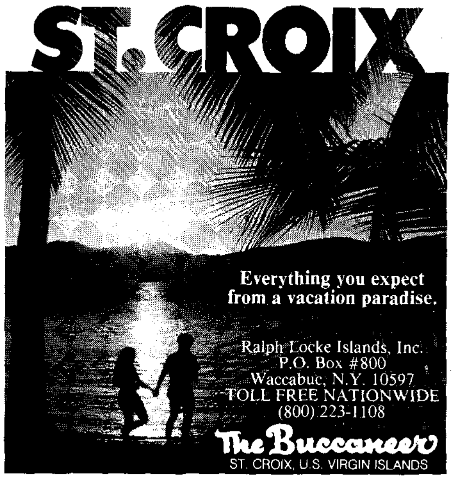
Four Seasons
Clift Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
Near Union Square
For reservations call (800) 332-3442 or (415) 775-4700.

Fresh from the waters of Cape Cod...
CLAMBAKES TO GO!™
Traditional New England clambake air-expressed anywhere in the country LIVE, ready to cook in its own container... LIVE lobsters, steamers, mussels, FRESH cod fish, corn, potatoes, onions and sweet sausage
OVERNIGHT DELIVERY GUARANTEED
1 (800) 423-4038
Gift Certificates FREE brochure
The Clambake Company
Giddiah Hill Rd. Box 1677, Dept. NY138, Orleans, MA 02653
Live From Cape Cod!

DD
DIVINO
2nd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st Sts.
NEW YORK CITY, NY 10028
RISTORANTE Res. 861·1096
GASTRONOMIA Take-out 861·1533
CAFE 517·9269
Hosts: Antonio Bongioanni
Mario Balducci

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
The CHARLOTTE INN
Featured in Country Inns and Back Roads
Mobil Travel Guide Four Star Rating
South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 · 508 627-4751

WORLD'S FINEST INDOOR ROWER
WaterRower Inc. · 116 Chestnut St. · Providence, RI 02903
800-852-2210
401-861-9190
WATER ROWER
True Water Resistance · Solid North American Cherry



ST. CROIX
Everything you expect from a vacation paradise.
Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108
The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

LETTER FROM TRIESTE

ON the first Sunday in September, a ceremony took place in the gymnasium of the Scuola Elementare Morpurgo—a private Jewish elementary school in this northern Italian city—which resurrected for most of those present vivid memories of Italian Fascism. Professor Adolfo Steindler, a short, ebullient white-haired man in his early seventies, stood under a basketball hoop and handed out year-end-examination grades to a group of people who were clearly not part of the regular enrollment. The grades were forty-five years old, and Professor Steindler, the retired headmaster of the Liceo Scientifico Oberdan (the Trieste equivalent of the Bronx High School of Science), remarked, with a smile, that he had used his bureaucratic clout to extract them from the educational archives. The astonished and amused recipients—eleven men and women in their early sixties—were members of the last graduating class of the Scuola Media Ebraica, a secondary school that had been organized in 1938, in the same building as the Scuola Morpurgo, to teach Jewish students, who had been thrown out of the public high schools by the Mussolini government. In September, 1943, when the Germans marched into Trieste, the school was closed and the students and their families fled. Although the grades had been briefly posted in the public high school where the examinations were given, everyone assumed that the official registers containing them had been destroyed. Now the surviving graduates of 1943 were back in Trieste as part of a larger group of alumni (both elementary and upper-school), who had gathered in the gymnasium to observe the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Scuola Media and to honor the memory of Bruno Tedeschi, the valiant teacher who founded it. Professor Steindler's ceremony, which was conducted with a mixture of laughter and tears, reminded everyone that Tedeschi, despite enormous difficulties, had managed to give the students a first-class education at a time when the Jewish community was increasingly isolated from the mainstream of Italian society by a series of racial laws. (The exceptional quality of the Ebraica's teaching staff was due in part to the employment of a number of university professors who had been dismissed from their posts. Most were reinstated after the war, and Tedeschi himself ended his career as professor of mathematics at the University of Rome.)

Surveying the audience, Professor Steindler, who had taught mathematics at the Ebraica, recognized a number of his former students. "I remember how hard most of you worked," he said. "And I also remember fighting with some of you to get ideas into your heads." Then he presented the examination grades—which had been copied from the official records—with appropriate comments: "Ingegnere, I'm sure we are both amazed to find that you got a 9 in history. . . . Dottore, you didn't do so well in science that year, but I'm sure it didn't affect your subsequent medical studies. . . . Signora, have you any idea why you received an 8 in Latin and only a 6 in drawing?" When Professor Steindler had come to the end of his list, a tall, thin-faced man at the back of the room rose and asked everyone to observe a moment of silence in memory of the students who would never receive their examination results.

I was in the audience that morning because Bruna Sevini, an old friend, who had worked for many years as a press analyst at the American Embassy in Rome, was an Ebraica alumna. She had told me she would be unable to attend the reunion and had wondered if I would like to go in her place. "The Ebraica was a very unusual school," she had said. "It was an island of rationality in the increasingly crazy world that surrounded us. Our classes were small, and our teachers inspired us to work hard, but somehow we all had a sense of time running out. For example, I completed a year of physics and calculus in a single term. We were a close-knit group—there were a number of marriages between students after the war—because many of the friends we had made in public school were afraid to speak to us. Looking back, I think we were all subconsciously aware that something terrible might happen one day, but our teachers kept us so busy with schoolwork, and with dances, and outings in the country, that we didn't have time to worry about the future. One other thing I remember: we always walked home in groups."

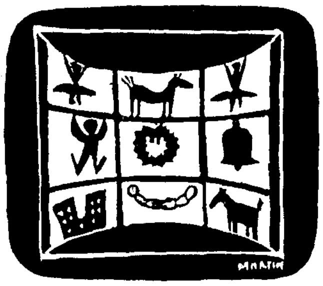
WHEN I arrived at the Scuola Morpurgo on the morning of the reunion, I found that Bruna had written ahead to introduce me. Raffaello Camerini, the co-chairman of the reunion, greeted me with a handshake, introduced himself, and gave me a typed schedule of the day's events, a pamphlet containing a history of the Ebraica, and a clip-on card with my name and nationality and the word "Visitor" printed on it. "Some of our

former students haven't seen each other in fifty years, so we need to say who you are,” he explained. Consulting a list of names, Mr. Camerini told me that during the five years of its existence the Scuola Media had enrolled forty-one teachers and a hundred and ninety-eight students, including many who stayed for only a few months. “We lost nine students and four teachers during the war,” he said. “Some were taken by the Germans; others were killed in bombing raids. In addition, Rita Rosani, a teacher in the elementary school, joined the partisans and was shot in an ambush near Verona. Others have died since, but seventy-five students and nine teachers are here today—quite a good turnout after fifty years.” The schedule indicated that the reunion would begin with a welcoming ceremony in the elementary-school gymnasium. Later, there would be a reception at City Hall, and then a bus trip to the Risiera di San Sabba, a former German concentration camp a few kilometres from the Yugoslav border. After an afternoon break, the group would meet again for dinner at Grignano, a popular resort on the Adriatic coast.

Mr. Camerini looked at his watch and told me that the speeches would start in a few minutes. We climbed a flight of stairs and entered the gymnasium, which reverberated with the sounds of cheerful conversation. Men and women ranging in age from the early fifties (elementary-school alumni) to the eighties (several professors) were standing about the room, embracing, shaking hands, introducing husbands, wives, children, and grandchildren to one another. In a corner, several women were laughing as they tried to pick out friends and relatives from a series of faded photographs that had been pinned to the wall. Other former students were studying an exhibit of front pages from *Il Piccolo*, the local newspaper, that carried banner headlines announcing the racial laws. “When I went to school here,” Mr. Camerini said, looking around the room, “we had a picture of the King and a picture of Masada, but they both disappeared during the war.”

Although most of the Ebraica alumni still live in Italy, there was a sprinkling of émigrés among them. Mr. Camerini introduced me to Jacob Timnat, a rocket-propulsion engineer from Haifa; Oscar Ornati, an economist from New York; and Annie Tedeschi Minchew (a cousin of the director), who had married an American soldier and settled in Virginia.

The program began with a welcoming speech by Bruna Levi Schreiber, class of 1939, a small, elegant woman with a deep, resonant voice. “Why are we here?” Mrs. Schreiber said. “Why were we saved when six million of our brothers were allotted death? We are alive, and we are here today to bear witness about this period of our lives. Some of you may not want to talk about this time, but I think you must. We must talk, we must tell our children about this school, or in twenty or thirty years no one will know what happened here. We must remember the parents who organized the school for us and the teachers who made us study at a time when studying was often difficult. They gave us an atmosphere of serenity and normality when life outside these walls was anything but serene and normal.”



IN the summer of 1938, the Triestine Jewish community was large (five thousand five hundred), liberal in its religious views, predominantly middle class, and thoroughly assimilated into Italian society. Jews had lived in this port city since the Middle Ages (the city archives mention a business transaction between the Bishop of Trieste and one Daniele David di Carinzia in 1236), and the community had prospered during the long and benevolent rule of the Austro-Hungarian emperors. There was a spacious synagogue, vaguely Byzantine in style, with marble walls and a gold mosaic apse; a thriving elementary school, founded in 1786; and a nursing home for the elderly, Pia Casa Gentilomo, which had been established in a handsome villa. Anti-Semitism was an unpleasant fact of life in a city that contained a combustible ethnic mixture of Italians, Austrians, and Slavs, who were constantly fighting among themselves and occasionally turned on their Jewish neighbors, but it never seemed strong enough to threaten the community's survival. The racial laws, issued in the fall of 1938, which expelled Jews from universities and public schools, barred them from most businesses and professions, and forbade them to employ “Aryan” servants, gave the community its first chilling glimpse of Fascist intentions. The Triestine Jews, who had always regarded themselves as patriotic Italians, reacted to these humiliating restrictions with astonishment, anguish, and, after the initial shock, practical ingenuity. Doctors, lawyers, and teachers who had been dismissed from their jobs managed, in many cases, to go on working privately. One of the city's leading Jewish-owned firms—the Distilleria Stock—was temporarily transferred to Christian ownership to avoid confiscation. And a high school was immediately established so that the teen-age sons and daughters of the community could continue their education.

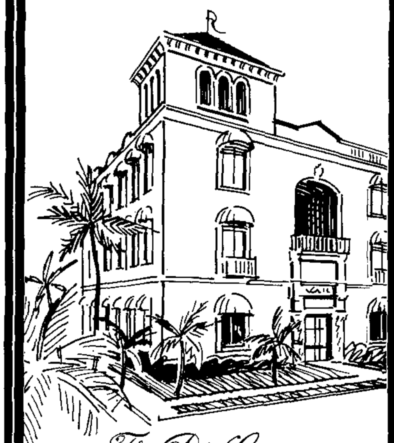
The new Scuola Media was installed in various rooms of the elementary school, and it offered a wide-ranging curriculum, which duplicated most of the courses in Trieste's three main public high schools: the *liceo classico*, the *liceo scientifico*, and the *magistrale*, or teacher-training school. Classes were informal, and, since there was a surplus of overqualified applicants for a small number of teaching posts, the academic level was extremely high. Ebraica teen-agers studied Latin and Greek, physics and calculus, geography and chemistry, history and modern languages. They read Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Dante. They were instructed in Jewish history and religion (subjects previously unfamiliar to many of them). They organized a chorus and a drama club. They did calisthenics in the gymnasium, and hiked in the country on weekends.

“We tried to live a relatively normal life,” Bruna Schreiber said when I talked with her. “Except, of course, there were many places we were forbidden to go to. We couldn't swim at the popular beaches, we couldn't go to Cortina to ski, and we couldn't visit many cafés, because they wouldn't serve us. We weren't even supposed to have radios, but one day my father brought one home, and we hid it.”

When Italy declared war on the Allies, in 1940, government policy toward the school became increasingly confused and capricious. One year, the

PALM BEACH

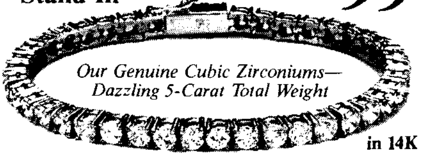
To stay in Palm Beach is to stay at The Palm Court



The Palm Court

A step up from Worth Avenue.
Grand Service Excellent Cuisine
800-233-8277 407-659-5800
Operated by Hotels of Distinction Inc.
363 Cocoanut Row, Palm Beach, Florida 33480

7-Inch Diamond "Stand-In" **$99**



Our Genuine Cubic Zirconiums— Dazzling 5-Carat Total Weight

in 14K GOLD Only $475

You'll sparkle with pleasure in this 7-inch gleaming 14K Gold plate on solid Sterling Silver Cubic Zirconium Tennis Bracelet.

14K-Gold Plated on Sterling Silver
5-CARAT TW: 7-inch Bracelet, **Only $ 99**
7-CARAT TW: 7-inch Bracelet, **Only $119**
ALSO AVAILABLE IN GENUINE 14K GOLD
9-CARAT TW: 7-inch Bracelet, **Only $475**

MC/VISA/AMEX/DC or checks. $4.50 for shipping. Or pick up at our NYC offices by appt. N.Y. Res. add sales tax. 2nd Day FED. EX. add $15. 15-Day Return Policy. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

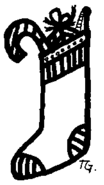
AMERICAN JEWELTECH
580 Fifth Avenue, Dept. NY11 , New York NY 10036
Call TOLL FREE (800) 527-9880 or (212) 575-0296
OVER 30 YEARS PRODUCT & CORPORATE INTEGRITY

GOURMET BLACK POPCORN
Hulless black kernel pops perfectly white. Presented in National Trust for Historic Preservation "Woodlawn" tin 5" x 3" x 4". With note card $17.95.

Perfect Gifts
818 Conn. Ave.,
Suite 1020
Washington, DC 20006 VISA/MC (202) 659-5311

authorities sent over a physical-education teacher from a state school, so that the Ebraica students could be instructed in proper Fascist exercises. For several months, Professor Tedeschi was forced to read glowing reports of Italian military victories to a student body that could hardly be expected to applaud them. In 1941, when Italy was losing the war in Greece, twenty-six elementary-school students of Greek origin were banned from classes, only to be quietly reinstated within a month. From an official point of view, Jewish students were practically non-persons. Unofficially, however, the local authorities took considerable pains to supervise their education. And when the Ebraica students took the required state examinations at the end of each academic year—placed, by official order, several rows away from their public-school classmates—they invariably scored some of the highest marks in the city. Bruna Schreiber recalled an odd exchange that occurred during an oral philosophy exam. "The professor who questioned me was so impressed by my answers that he asked if I'd like to become one of his students at the University of Bologna," she said. "Then I heard a colleague whisper to him, 'You can't take her—she's Jewish.' He was terribly embarrassed."

In July of 1943, Mussolini's government collapsed. On September 8th, Italy surrendered unconditionally to the Allies, and during the week that followed the Germans occupied most of the country. Trieste, with its Austro-Hungarian heritage, was incorporated into the Third Reich as part of a German province, and a military gauleiter took control of the city government. The Ebraica, which had closed for the summer, never reopened; the synagogue was vandalized (the Germans wanted to turn it into an indoor swimming pool, but the Bishop of Trieste intervened); and the inhabitants of the nursing home were pulled from their beds and sent north in a sealed train. A special unit of the S.S. arrived from Poland and established a concentration camp and a crematorium (the only one ever built on Italian soil) in an old rice-processing factory in San Sabba, an industrial zone at the southern edge of the city. (Although the officers were German, many of the camp guards were Ukrainian. There has been speculation that John Demjanjuk, the Ukrainian-American who was recently convicted of death-camp atrocities by an Israeli court, was one of a group of Ukrainian guards sent from Treblinka to San Sabba.) During a year and a half of German occupation, seven hundred and seventy-seven Triestine Jews—the old, the sick, and the unlucky—were arrested and were either cremated at San Sabba or shipped off to concentration camps in Germany and Poland, where most of them suffered a similar fate. The rest of the Jewish community simply melted into the social chaos of wartime Italy.



"We knew that German racial policies were much more dangerous for us than the Italian racial laws, and we knew that the local authorities had drawn up lists of Jewish residents so the police knew exactly where to find us," Annie Tedeschi Minchew, a tall, extroverted blonde, told me. "In August and September of 1943, every Jewish family in Trieste had to consider these facts and decide whether to go or to stay. Most of us left before the Germans occupied the city." Some of the Ebraica students and their families fled to remote mountain villages in central Italy, to get as close as possible to the advancing Allied armies. Mrs. Tedeschi Minchew's family, a group of eight, settled in the mountains near Fabriano, a town in the western Marche that was regularly bombed, because of its railroad line. "When the front was only a few miles away," she said, "we packed bread and wine and walked through the battle to the safety of the British lines. We could do this because war happens in patches, and refugees were always moving around on the roads."

Liana Stock Weinberg, now a free-lance journalist, told me that her father, a Vienna-trained doctor, had rented an isolated farmhouse near Velletri, a hill town thirty miles south of Rome. "He thought it would be safe," she said, "but suddenly we found ourselves in the middle of the German Army. A neighbor hid us for a few months. Then some partisans gave us forged documents, and we walked to Rome and hid there until we could escape to Switzerland. When we returned to our flat in Trieste after the war, we were surprised to find it untouched. It happened that the German officer who had lived in it had recognized his father in a class photograph of *my* father's—they had been classmates at the University of Vienna."

Other families obtained false papers and settled anonymously in working-class districts of Milan, Padua, and Venice, where they lived in constant fear of being identified by informers. Bruna Schreiber's younger sister, Fulvia, remembered walking the streets of Venice with her family for most of a day and a night after a friendly official warned them that the police were planning to arrest them. "That evening, we stood on the Rialto with my father," she said. "He looked at us—we were a family of five—and sighed, and said, 'Where are we going to sleep tonight?' "

A few of the Ebraica students escaped to Switzerland, walking through the mountains near Lake Como along a route that had been organized by Don Bianchi, a local priest. Raffaello Camerini and his brother-in-law Alfredo Vig joined a large group of refugees being guided to the border by four young children. "We met in a cemetery, and walked silently—one behind another—in the darkness, with white handkerchiefs tied around our heads," Mr. Camerini said. "Alfredo and I carried a very old lady, whose brother had been a government minister before Mussolini, and some of the other people carried our possessions. When we got to the frontier, it was blocked by a wire fence covered with little bells, which would warn the guards if anybody touched it. But our guides, who were the children of local smugglers, had calculated the precise moment when the guards were farthest away. They lifted up the fence and sent us through. The old lady went first. On the Swiss side was another boy, of about eleven, who took us to a police station. There we handed him half of a numbered tram ticket. This would be taken back to Don Bianchi in Como and matched with the half we had left with him. The entire ticket provided proof that we had got through, and then our guides were paid."

When the war ended and everybody returned home, it turned out that the Triestine Jews had one of the highest survival rates in Europe, a statistic that can be ascribed to education, prosperity, practical planning, and a certain sophistication in dealing with the Germans. "You have to remember that Trieste was part of the Austro-Hun-

NOW...LOSE WEIGHT WITHOUT DIETING

GET OFF THE DIET ROLLERCOASTER with NORDICTRACK
• More effective
• More fun
• More lasting

Burns More Calories Than Bikes And Rowers

MORE NORDICTRACK BENEFITS
With regular use of NordicTrack, you'll also feel better, have more energy, reduce tension, postpone aging symptoms and help prevent osteoporosis.

Take your first step off the diet rollercoaster. Call today for free information on how you can achieve your fitness and weight-control goals.

You diet. You lose. You falter. You gain it back. Maybe a bit more. Discouraged, you begin the cycle over, destined for rapid initial (and mostly water) weight loss, followed by a plateau...and the dieting blues.

THE SECRET TO IDEAL WEIGHT
The only way to break this cycle is aerobic exercise, the key to lowering your "set point." An active body wants to be slimmer. Plus physical activity burns calories while toning and firming.

THE BEST EXERCISE
NordicTrack duplicates the total body action of cross-country skiing, the world's best exercise, and uses more muscles than jogging, biking, swimming or running–without risking joint injury or back problems. **NordicTrack** is for everyone who wants to reduce weight while increasing fitness.

© 1988 NordicTrack A CML Company

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO

NordicTrack
141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
Call Toll Free 1-800-328-5888
In Minnesota 1-800-422-5145, In Canada 1-800-433-9582
☐ Send free brochure ☐ Also free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name
Street
City State Zip
Phone ( ) 265L8

DBS Xpress™ To Order Books: (800) 635-0045
Monday-Saturday 9AM to Midnight & Sunday 11AM-7PM ET

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS ★SINCE 1910★

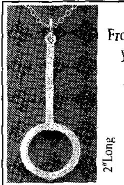
The Best Buys in Classical CD's and Tapes

Here is the largest and most comprehensive survey of the recorded repertoire ever: inside you'll find what's hot and what's not in CD's and bargain cassettes, with reviews on the best performances, recordings and values.

PENGUIN $14.95

Doubleday Book Shops

724 5th Ave. at 57th St. N.Y., N.Y. 10019 (212) 397-0550 ★ Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrapping ★ Open to Midnight



BUBBLE WAND PENDANT
From our Whimsey Series, a wonder wand pendant you can use to blow a trail of rainbow bubbles.
Handcrafted
Sterling $32 (18" chain). 14K Gold $225 (no chain).
+ $3 shpg. Ask about express shpg.
VISA/MC 1·800·334·0411, ext. 1201 (24 hours)
HAWTHORNE COLLECTION, LTD.
P.O. Box 2344, Marion, NC 28752

FREE Food *for* Wild Birds
No wonder wild birds flock to our feeder bells! Pure suet from prime beef (cooked, won't spoil), #1 bird seed, and **no preservatives.** Try one and chances are you'll become a regular customer. For your **FREE** ready-to-hang 13 oz. bell, send name, address and $2 shipping to: *(1 per address)*
maine manna, inc. P.O. Box 248-N
Gorham, ME 04038

Discover
375 outstanding inns, castle hotels and restaurants in 36 countries. The 1989 Guide features color photos, bilingual text, and 270 pages of romantic hideaways.
RELAIS & CHATEAUX
May we send you one?
Please send $5. to cover postage and handling to
David B. Mitchell & Company
200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016.

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

New Natural Way To Sleep
Pure Cotton Knit
Tee-PJ's resemble a T-shirt, but over a foot longer. Special knit gives when you move, eases up when you relax. No bind, no bunch, no chafe, no buttons, no ironing! **Most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn or your money back.** (Great for Ladies, too.) Choose snow white or soft blue. S-M-L-XL. IMPORTANT— to ensure best fit include height-weight. ORDER NOW, while prices include postage/handling — a sizeable cost!
$14 ea. 3 for $33 (SAVE $9)
Long sleeve style (not shown)
$18 ea. 3 for $44 (SAVE $10)
100% Cotton Knit SLEEP CAP
Holds in up to 40% of body heat the head can lose! Special knit "gives" naturally to fit *any* head (man's or woman's): never constricts or binds . . . caresses your scalp with gentle warmth! Colors (matching Tee-PJ's above): choose snow white or soft blue.
Only $3.95 or 3 for $7.85 (SAVE $4)
Postpaid if you order promptly!
WITTMANN TEXTILES, Dept. 285
Hobe Sound, FL 33475 *(Ship. to FLA add 6% tax)*
Natural Fiber Specialists Since 1955

NUMBER SIXTEEN
has won a CESAR award for Excellence.
NEVERTHELESS
it's not a 'Grand Hotel',
so you'll find, your dollars go further.
16 SUMNER PLACE **LONDON** SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Tel. 01-589-5232 Telex 266638

garian Empire for centuries," Mrs. Tedeschi Minchew said. "Some of our parents were educated in Vienna, and many of us spoke German as a second language. We'd been warned continually about Hitler during the nineteen-thirties by refugees from Germany and Poland passing through Trieste on their way to Palestine. So we didn't trust anything the Germans said—unlike some of the people in Florence and Rome, who stayed in their homes and were caught. None of us knew much about the concentration camps until after the war, but we were all pretty sure that some kind of horrible fate was in store for us."

THE Risiera di San Sabba, which the group reached shortly before noon, was a reminder of the fate that Mrs. Tedeschi Minchew and her fellow-students had escaped. The fortresslike appearance of the Risiera, a massive red brick complex, concealed two interior courtyards. In the winter of 1943-44, the Einsatzkommando Reinhard, the special S.S. unit, converted the rice-processing plant into a prison. The following spring, the unit built an oven there for processing people. A year later, as Yugoslav troops were closing in on Trieste, the Germans blew up the core of the building in a panicky attempt to cover their tracks, burying many prisoners in the wreckage. Although the Risiera had been known to be a collection point for prisoners who would be sent on to other camps, in Germany and Poland, it wasn't until several months after the war ended that Italian workmen, digging through the rubble, discovered the crematorium. They also found thousands of identity cards—Yugoslav and Italian—buried under the bricks. In the early nineteen-sixties, after a long-standing boundary dispute between Italy and Yugoslavia had been settled, the Italian government rebuilt the Risiera, replacing the collapsed brick walls with concrete, and made it a national monument to the partisans of both countries. It remains a remote, haunted place, which is rarely visited by casual tourists.

The Ebraica students, whose cheerful spirits vanished as they walked down the narrow passageway that led into the Risiera, inspected the building with clinical curiosity. In one enormous storage room was a row of tiny, low-roofed wooden cells, which had faded flowers tucked into the door locks and faint, desperate messages scratched on some of the walls. In another large room was an exhibit of maps, pictures, and documents tracing the history of the German occupation and the development of Italian and Yugoslav resistance groups. There were photographs of smiling German officers in shiny boots and immaculate tailored uniforms, and photographs of grim-faced partisans marching through the snow in long, shabby overcoats. A printed guide noted that Joseph Oberhauser, the last commandant of the Risiera, had been convicted in absentia of murder by an Italian court, and had ended his days as a beer salesman in Munich.

At noon, the students gathered in the main courtyard, which contained an abstract iron sculpture and a large square area paved with gray metal plates. An inscription in Italian, Slovene, Serbo-Croatian, and Hebrew on the remains of a brick wall identified the square as the site of the crematorium. The Ebraica students arranged themselves in a rough semicircle around the inscription and listened politely as the museum director explained that the history of the prison had been pieced together from bits of evidence. "We have eyewitness reports about the oven from a few prisoners who were either released or sent on to Auschwitz and survived the war," she said. "And we have a photograph of the Risiera that was taken by a British spotter plane in February, 1945, three months before the Germans abandoned the prison. It shows very clearly the section of the building that contained the oven. There are also the identity cards and other physical evidence—human bones and human ashes—that were found in the ruins. We think that about five thousand people were killed in the oven and twenty thousand deported from here to camps in Germany and Poland. Most of the prisoners were Italian or Yugoslav partisans, but the lists of those who disappeared also include Jews."

There was a bleak silence. Then the rabbi of Trieste, a youngish man with an oval face, light-brown hair, and a short beard, stepped forward and laid a small wreath on the ground below the inscription. Moving back several paces to stand in a splash of bright sunlight, he held up an open book and began to chant the Hebrew prayers for the dead.

—JANE BOUTWELL

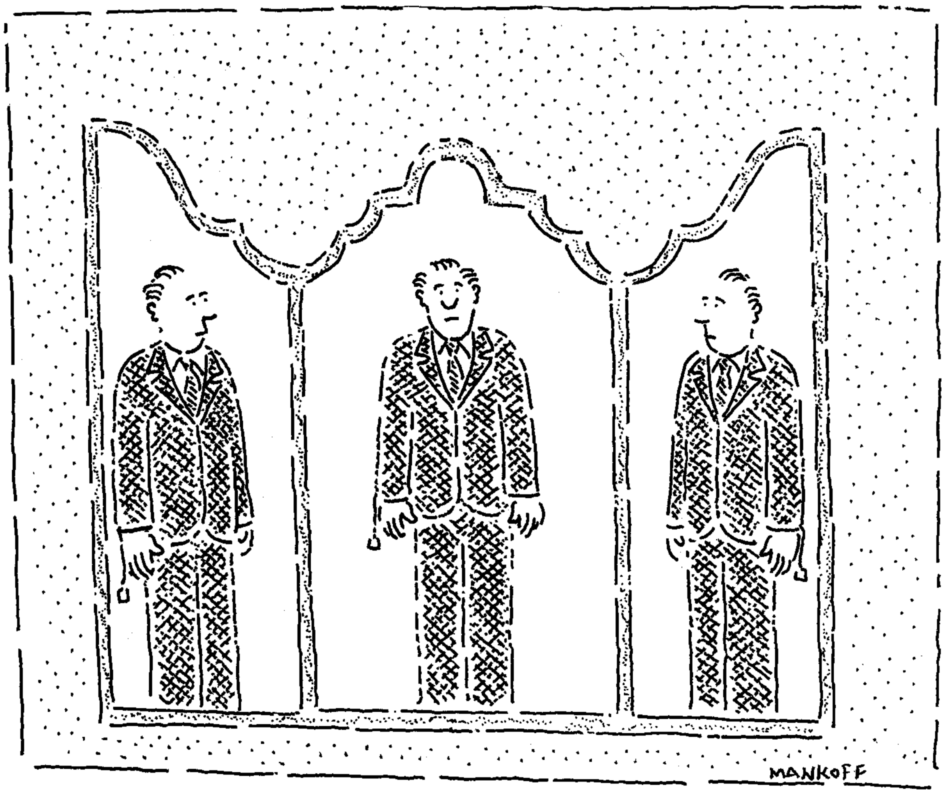
THE THEATRE

Portrait of a Lady

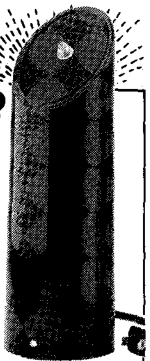
AT the emotional turning point of "The Heidi Chronicles," Wendy Wasserstein's manless heroine Heidi Holland (Joan Allen), an essayist and art-history professor, is supposed to deliver a speech at the Plaza Hotel. The occasion for the speech is an alumnae luncheon, the topic "Women, Where Are We Going?" We've seen Heidi speak in public before—in the classroom sequences that, prologue-like, begin each act—and we've grown familiar with the mock girls'-school bonhomie she exhibits toward the women painters who constitute her particular area of expertise. Ordinarily, the public Dr. Holland is a model of wry composure. On this occasion, however, instead of giving a speech (she hasn't prepared one) Wasserstein's heroine gets up and extemporizes. She begins by sketching a fictional portrait of herself as an "exemplary" New Woman, whose busy and full life—complete with ideal husband and children—would excuse her showing up speechless at a luncheon where she herself was the featured event. Then, in an apparent non sequitur, she tells a story about going to the health club and being too much affected by the other women in the locker room to go through with the exercise class she had planned to attend. Wasserstein never makes the connection between the two halves of the speech; she leaves it to us to infer that Dr. Holland was "too sad" to produce a speech for the Miss Crain's School luncheon, just as she had been "too sad to exercise" that day. Moreover, the cause of Heidi's depression—her manlessness—is never alluded to. Instead, Wasserstein duplicates that feeling in us by having Heidi describe the women in the locker room: two girls discussing "the reading program at Marymount nursery school;" a woman her mother's age complaining about her daughter-in-law; another older woman "extolling the virtues of brown rice and women's fiction." She imagines the young mothers thinking that women like her "chose the wrong road": " 'A pity they made such a mistake, that empty generation.' Well, I really don't want to be feeling this way about all of them. . . . It's just that I feel stranded. And I thought the whole point was that we wouldn't feel stranded, I thought the point was we were all in this together."

"The Heidi Chronicles," which opened last week at Playwrights Horizon in a bangup production directed by Daniel Sullivan, is actually a very funny play. The scene at the Plaza is a tour de force: it justifies the whole play, yet nothing in the play has prepared us for it. We have never been told that the heroine is to make a speech; we have never heard of the Miss Crain's School. We arrive at the Plaza not by any dramaturgical route but by a device of Thomas Lynch, the set designer. That we are able to feel, once we're there, that this scene is where Wasserstein's play has been leading all along is a mark of her artistry.

"The Heidi Chronicles" is probably Wasserstein's best work to date. What distinguishes it from her earlier plays is that it actually says something. It's one thing to be able to record an experience or capture the spirit of a time—to write bittersweet autobiography about the bright, promising people one knew in college ("Uncommon Women and Others") or how hard it is to grow up and break free of overprotective parents ("Isn't It Romantic")—and quite another to send us out of a theatre feeling that we see something in a different light. "The Heidi Chronicles" is autobiographical only in the most interesting way: Wasserstein's heroine is, like Wasserstein herself, a student of other women—particularly women engaged in creating images of womanhood. It's significant that the women we see Heidi lecturing on belong to another time: it suggests that Wasserstein's subjects—the young men and women who came of age in the sixties and dropped out to work on radical newspapers or in women's collectives—stand somehow outside the purview of her own and her heroine's experience. Wasserstein wants Heidi to be not an advocate of the women's movement but one of its victims—a vessel carrying around the ideals and experiences of her time. Throughout the play, Heidi remains mostly mute and passive, aloof from the proceedings. That's one of the reasons it's so good to see Miss Allen in the role—of all our younger actresses the most eloquent in silence or repose. "You're the one whose life this will all change significantly," warns a charismatic pseudo-radical young man



The Haberdashery Triptych—the Barneys Collection, New York



BREATHE AIR FREE OF SMOKE POLLEN POLLUTION

Powerful EnergAire® Ionizer continuously purifies up to 4,000 cubic feet (a large room) of polluted air and makes it breathable and invigorating. Restores natural ion balance to unhealthy environments caused by industrial pollution, automobile exhaust, central air conditioning and heating, smoke, dust, pollen, animal fur... removes microscopic pollution particles not removed by any other method of air purification.

EnergAire was rated **Number One** *for removal of cigarette smoke by the leading consumer protection magazine.*

EnergAire works the way nature cleans the air during a thunderstorm. Like lightning, it produces a concentration of negative ions which attach themselves to pollution particles in the air causing both to fall harmlessly to the floor. It has no noisy fan, costly filter, and requires no maintenance.

EnergAire produces 450,000 or more negative ions/cc./sec. (at one meter). Uses less than 2 watts. 9" high, 3" dia., 1 lb. Plugs into standard 110 volt outlet. Complete instructions included. Manufactured by Monadnock in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE... 12 MONTH MANUFACTURER'S WARRANTY

TO ORDER: Send $59.95 plus $3.50 each shipping and handling (in Mass. add 5% sales tax) by check, money order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date to **MONADNOCK SALES COMPANY, Dept. 283,** 201 Common St., **P.O. Box 189, Dedham, MA 02026,** or Call **TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-334-0854, Extension 651.** (for information, call 617-326-8675.) **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 283.** (201 Common St. is not a local retail location.)

WHY A FIREBACK ?

Because it will make your fireplace ***safer, more efficient*** *and* ***beautiful!***

These handsomely designed cast-iron plates protect against a major cause of fireplace related house fires -- damage to the rear wall. They also radiate extra heat into your room.

Shown above: THE ROOSTER. 28" W x 26"H, 65 lbs.

CATALOG of 35 antique replica and contemporary designs, **$2.00** (refundable).

THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY
Dept. 869, P.O. BOX 600
PAOLI, PA 19301
(215) 296-7122

THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY

WHITE SILK

17"×17" pure hand rolled silk twill Handkerchiefs imported from China. An elegant addition to one's pocket. Beautifully packaged in collections of six. $30. For a gratifying gift or treat for one's self. Send check, gift card instructions, and shipping address to:

CARTER ANTHONY
IMPORTERS OF FINE SILKS
103 Ivy Drive #8
Charlottesville, VA 22901

1 - 2 Week Delivery

Heidi meets at a McCarthy rally in Manchester, New Hampshire, in 1967, and we see his prophecy fulfilled. At a consciousness-raising session in Ann Arbor in 1970, Heidi is an interloper, forced by feelings and circumstances into "sharing" with the other women and surrounded by them, at the end of the scene, in an uncomfortable embrace. We witness Heidi's seduction by the women's movement just as we witnessed her seduction by Scoop, the charismatic young man in the scene before—one of that horde of clever, intense young men who knew how to badger women into profound conversations and shallow beds by making astute personal remarks. It's one of the clevernesses of Wasserstein's play that she makes Scoop (Peter Friedman) a *pseudo*-radical. "You'll be one of those true believers who didn't understand it was just a phase," she has him say. Twenty years later, a routine philanderer and the editor of his own life-style magazine, Scoop will be thinking of going into politics, and Heidi will be adopting a baby. We'll never find out exactly what makes Heidi tick, but then we never really find out what makes Isabel Archer tick.

This moving-snapshot style of theatre, in which the progress of a particular character is charted through a succession of years in different towns and cities, is popular among playwrights of Wendy Wasserstein's generation and is most often used to chronicle their disillusionments and disappointments, as Wasserstein uses it here. The danger inherent in such an approach—one that has to go so far afield in space and time in order to make a point—is that what the playwright has to say may turn out to be either trivial, as in the case of Michael Weller's "Loose Ends," or untrue, as in the case of David Hare's "Plenty." Freed from the necessity of discerning some *pattern* of truth in human action, one can, after all, say anything.

Like the health-club speech, Wasserstein's entire play is a tour de force: it mimics the faults of her generation's style of theatre yet manages to transcend them. It spans twenty-three years and rockets us back and forth in time and place. And though it tracks the main characters from the sixties to the present there isn't a single scene in which anything that anyone does has consequences in a later scene. That the play manages to seem economical can only be attributed to some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing; the Chekhovian fabric of the dialogue—the degree to which characters' ways of talking differ from one another or change over time—creates a Stanislavskian offstage life, so that to witness one conversation between Scoop and Heidi is to know what their subsequent relationship as lovers will be like. Wasserstein never states anything that can be inferred; it's one of the ways she keeps her heroine free of righteousness and self-pity. We aren't shown Heidi's disappointment when her charming, self-effacing friend Peter (Boyd Gaines) announces that he is gay, just at the moment when we're wondering why Heidi doesn't settle down with him (the way we keep wondering why Isabel doesn't settle down with one of the nice young men in "Portrait of a Lady"); instead, we feel disappointed ourselves.

There's generosity in the writing, toward the characters, certainly, not one of whom is made to seem ludicrous or dismissible, but also toward the performers, who get to engage in a delicious brand of highly specific character acting: Mr. Gaines and Mr. Friedman, irresistible as the two principal men; Drew McVety, making frequent cameo appearances (as a preppie, a bullied waiter, a pediatric resident); Ellen Parker, Anne Lange, Joanne Camp, and Sarah Jessica Parker, playing a host of different women of such varying degrees of liberatedness and niceness that Wasserstein's portrait of womanhood always remains complex. She is herself too much a lady to moralize. She condemns these young men and women by simply capturing them in all their charm and complexity, without rhetoric or exaggeration. They are measured and found wanting. Her final comment on the me generation is contained in Heidi's wish for her daughter: that no man should ever make her feel she is worthless unless she demands to have it all.

—Mimi Kramer

•

MORE CLEVER SHOP NAMES WE WISH WE HADN'T SEEN

Kimono My House, a gift shop, Emeryville, Calif.
Art-Attack, a picture framer, Cambridge, Mass.
A Change of Hobbit, a science-fiction bookstore, Santa Monica, Calif.

REFLECTIONS

WHERE THE WARS CAME FROM

THE salient fact about Central and Eastern Europe today is that nothing is settled. Everything was *supposed* to have been settled forty years ago by Stalin—he told Tito that in "this war . . . whoever occupies a territory also imposes on it his own social system"—but history has decided otherwise. It is now evident that Soviet political control of Eastern and East Central Europe was a historical parenthesis, about to be closed, and that nothing fundamental or lasting has been changed by it. Because Soviet control provided a solution to the "problem" of Europe for the Western powers, as well as for the Soviet Union, closing that parenthesis will reopen for everyone questions that have been given virtually no thought for four decades. East Central and Eastern Europe, including the Balkans, is a region of unachieved nationalisms, unresolved ethnic tensions, challenged frontiers, and irredentisms, out of which came both world wars.

The partition of Germany was the crucial geopolitical result of the Second World War. It occurred because of the Soviet drive into Central Europe. If the Soviet presence were now removed from Central Europe, the question of Germany would arise again. Since its unification in 1871, Germany has been, because of its responsibility for the two world wars, the main force acting on modern history. It is reasonable to think that without those wars there would have been no Russian Revolution, no Chinese Revolution, no Cold War, no American world role.

Today is not yesterday, of course. The terrible experiences that the people of Central and Eastern Europe have undergone in this century—horrors unrivalled since the Thirty Years' War—have certainly altered political values and sobered national and ideological enthusiasms. But if Soviet-dominated Europe is reunited with Western Europe—and that now seems sooner or later assured—not only will Europe be changed in a fundamental way, so will the American relationship to Europe. The civilization of Central Europe, integrally linked to the civilization of Western Europe, has been stifled and politically repressed for forty years but has not ceased to exist and has not lost its connection to the West. As the Communist political and economic system imposed on it in the nineteen-forties falters, slipping deeper into crisis, what has permanently existed there reasserts itself with more and more force. The problem is what to do about the politically obsolescent, intellectually discredited, economically unworkable structure that has linked this part of Europe to the Soviet Union since the war. That structure of relations is becoming increasingly dangerous just because it doesn't work. It is the most serious problem in international affairs at the present time.

Western Europe has emerged from its own period of postwar trauma and withdrawal. The recovery was economic before it became political, and the 1992 Single European Market, if successful, will complete the work of the original Common Market and make Western Europe the most populous, most productive, and richest industrial community on earth. The harmonization of fiscal and monetary policy in the Community, which will affect social policy as well, will lead to a higher level of effective political integration than anyone had foreseen since the enthusiastic early days of Jean Monnet. For the Europeans of the East, Western Europe's magnetism—material forces pulling an underdeveloped East toward the productive West—already is immense.

Mikhail Gorbachev's *perestroika* and "new thinking" in foreign policy have sharply accelerated the return of Europe to what it used to be by implic-

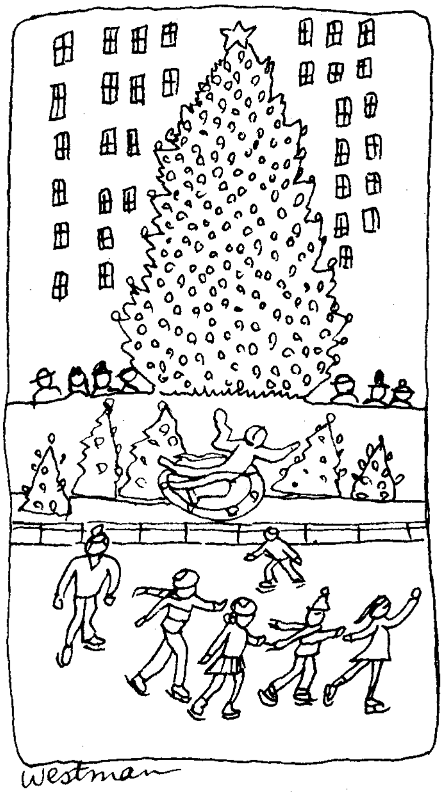
"*They want to play tonight. Do we still play?*"

itly conceding the Soviet Union's failure to change Eastern Europe. Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany (Saxony, Brandenburg, and a part of Prussia) all have been and remain part of an ancient Central European civilization whose vital attachments are to Western Europe: to Roman or Reformation Christianity, Renaissance thought and baroque art, the Enlightenment, the experience of Romanticism. The Balkan states (Bulgaria, Rumania, and also Greece, Albania, and Yugoslavia) are part of Eastern (or Southeastern) Europe, formerly under the domination of the Ottoman Empire and, before that, part of the Byzantine Eastern Roman Empire. Their historical and cultural experience is obviously not the same as that of Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany—which, together with Austria, make up Central Europe. (In what follows, when I speak of this area as a whole I will nonetheless refer to it as Eastern Europe, or the Socialist bloc, that having become the convention during the forty years of the Cold War.)

DURING the last four decades, a cultural struggle in this region has been lost by the Soviet Union. In 1984, the Czech novelist Milan Kundera wrote a celebrated essay on the Central European consciousness in which he said that in each of the anti-Soviet rebellions between the nineteen-fifties and the nineteen-seventies "the collective cultural memory and the contemporary creative effort assumed roles so great and so decisive—far greater and far more decisive than they have been in any other European mass revolt"—because culture itself became "the living value around which all people rally." Whatever the political morale or the expectations of the people of this region, they are not in the slightest doubt about who they are and to what civilization and political tradition they adhere. In the early years after the Second World War, that was not always true. There was an influential notion that Soviet Communism perhaps did stand for the future: that one might have hope in it or detest it, but that it was useless to stand against it—that Europe as it had existed before the war was now, as a civilization, terminated. The Soviet Union has since remained militarily dominant in the region, and Communist Parties have ruled. This domination, as it turns out, has changed nothing fundamental, because the Soviet Union has failed to display the cultural authority, the élan or magnetism, the quality of apparent inevitability which is able to evoke mimesis (to use Toynbee's term)—able to persuade the East Europeans that they wanted the Soviet Union as a model, should accept its values, should see in it their future.

It was otherwise in successful empires. Those peoples conquered by Rome wanted to become Roman citizens. Élites in colonial India and Africa in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries wanted to study at Oxford or in Paris. The notion that a young Pole or Hungarian of the last forty years might have longed to go to Moscow to study and make a career, to find a place among its painters and poets, to bring its civilization back to his own country, is ludicrous. Their grandfathers and fathers had wanted to go to Vienna, Berlin, Paris, New York—and so have they.

The prestige that the Soviet Union possessed in intellectual and working-class circles before the Second World War—as a revolutionary society, the workers' fatherland—has been discredited. Pro-Western and pro-American sentiments have intensified in Socialist Europe—often unreasonably so. The idealism of prewar Communist cadres, of the Comintern and the wartime Communist underground, of the people who established the first postwar governments and were willing to justify brutality and expediency as necessary to the redemptive transformation of society, was long ago replaced by cynicism or careerism. Nothing has been accomplished to give ordinary people reason to want to remain in "the Socialist camp." The Communists' attempt to create a vast, integrated, socially progressive economic bloc has proved a fiasco in practical terms. More than four decades after the Second World War, the countries of this bloc suffer systematic shortages of food and basic consumer goods. The goods they produce are shoddy, their countryside is desperately polluted. "Why should we live like this? What have we done? We work so hard," said a young East German who, exceptionally, was allowed to visit members of his family in German Switzerland. Why should East Germany, the old industrial center of imperial and Nazi Germany, lag far behind West Germany in industrial productivity and sophistication, and in its standard of living? Why should there be chronic food shortages in Poland and Rumania—formerly major agricultural exporters—and rationed electric power in Rumania, a major oil producer? Czechoslovakia was the industrial core of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Before the Second World War, it was an important exporter of arms and heavy-industrial products. Its industry is now hopelessly uncompetitive on world markets.



Eastern Europeans know they live under an economic and social system that has robbed people of freedoms universally enjoyed in the rest of Europe, and deprives people even of the privacies, the amenities, the trivial luxuries that their work would easily entitle them to in Western Europe or North America. Why should they not have the structures of social protection taken for granted in non-Communist Europe? Why should Polish shipbuilders not have a real union? They had one under the prewar right-wing dictatorship. Why should the serious literature, drama, and art of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, East Germany, and Bulgaria be condemned to underground existence—samizdat publication or furtive performance or showing? Why should Rumanian peasants of Hungarian or German ethnic origin suffer suppression of their traditional cultures? Why should Rumania undergo a grotesque regrouping of a rural population into newly constructed apartments, with the expropriation and destruction of half the nation's villages?—a piece of social engineering described by Rumania's leader as fulfilling "a wish toward civilized modern life in the spirit of the humanism of our society." Why should the historical center of Bucharest, a charming and elegant city, be destroyed because "Socialism" has bestowed upon Rumania a dictator, Nicolae Ceauşescu, who, despite Neronian delusions, continues to enjoy the de-facto endorsement and putative military backing of the Soviet Union? In Rumania, this writer has heard an official remark, apropos of the "contradictions" produced by history, that "we should have set out to build Fascism."

CENTRAL EUROPE'S political and cultural connection to Western Europe has existed for more than a thousand years, and that of Southeastern Europe goes back to antiquity. Rumania was a Roman province, as were what now is Yugoslavia, much of Hungary, and Bulgaria (and Turkey, where the Eastern, Greek Roman Empire had its capital, Constantinople). Rome's frontiers in Europe, under Augustus, were the Rhine and the Danube. Central Europe was the heart of the Holy Roman Empire, which succeeded Rome in the West. Slavic Bohemia's first dynasty, in the tenth century, adhered to the Holy Roman Empire, and in the fourteenth century Bohemia was the seat of that Empire. Later, the Bohemian religious reformer Jan Hus anticipated the Reformation, and Bohemia, together with Eastern Germany, became the center of Protestantism. The Thirty Years' War, settling the character of Central Europe into modern times, began in Bohemia, between the Roman and the Protestant versions of Western Christianity.

Bulgaria and Rumania were both part of the Eastern Roman Empire, then of the Ottoman Empire, and subsequently fell under Russian influence, and their Christianity (like that of Greece and Serbia) is the Eastern Christianity of Cyril and Methodius. Even so, Rumania insists on its Latin culture and Roman origins. (Rumanian is a language accessible to anyone who reads Italian or French.) Rumania occupies more or less the former Roman province of Dacia, and emerged as a modern nation in the mid-nineteenth century, taking a German prince—a Hohenzollern—as its monarch.

Bulgaria, with Russian support, emerged from Ottoman control at roughly the same time as Rumania, and also acquired a German monarch—a Battenberg, to be followed by a Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Its independent national existence began in considerable tension with Serbia (the largest component of what is now Yugoslavia), Greece, and, later, post-Ottoman Turkey, over the possession of Macedonia (now divided among Bulgaria, Greece, and Yugoslavia). The two Balkan Wars (1912 and 1913) resulted, ending with Bulgaria's defeat and loss of territory. Bulgaria entered the First World War on the Central Powers' side, chiefly because of its claim to Macedonia, and, in the event, lost further territory to Greece and Yugoslavia. It fought on the German side again in the Second World War until the Red Army reached its frontiers. In the postwar settlement, it was given a contested region to its northeast, South Dobruja, taken from Rumania. Rumania was also deprived of Bessarabia, now part of the Moldavian Republic of the U.S.S.R. Since 1945, Rumania has contested neither of its territorial losses; nor has Hungary officially contested Rumania's rule of disputed Transylvania (although relations between the two countries have reached the point where the writer István Csurka, speaking at an officially encouraged rally in Budapest in June of this year, said, "Formally, Rumania is our ally—in practice, it is our enemy"). Both the Rumanian and the Bulgarian governments "sell" their ethnic German citizens to West Germany—a trade that has had little publicity. The Rumania–West Germany arrangement has provided for the emigration of up to twelve thousand German-speaking Rumanians each year for the last ten years, in exchange for a West German indemnity of approximately four thousand dollars per person. The West German interior ministry said in July that it expected a total of two hundred thousand ethnic Germans to have left the Eastern bloc in 1988. And Sofia has recently been engaged in a campaign to suppress the language and culture of Bulgaria's

You Don't Need a Life-Threatening Illness to Enjoy This Book

YOU CAN'T AFFORD THE LUXURY OF A NEGATIVE THOUGHT

A Book for People with Any Life-Threatening Illness — Including Life.

PETER McWILLIAMS
Co-Author of
How to Survive the Loss of a Love

& JOHN-ROGER
Author of
Relationships: The Art of Making Life Work

Enjoy? Sure. Overcoming a life-threatening illness need not be a deadly-serious business. It can be fun -- even funny.

In its 622 pages, *You Can't Afford the Luxury of a Negative Thought* covers not only things serious (we prefer the word sincere) one can do in addition to comprehensive medical care, it suggests the whimsical as well. ("The superfluous, a very necessary thing." --Voltaire.)

There are more than 400 quotes, for example: everyone from Shakespeare to Mae West to Alice Roosevelt Longworth ("If you can't say anything good about someone, sit right here by me") to Oscar Wilde ("Always forgive your enemies -- nothing annoys them so much").

It's also the only book on healing we know that recommends reading cartoons as part of the cure.

You Can't Afford the Luxury of a Negative Thought is available at better bookstores everywhere, including Waldenbooks and B. Dalton Booksellers, or by mail.

To order by mail, please send a check for $24.95 (hardcover) or $14.95 (trade paperback) to Prelude Press, 8165 Mannix Drive, Los Angeles, California, 90046, or call, toll-free, 24 hours:

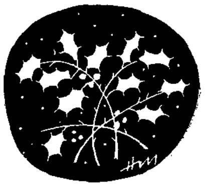
1-800-874-6569

(1-800-U-R-IN-JOY)

Libraries and booksellers: Please order from Ingram

Turkish minority. (A hundred and sixty thousand Bulgarians of Turkish culture were simply expelled in 1951-1952.)

The Hungarians are an Asian people of obscure origin and were dominated by the Ottomans for more than a century and a half (from 1526 to 1699), in the Ottoman Empire's furthest penetration of the West. The Hungarians' connection with the West, and especially with France, began soon after their stabilization as a nation, in the tenth century.



The Hungarian nobles compelled their king to grant the Golden Bull—a concession of power to the nobility, described as the Hungarian Magna Carta—in 1222, seven years after Runnymede. Poland, whose court formally adopted Christianity in 966, developed a quasi-parliamentary system under the Jagiellon dynasty (1386-1572)—earlier than Britain did—and there was a form of habeas corpus in Poland before it emerged in English law. A Hungarian journalist telexed the world in the final moments of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 to say, "We are going to die for Hungary and for Europe"—a phrase with which Kundera began his 1984 essay. For Hungarians, Czechs, and Poles "the word 'Europe' does not represent a phenomenon of geography but a spiritual notion synonymous with the word 'West,' " he wrote. "The moment Hungary is no longer European—that is, no longer Western—it is driven from its own destiny, beyond its own history: it loses the essence of its identity." The present concern for Central European civilization felt by exiles such as Kundera often expresses a nostalgia for the multinational Hapsburg system, which so many of its citizens—Czechs first among them—were eager to destroy in 1918, in favor of romantic national causes.

Poland's case is very striking. Adam Zamoyski writes in his history "The Polish Way":

> Throughout the last three centuries, the Poles have been at pains to stress that they belong to the West, to Christendom and to Rome. There are strong ideological reasons for this claim, since they have absorbed so much of the moral and cultural heritage of Rome, and this constitutes the greatest distinction between them and their Slav brothers to the East. Their zeal, however, is the zeal of the convert, for they were not conceived by Rome or born in Christianity. . . . By the time medieval Christianity brought the influence of Rome to what is now Poland, there was already a nation-state in existence.

The nation-state was a Slavic state under a pagan monarchy, that of the Piast dynasty, and was a substantial obstacle to the eastward expansion of the Holy Roman Empire. From the tenth century, when the Polish monarch, together with his court, was baptized a Roman Catholic, Poland was concerned primarily with its relationship with that Empire, to which it was never annexed; with the expansionist and aggressive order of Teutonic knights in what was subsequently Prussia; with neighboring Bohemia, the other major East Central European power; and with Lithuania, with which Poland unwisely united itself in the fourteenth century. The intellectual life of Poland was in steady interaction with that of Italy, in particular, but was also greatly influenced by France and Britain.

By the late Middle Ages, Jagiellon Poland had incorporated much of what is now Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Croatia, Belorussia, and the Ukraine as well as Lithuania, ruling a region that extended from the North Sea to the Adriatic and the Black Sea, and from Vienna nearly to Moscow. The extent, civilization, and power of the medieval Polish Commonwealth are usually forgotten today, because of Poland's virtual disappearance from the map in modern times. Its eighteenth-century partitions among Russia, Austria, and Prussia—in part a result of its own "democracy," a system wherein each of the members of the Seym, or parliament, possessed a virtual veto over national policy—were not ended until 1918. The nation again disappeared under Nazi rule, in 1940, and since 1945 it has been under Soviet domination. The result is a profound experience of survival as a nation and a culture despite foreign control. The transfer of the crucial elements of national education to "flying universities," whose classes meet in homes and churches, and to other unofficial schools, which existed during the partitions, under Nazi occupation, and again under the Communists; the flourishing underground publishing and cultural life; the rallying around the Church as guarantor of national culture—all reflect the lessons in national survival learned when Poland had no formal existence as a state.

THERE is today a deep misunderstanding between the Soviets and the East Europeans when they speak of reform. Gorbachev and his colleagues call for a return to Leninism. This means for them a return to the idealism of the revolution and, they contend, to "democratic" institutions destroyed by Stalin. They look to a restored Leninism to provide both moral and political legitimacy to the rule of the Communist Party. For the East Europeans, a return to Leninism suggests a return to repression, ideological dictatorship, and the "revolutionary discipline" invoked by Stalin and his apologists to justify the terror of the nineteen-fifties. Reform in the Soviet Union—*perestroika*, *glasnost*, "new thinking"—takes the form of an acknowledgment of long-denied truths about the failures and crimes of the Soviet system and modern Soviet history, and an attempt to change the Soviet Union within the terms of the inherited Leninist system. For the Soviet leadership, there is no evident alternative to Leninism. To discard it would be to discard the leaders' own right to lead—the basis of their legitimacy. In Eastern Europe, rejection of the Marxist-Leninist system not only is thinkable but, in all but the most reactionary Party circles, is assumed to be the only real solution to the problems that these countries, and the élites themselves, confront.

Unlike the Soviet leadership, which lacks any example or historical model of what Russian society might become other than Leninist or czarist, the East Europeans have obvious models for change, not only in their own histories but in the contemporary West. The dynamic forces in these countries want some version of the pluralist political system of the West, and some form, usually conceived as social-democratic, of the open economy that has given the West its prosperity. In Poland and Hungary today, if one talks with economists, journalists, members of the scientific institutes, and even some officials—not dissidents but people active in the affairs of their countries—they are generally perfectly open about this. They say that if it were not for Soviet domination of the region, and the ideological/military division of Europe as a whole, they would quickly abandon a discredited Communist economic, political, and social system for the system of Western Europe, which demonstrably works. In Hungary, non-Communist parties have already been formed—unofficially but, so far, with official toleration—and senior Party officials speak openly of eventually restoring a multiparty system of government.

In Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Bulgaria, and Rumania, people are more circumspect, because the authorities in those countries today are extremely unsure of themselves in the face of the Soviet Union's reforms. Nevertheless, there are instances of remarkable candor even there. The director of the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences' Institute for Forecasting, Valtr Komarek, told the *Times* last fall that events of recent years had "led to suppressing the creative possibilities of the people," and that "this has brought Socialism to a deep contradiction with modern science, technology and modern economic and social forces." Socialism "is on the threshold of crisis," he said. "If there is not a total reform, the crisis is inevitable." Earlier this year, some three hundred thousand Czechs signed a petition for complete religious freedom. The Charter 77 human-rights group, begun in 1977, is still active despite official persecution, and the East German Lutheran Church provides "free space"—a church or church hall, a pastor's apartment—where East German social and political dissidents are able to gather and express themselves. Some Gorbachev speeches have been censored in Czechoslovakia and East Germany, as have some press accounts of developments in Moscow. Copies not only of the main Soviet organs of reform—*Moscow News*, *Ogonyok*—but also of *Pravda*, which arrive in East Berlin, are sold out almost immediately, since they provide information that the East Germans cannot obtain from their own press. In November, the East German authorities banned the Soviet Embassy's own German-language propaganda magazine, *Sputnik*, which was publishing too much about reform to suit the German Party leaders, and had made a comparison of Stalin with Hitler, which they found unacceptable.

The Westward orientation of East Germany and Eastern Europe is economic as well as moral and intellectual. The East European countries all had important economic links to Western Europe until the cataclysm set off by Hitler. Czechoslovakia, which had been a part of the Hapsburg system until 1918, was the second industrial power of the region. (Germany, of course, was the first.) West Germany has now resumed its position as principal trading partner for the entire East European (C.M.E.A., or Comecon) group and as principal supplier of foreign capital. The pattern of this trade is roughly what it was before the war, when Eastern Europe supplied raw materials and agricultural products to the more sophisticated German economy. Today, West Germany buys fuels, raw materials, and semi-manufactured goods from the East. West German chemical companies buy large quantities of bulk chemicals from East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, and these go into fine chemicals and chemical products that West Germany exports elsewhere. The *Financial Times* recently reported that "no other western country provides anything like this enormous market for the East's low added value products."

It is a deliberate West German political policy to maintain trade with East Germany at no less than ten per cent of East Germany's total foreign trade. (This constitutes only some two per cent of West Germany's total trade.) That is not easy to do, since East Germany, like the other countries of the Socialist bloc, has difficulty producing anything other than raw materials and semi-manufactures which can compete on world markets. Thus, West Germany sends crude oil to East Germany for refining and takes it back at three times the price at which it was sold, even though there is much unused refining capacity in the Federal Republic.

The intra-German relationship is so close that East Germany is sometimes referred to in Europe as the thirteenth member of the Common Market. The West German government defends its subsidies, real and virtual, to the East German economy (which include "buying" political prisoners and dissident East Germans in difficulty with the authorities) as a humanitarian obligation to fellow-Germans who are continuing to pay for Hitler's war while West Germans enjoy prosperity and world respect, but the policy is also intended to make East Germany dependent upon the West.

d. ehrenberg

Similarly, West German loans to Hungary (which has the highest level of debt in the Socialist bloc and was saved from bankruptcy by the West Germans last year) have been provided in exchange for political concessions: the continuance of liberal reforms in the Hungarian economy, together with specific improvements in Hungarian–West German relations, such as the opening of a West German cultural center in Budapest. Even with West German help, the Hungarian situation continues to be dramatic: high inflation, over-all loss of buying power, rising unemployment, and a flight from currency into real estate—which in Budapest rose between thirty and fifty per cent in cost during the twelve months prior to May, 1988. Hungary now has a non-Communist President, Bruno Straub (the post is largely ceremonial), and its first non-Communist, nonpolitical labor union since just after the war—an association of scientific workers. The Hungarians and their neighbors the Austrians propose an Austro-Hungarian World's Fair in 1995, to take place partly in Vienna and partly in Budapest, with free movement between the two cities. In both Hungary and Poland there have been authorized proposals that associate Common Market status be sought.

West Germany is Poland's largest creditor and trade partner. Proposals of reforms meant to improve Poland's chaotic economic condition were the subject a year ago of the first wholly free election held in Eastern Europe since 1945—and the government, according to its own definition of success, lost. It had set a quixotic goal for itself: a majority of all eligible voters. In the event, it won the referendum in terms of votes actually cast, but about a third of the electorate abstained. Inside the

GILT-EDGED STOCKING STUFFER

THE NEW YORKER DIARY

- leather bound
- thumb-tabbed
- pocket sized
- distinctively styled
- and very *New Yorker*
- with exclusive About Town telephone-and-address guide

Please send me ____ copies of the pocket-edition *New Yorker Diary for 1989,* bound in leather, at $10.00, plus $1.00 shipping.

Name ____

Address ____

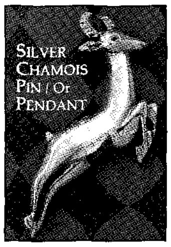
City/State/Zip ____

Make checks payable to *The New Yorker* and mail to:

The New Yorker, P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. 020016

OLD NAVAJO
PUEBLO · HISPANIC
Consultants · Appraisers · Brokers
SOUTHWEST TEXTILES
NAGEN ◆ DEWEY
1-800-2NAVAJO
ON THE PLAZA, SANTA FE



2½"L x 1¾"H.

HAWTHORNE COLLECTION, LTD.

From our Endangered Species Series, the graceful chamois antelope.

Handcrafted
Sterling **$85** 14K Gold **$375**.
+ $3 shpg. Specify Pin or Pendant
VISA/MC **800·334·0411**, ext. 1201
P.O. Box 2344,
Marion, NC 28752

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

Jaruzelski government, there has been discussion of the idea of a "Socialist opposition"—something that has, of course, been unofficially proposed in the Soviet Union as well. The implied rationale for the Polish military government is that military rule is necessary to prevent popular dissidence from provoking Soviet intervention, which would be a catastrophe for Poland. The Solidarity movement concedes the geopolitical constraints that weigh on Poland, but insists that political pluralism offers the only valid way out of the crisis. The point was, in principle, acknowledged in October by Poland's Prime Minister, Mieczyslaw Rakowski, who said in a *Time* interview that "politically, the decades-long monopoly of the Party is over," and that opposition representatives can be expected in the Polish parliament in 1989. Meanwhile, his colleagues were assuring the Soviets that the Communist Party has the situation well in hand. But, of course, the Polish government today remains a military government, which came to power because the civilian Communist government of Poland simply collapsed under popular pressures at the end of the nineteen-seventies. The crisis of Communism is more advanced in Poland than anywhere else, the present regime being really a custodial government, awaiting developments.

The Soviet stand with respect to the East Europeans is today awkwardly apologetic. Gorbachev has told the East European Party leaders that they must find their own solutions. He promises that what he describes as the "blank spots" or "white spaces" in the history of Soviet relations with its European satellites will be filled in. A Polish-Soviet commission met in 1987 and again this year to examine such matters, including the mass murder of more than four thousand Polish officers in the Katyn Forest in 1940—but, contrary to what was expected, or hoped, Gorbachev made no reference to the Katyn massacre when he visited Warsaw last July. A Catholic deputy in the Polish parliament spoke openly of Katyn, however, demanding "documents until now inaccessible on events sometimes held secret."

THE Soviet Union shows signs of deep uncertainty about what to do in Eastern Europe. The announcement by Gorbachev of unilateral conventional-force reductions is a potentially explosive affair. Gorbachev, speaking to the Hungarians, has expressed his wish to remove Soviet forces from Hungary, and it is generally thought that this will take place in the course of the Soviet leader's new troop-reduction program. In Hungary and elsewhere in the bloc, the message has been passed—or is understood to have been passed—that the Brezhnev Doctrine is finished (if there ever was a Brezhnev Doctrine, beyond an ex-post-facto rationalization of the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968). Gorbachev has repeatedly told the East European Parties that the Soviet Union has no answers to give them as to how they are to change—yet save—the system. He has told the Hungarians that the Soviet Union must learn from Hungary's reforms.

This is all very well, but what would happen if the Soviet Union found that the system was not salvageable and that its security zone in Eastern Europe was crumbling? One has the impression that the Soviet leaders have not seriously thought the matter through, or, perhaps, that they shrink from thinking it through because the possibilities seem so painful and contradictory. They want troop reductions, eased relations with both Western and Eastern Europe, and political and economic reform in the bloc, but they cannot bring themselves to acknowledge that the only effective reforms would involve a disjunctive change in the nature of their relationship with the East European countries, those countries' effective abandonment of the Soviet model of development, and a fundamental change in the security situation in Europe as a whole.

A Soviet security zone in Eastern Europe, respected, and even guaranteed, by the West European powers and the United States, and possessing a solid political base in the free consent of the East European peoples, is a perfectly realistic idea. Such a zone already exists on the Soviet Union's northern border, in Finland. It is what the Polish opposition was attempting to offer Leonid Brezhnev at the time of the initial crisis over the Solidarity movement, in 1981. It could provide the Soviet Union with far more solid long-term security assurances than the present system, which has repeatedly broken down, requiring military intervention to save it in 1953, 1956, and

1968, and a threat of it in 1981—each episode deepening the alienation and embitterment of the East European populations, and poisoning relations with the West. A changed security system, however, requires freedom for the East European peoples to voluntarily choose the commitment to Soviet security, doing so as a function of their free choice of institutional evolution toward West European norms—according to Finland's precedent.

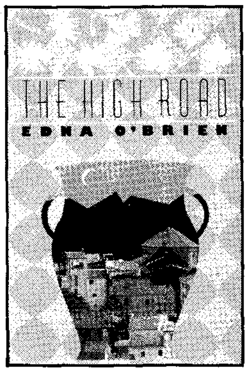
THE argument that the East European countries belong to Western Europe or Western civilization, or else that a distinct "Middle European" civilization exists, is disturbing not only to the Soviet leadership but to Soviet intellectuals—and, indeed, to all Russian intellectuals—who see in it an implied exclusion of Russia from Europe. At a literary conference in Lisbon earlier this year, the Soviet writers in attendance became angry at being told that in the part of Europe the Red Army freed from the Nazis the Soviet Union is seen as a repressive rather than a liberating force. The exiled Russian poet Joseph Brodsky, who lives in New York, defended them, telling those who spoke of a Middle European consciousness that "the concept of Central Europe is not known to Soviet citizens." Soviet writers are prepared to talk about a Socialist consciousness but not a Central European one, whereas for everyone else the notion of a distinct Socialist consciousness is an ideological relic of the nineteen-thirties.

There are also people in Western Europe who find the idea of a distinctive Middle Europe disquieting, on the ground that its political realization might take the form of a neutralized Central Europe (although it must be asked in what respect Central Europe would be neutral; the military neutralization of Eastern or East Central Europe on the model of Austria, Finland, or Yugoslavia is not automatically a bad idea). There are those who prefer what an American policymaker once called a "more organic" Soviet–East European relationship—perpetuating Soviet control—because they fear that greater political autonomy in the region would be destabilizing, inviting new unrest in an area of many unresolved conflicts. They prefer the present arrangements to an unpredictable future. This case could be more easily defended if the changes had not already gone so far, and if the Soviet Union's own crisis were not a primary instigator of those changes. Middle Europe exists, whether or not these people, or the Russian intelligentsia, like it, and the political and national issues of Central and Eastern Europe and the Balkans will inevitably, eventually have to be faced—"the German question" among them. Yet consideration of this is all but absent from the Western policy debate.

THE matter is more dangerous than we may think. The disputed nationalisms and separatisms of Central Europe and the Balkans are not today problems that the great powers are likely to go to war about. There are no Sarajevos on our horizon, even though Serbian nationalism—the force behind the Archduke Francis Ferdinand's assassination at Sarajevo, in 1914—has made an explosive return to the news from Yugoslavia. The serious question is: What will become of Russia? This engagement in Europe, to the Elbe, has been an internal as well as an external solution for the Soviet Union—a solution to ambition and to the force of political messianism in Russia. Leninism's formal ambition was to lead human society itself to a new level of civilization. After 1948, it could be claimed in Moscow that half of Europe was on its way, under Russia's direction.

During the Khrushchev and Brezhnev years, the challenge was aggressively extended to the non-Western world. Nikita Khrushchev in 1961 undoubtedly did believe that physical labor could be banished and that the Soviet Union would "overtake and surpass" the West by the nineteen-eighties, reaching "full Communism" by 1990. He could believe that the "national-liberation struggles" in Asia and Africa would find their natural culmination in those countries' adoption of Soviet-style Communism and alliance with the Soviet Union. Today, all that is over. Mikhail Gorbachev is liquidating the Soviet investment in Afghanistan (and its "revolution"), and is looking for settlements in Angola, Ethiopia, the Horn of Africa, Cambodia. The Soviet deep-water fleet is cruising closer to home. The Soviet economy is overtaking and surpassing no one.

Now the Soviet leadership and the



The High Road
EDNA O'BRIEN

"Edna O'Brien is the truest keeper of our souls writing today."
—Annette Williams Jaffee, *Ms.*

FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

IN SAN FRANCISCO
WINTER SPECIAL—DECEMBER/FEBRUARY
Just two blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary continental breakfast. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe. $72 to $90

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Brochure
(800) 227-4742 • (415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557

THE FEARRINGTON HOUSE COOKBOOK
A Celebration of Food, Flowers, and Herbs
JENNY FITCH

Celebrate the food, flowers & gracious entertaining of one of the South's premier restaurants.

THE FEARRINGTON HOUSE COOKBOOK

175 recipes
Tips on flower arranging

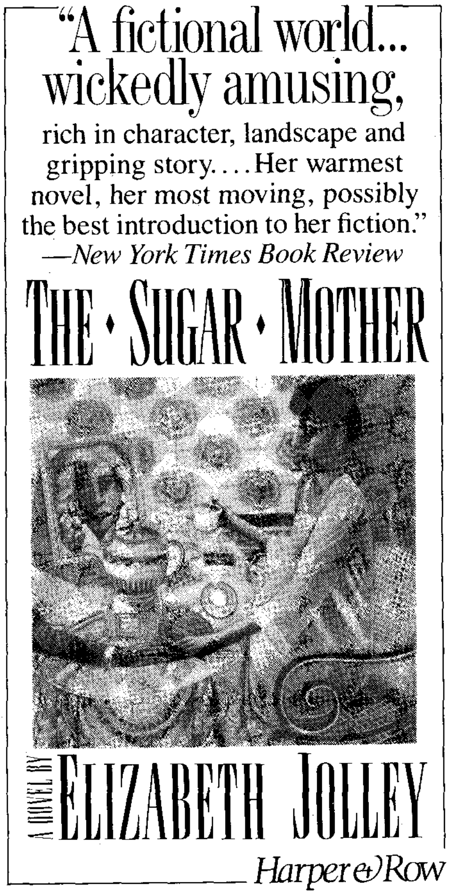
Hardcover $19.95 ($3 Shipping)
Available at fine bookstores and from
Ventana Press, P.O. Box 2468,
Chapel Hill, NC 27515 919/942-0220

SPINKY SULKS
WILLIAM STEIG

"Steig knows exactly what children think is funny… Glorious, insightful, comic, and wise."
—The New York Times Book Review

Full-color pictures
Now at your bookstore

MICHAEL DI CAPUA BOOKS
FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX



"A fictional world… wickedly amusing, rich in character, landscape and gripping story.…Her warmest novel, her most moving, possibly the best introduction to her fiction."
—New York Times Book Review

THE • SUGAR • MOTHER

A NOVEL BY
ELIZABETH JOLLEY

Harper & Row

Soviet people must come to terms with the fact that they cannot hold Eastern Europe, either. The European connection is important for Gorbachev and his associates, because they represent the Westernizing, Europeanizing tradition of reform in their country. Against them are forces of Russian nationalism, reaction, and isolation. It would be far better for the reformers if they could have a Socialist Eastern Europe that worked—reforming itself in effective ways, a partner in reform with the Soviet Union. That is clearly what Gorbachev wants, and asks, from the East European Parties and governments. But their societies face in another direction. The effort of the last forty years to change them has spilled much blood, sent thousands into the camps, imposed harsh conditions of life on millions—and has come to nothing. The Soviet Union is thrust back on itself. For the reformers, this may be the worst thing that could happen.

In mathematics and physics, chaos describes a phenomenon in which a process is critically and unpredictably altered by very slight change; the usual example is torrential turbulence in a fast-flowing fluid, caused by a slight change in the channel. Inertia is the force of resistance to change. There are obviously political analogies to both. It is extremely difficult to divert nations from the civilization and the values that have dominated their past. When change is imposed, however brutally, the tendency is to accommodate what is new by modifying it to conform with what was already there, or to reject it as alien. It is a commonplace observation that Marxism, German in intellectual origin, became a very Russian affair as it was practiced in Russia. This Russification of Marxism has, in turn, been an obstacle to its acceptance in societies with historical grievances against Russia. In Eastern Europe, the relationship with West European civilization has been responsible for a rejection of the Soviet Union and of Soviet Communism. There is nothing surprising in this. What *is* surprising is that so many people, in the West as well as in the Soviet Union, could have believed in the possibility of a radical and permanent break in the continuity of these societies.

On the other hand, changes, often very small and individual, are being made in the political process of the Soviet Union itself and in its conscious relationship with its own past. It would be rash to think that the result is predictable. It may not prove to be chaotic in either the scientific or the nonscientific meaning of the word, but it would be imprudent to think that what finally comes out of these changes will necessarily be liberalizing, democratic, benign. One hopes that this will be so, but the internal contradictions of the Soviet situation today are very serious, and the process of change is one in which a single variable can make a great difference. Consider the decision of the German general staff in 1918 to introduce the exiled Lenin into a Russian Revolution already under way. Max Hoffmann, chief of the general staff on the Eastern Front, afterward wrote, "At that time nobody could foresee the fatal consequences." Erich Ludendorff, Germany's warlord, said, "In sending Lenin, the Chancellor [Bethmann] promised us more rapid development of the Russian Revolution and an increase in the desire for peace. . . . Headquarters considered that in this way the defenses of the Army would be weakened." It seemed a good idea at the time. The Belgian Socialist Émile Vandervelde was more prescient; he commented on his own visit to revolutionary Petrograd with a phrase from Nietzsche: "There must be chaos, that out of chaos may come forth new stars; there must be chaos that new worlds may be born." Nineteen-eighteen was a beginning—from which, today, we are witness to another beginning.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

•

DIRECTIONS:

1. In a mixing bowl, stir together the tomatoes, scallions, basil, oregano, salt, pepper, and olive oil. Let stand about 15 minutes or up to one hour.

2. To assemble, line each of the two plates with the endive and radicchio leaves. Place the toaster in the center and spoon the tomato salad over. Serve immediately.—*Stamford Advocate & Greenwich Time.*

Could we substitute a microwave for the toaster?

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From the Albany Times Union]

But a fellow user pushing for stricter security counters: "Perhaps I am flogging a straw herring in midstream, but in light of what is known about the ubiquity of security vulnerabilities, it seems vastly too dangerous for university folks to run with their heads in the sand."

BOOKS

Huge Pits of Darkness, High Peaks of Light

THE poet Robinson Jeffers (1887-1962) is periodically resurrected. Stanford University Press is bringing out his complete poems in four sumptuous volumes; and from the ashes of "The Selected Poetry" (1938), compiled by Jeffers himself, and of a second selection, compiled in 1965 by anonymous editors at Random House, there now arises a third, "Rock and Hawk" (Random House; $19.95), selected by the Californian poet Robert Hass. Jeffers' own "Selected" ran to six hundred and twenty-two pages, the second to a hundred and eleven, and the new one—handsomely produced—is two hundred and ninety pages long and contains over a hundred short poems. Hass has dropped Jeffers' swollen narrative poems (ranging from fifty to ninety pages apiece), which have now sunk in critical estimation, though in the thirties they made Jeffers' name and brought him an adulation normally reserved for religious cult figures. Even reduced to his shorter works, Jeffers remains, it seems to me, a finally unsatisfying poet—coarse, limited, and defective in self-knowledge. Some modulation of intelligence or sensibility is missing from his writing. But because Jeffers was a man of very unusual linguistic equipment and literary training, because he felt so deeply compelled to poetry that he sequestered himself in Carmel and wrote obsessively, and because he had an extraordinary fame in both poetry and drama, his work asks for a scrutiny no one would bother to give to amateur writing. He has had warm defenders of his craggy philosophy—Czeslaw Milosz most recently—and impatient detractors, like Yvor Winters and Kenneth Rexroth (the California competition). It is not his opinions I would quarrel with. His descriptions of nature are made with an intent eye; his sensibility declares itself with apparent sincerity; his lexical range is enviable. And yet I resist grouping him not only with his greater contemporaries—Eliot and Frost—but even with such lesser contemporaries as Moore and Williams.

Robert Hass, in an earnest, intelligent, and winning essay prefacing this selection, gives an honest account of various unpleasant qualities he finds in Jeffers' work. Among the adjectives he resorts to are "pretentious," "repetitious," "bombastic," "humorless," "fuzzy," "obsessed," and "hysterical." Yet Hass's essay is fundamentally a defense of Jeffers, founded on his admiration for Jeffers' "truly obsessed and original imagination." Hass sets this internal power against what actually appeared from Jeffers' pen: "The most dangerous thing that can be said of him, I think, is that he was verbally careless." The risky division that Hass draws between imagination and writing may be dear to the heart of every poet; it is certainly, in some cases, dear to me. The extent to which any imaginative ardor outstrips its verbal after-image is commemorated in Shelley's vivid Biblical image: "The mind in creation is as a fading coal. . . . When composition begins, inspiration is already on the decline." Beloved poets are valued for their imagination even in their less accomplished moments. But the distinction between fire and fading is rarely invoked for the whole of a poet's work. Hass seems to want us to take Jeffers' entire œuvre as the work of a vivid imagination that never quite found its exact verbal body. Hass perhaps extrapolates backward to the glowing coal in Jeffers, while I see the fading embers, the extant works. It is not humorlessness or bombast I mind (after all, Coleridge accused Wordsworth of just these faults), nor is it hysteria and obsession (which are everywhere in, say, Eliot and Plath). Even pretentiousness and fuzziness might pass (they are not absent from Whitman).

In an attempt to explain objections to Jeffers, Hass suggests that modern critics, uncomfortable with poetic statement, were seeking, and not finding in Jeffers, the modernist hermetic symbol (Eliot's rose garden, Stevens' pigeons sinking downward to darkness). Yet that account is unsatisfactory: critics showed themselves willing to praise Frost's plain speaking and Eliot's long discursive passages in the "Quartets." What, then, is it that fails to compel acquiescence to Jeffers' verse? My short answer would be "His moral timidity." Since I mean that phrase to apply to the morality of art, and not

DANGER:
POTATO CHIPS
AHEAD

only to the morality of practical life, it may need some explanation.

Jeffers, though he seems not to have realized it, had a painful childhood. His father was a clergyman whose first wife died; he married again, and he was forty-eight when "Robin" was born. Biographers agree that Jeffers believed he loved his parents, and equally agree that behind the violent and incestuous family dramas that appear in his plays and poems there may have been some troubled Oedipal feelings toward his mother, who was in her twenties when she bore him. They also surmise that Jeffers as a child confused his father (a professor of Old Testament at the Western Theological Seminary of Pittsburgh) with God, and that his subsequent fierce atheism and his philosophy of scientific "Inhumanism" were the other side of the Presbyterian beliefs of his childhood. After severe paternal instruction in Latin and Greek and after European travel with his parents, the young Jeffers was apparently too unusual to fit in with other Pittsburgh schoolchildren, and he had a lonely youth. Between the ages of twelve and fifteen, he attended European boarding schools while his parents roamed about Europe and the Near East. Eventually, the family moved to Pasadena, and at eighteen Jeffers graduated from Occidental College. He went on to U.S.C., and there met a young married woman, Una Call Kuster, whom he married eight years later, after she was divorced. Jeffers' graduate work was in science, and was perhaps undertaken in an attempt to find a comprehensive world view different from that of his father. In 1912, Jeffers published his first book of poems, at his own expense; in 1913, he married Una; in 1914, they went by stagecoach to Carmel, built a house, and settled in for life. Their first child, a daughter, died; they then had twin sons. During the ten years after the publication of his fourth book, "Roan Stallion" (1925), Jeffers became an internationally famous man: a consciously Byronic studio portrait by Edward Weston ornaments the 1938 "Selected Poetry," and Hass tells us that in the thirties Jeffers appeared on the cover of *Time* and in the pages of *Vogue*. His reputation, though it was somewhat resuscitated by Judith Anderson's 1947 appearance in his "Medea," has since declined; his achievements (praised by Edwin Arlington Robinson and Mark Van Doren in the early years but disputed even then by Yvor Winters and later by R. P. Blackmur) continue to perplex evaluation.

Once Jeffers had found his free-verse style and his topics—the sublimity of nature, sexual violence, and the pettiness or degeneracy of mankind—nothing further seems to have happened fundamentally to his mind or his writing. This is agreed on by all. Hass sees some superficial mellowing in the later work. "The mind has relaxed somewhat," he says of the poetry of the last years, but he adds that Jeffers "still hammers away at his religious convictions." Not much, in short, has changed at the center. This permanent arrest at the point of youthful self-discovery is the central fact to be confronted by any commentator on Jeffers.

It is not that Jeffers did not work on his art. He learned to purge out a good deal of his earlier grotesquerie, lines of the sort we find in, say, "Tamar," where Tamar asks the dead:

> What shall I ask more? How it feels when the last liquid morsel
> Slides from the bone? Or whether you see the worm that burrows up through the eye-socket, or thrill
> To the maggot's music in the tube of a dead ear? You stinking dead.

More troubling than the surplus of the grotesque is Jeffers' never-purged sadism. Tamar's brother, sexually jealous, takes up a whip to flog her:

> Sickened to see the beautiful bare white
> Blemishless body writhe under [the whip] before it fell . . .
> the coppery pad of her hair
> Crushed on the shoulder-blades, while that red snake-trail
> Swelled visibly from the waist and flank down the left thigh. . . .
> From her bitten lip
> A trickle of blood ran down to the pillow.

Passages like these suggest that a braver artist than Jeffers would have dared to bring his sadistic impulses under some reflective scrutiny. Jeffers, instead, simply continued to act them out in verse, and, worse, to find in them a justified contempt for the human. His sadism is accompanied by a fascination with the socially deviant. Even when he does attempt some analysis of this obsession (he speculates, for instance, that some psychological deformity prompts figures such as Jesus and the Buddha to form religions), the tone of hectic interest and covert excitement persists, unexamined. Jeffers' primary defense against his fantasies of sexual deviation, torture, dissolution, and sadism was an affectation of "coldness": while the narratives and plays run riot with incest, necrophilia, women sexually interested in stallions, and so on, the haughty poet watches aloofly. This Sadean reaction to sexual obsession and physical torture becomes a mechanical one in Jeffers—one by which he seems helplessly manipulated.

NURSERIES
Albert Hubbell

It is scarcely possible to prescribe a dose of intelligence to a poet so intelligent, or a dose of feeling to one so hopelessly trapped in a groove of feeling, or a deflection of obsession to one so obsessed. On the other hand, unanalyzed obsession is the opposite of moral intelligence, of aesthetic inquiry, and of that modulation of poetic rhythm and tone which makes for melody in verse as in music. Jeffers' anvil chorus is finally boring.

The argument against an *opera omnia* of dominant brasses and percussion is not—though it may appear so—solely a stylistic argument. A ceaselessly curious investigation of a chosen medium is the quality that above all distinguishes artists from the mass of other people (preachers, teachers, journalists) who spend time communicating thoughts, messages, and personal responses in prose and verse. It is true that Jeffers spent some years exploring language, and that he developed an early form of personal idiom. While in "Flagons and Apples" (1912) and "Californians" (1916) he stumbles along in apprenticeship to Swinburne and Yeats, and especially to Robinson (the chief begetter of Jeffers' long narratives), by the time of "Tamar and Other Poems" (1924) Jeffers' long-breathed style has become recognizably his own. Hass's selection begins with poems from this book, which appeared when Jeffers was thirty-seven:

The clapping blackness of the wings of pointed cormorants, the great indolent planes
Of autumn pelicans nine or a dozen strung shorelong,
But chiefly the gulls, the cloud-calligraphers of windy spirals before a storm,
Cruise north and south over the sea-rocks and over
That bluish enormous opal.

This is Jeffers at his spacious and lofty best. In his seventies, he is writing lines that sound very much the same:

The cormorants
Slip their long black bodies under the water and hunt like wolves
Through the green half-light. Screaming, the gulls watch,
Wild with envy and malice, cursing and snatching.

In short, from thirty-five to seventy-five Jeffers did not change his writing in any artistically important way. By the time he was thirty-five, both his parents had died, and he had acquired his lifelong wife, his lifelong house, and his two children. Perhaps he was through with seeking, and was preoccupied with recording.

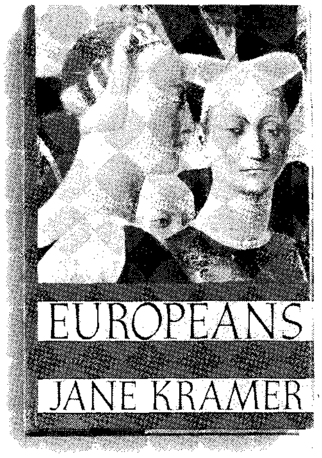
In what Hass calls an "explosion of work," Jeffers wrote between 1920 and 1938 "fifteen narrative poems ranging in length from ten to two hundred pages, four verse dramas, and almost two hundred lyric poems." A writer he certainly was: a modest private income and timely gifts from rich friends enabled him to live without a job, and he wrote every day. After shearing the "rhyme-tassels" (as he called them) from his verse, he devised his all-purpose unrhymed long line—a unit indebted, according to one of Jeffers' private notes, to Greek quantitative metres and to tidal rhythms. In this flexible line, which may also owe something to Whitman, Jeffers could say almost anything at any length, and did. The absence of a stanzaic exoskeleton sets problems for free-verse lyrics, since all poetic structure—tonal, logical, visual—must then come from an inner armature. Jeffers' turgid narratives (and Hass makes no brief for them) were carried by their violent plots, but plots of this sort could not govern his lyrics. In 1932, Jeffers sent some remarks on poetry versus prose to a student at Berkeley—remarks that seem to convey absolutely no idea of poetry as a form with a structure of its own, different from structures appropriate to narration or exposition. For Jeffers, poetry was simply more primitive, concrete, musical, emotional, imaginative, sensual, unspecialized, passionate, and celebratory than prose. It was, in fact, prose made rhythmic, intense, and exalted:

> Poetic content (the feeling, thought, and expression of poetry) may be found in prose also and is only distinguished from that of prose by having more of certain qualities and less of certain others. The thought is more primitive and less specialized. Language is more figurative, giving concrete images rather than abstract ideas and cares more for its own music. Poetry appeals rather to the emotions than to the intelligence and especially to the aesthetic emotion. It appeals more eagerly than prose does to the imagination and to the bodily senses. It deals with the more permanent aspects of man and nature.

When Jeffers pressed himself to go beyond such a feeble theory of poetic content, his remarks tended to be about what the poetic line should exhibit—rhythm and "singing emphasis," alliteration and assonance. It seems odd, given his long acquaintance with Greek and Latin poetry, that his comments never turned naturally to lyric genres, to larger compositional masses, to the structural supports of lyric, or to the modulation over time which is natural to a temporal art—not to speak of the qualities of concision, surprise, volatility, and intimacy so native to the lyric.

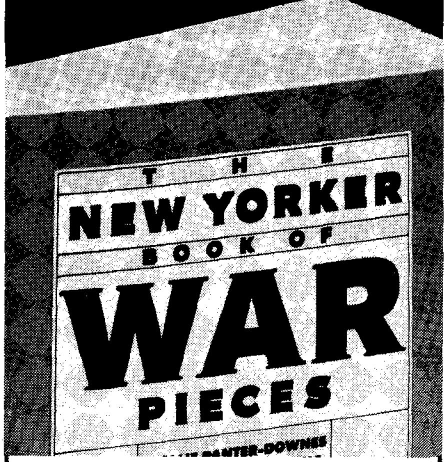
We can attribute Jeffers' indifference to such matters largely to the fact that he was not actually writing lyric. He was writing oratory—a rhythmical, emotional, sensual, and imaginative public prose he had absorbed from the Greek political tradition. And his oratorical stridency seems to me that of a timid man having to prove himself durable and masculine. Lyric for him is an oratorical sermon designed to persuade others—not a probe designed to investigate himself and his medium. A friend who was present at the reading Jeffers gave at Harvard in 1941 recalls that at the reception Jeffers turned to the wall, face averted from the crowd. The poet's attitude was at that time interpreted as hauteur; it could equally well be interpreted as the panicky ill-ease of a friendless, freakish boy (even though Jeffers was then over fifty).

HASS has omitted from his collection some poems once notorious—among them certain war poems of the forties, like "The Bloody Sire" and



"In its honesty and skill, *Europeans* is foreign correspondence of the highest quality."
—Jim Hoagland
The Washington Post Book World
FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX
All of the contents of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*

"A wonderful book...
How fresh [these pieces] still are, and how vividly they bring back to life the war as ordinary people underwent it."–Jonathan Yardley, *Washington Post Book World*



From Mollie Panter-Downes on London, 1939...to John Hersey on Hiroshima.
$12.95, paperback, also in hardcover. Now at your bookstore.
SCHOCKEN BOOKS
A Division of Random House
All of the contents of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*

All-new
Chez Panisse
recipes

M.F.K. FISHER says,
"I wish that I'd done it myself... One of the few books I have seen for some time that makes me want to get in the kitchen."

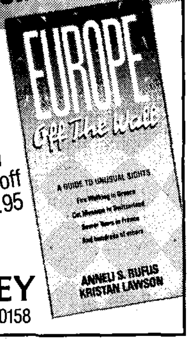
"Wonderful...full of country wisdom, market savvy and a real passion for savory eating." —GAEL GREENE

CHEZ PANISSE
COOKING

by PAUL BERTOLLI
with ALICE WATERS
Color photos throughout.
Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

If it's
POETRY
and it's available
ON TAPE
we either have it, or
we'll get it for you!
write for our catalog:
Poets' Audio Center
P.O. Box 50145—Dept. N
Washington, DC 20004-0145
or phone toll-free:
800-824-7888
Ask for Operator 698.

For the traveller who's seen it all...
EUROPE
Off The Wall
"Over 300 pages of fine travel that is truly, and wonderfully, off the wall." —*Boston Globe* $10.95
At bookstores or call I. Ruiz at 212-850-6578
WILEY
605 Third Avenue, New York 10158



"Cassandra." In "The Bloody Sire" Jeffers asks the question that exposes nakedly his instinctive conjunction of beauty, sex, religion, and murder:

Who would remember Helen's face
Lacking the terrible halo of spears?
Who formed Christ but Herod and Caesar,
The cruel and bloody victories of Caesar?
Violence, the bloody sire of all the world's values.

And in "Cassandra" he places himself, as prophet, above both gods and men, who equally connive against "the truth" (a phrase, dear to ideologues, that comes easily to Jeffers' lips):

Does it matter, Cassandra,
Whether the people believe
Your bitter fountain? Truly men hate the truth; they'd liefer
Meet a tiger on the road.
Therefore the poets honey their truth with lying. . . .
Poor bitch, be wise.
No: you'll still mumble in a corner a crust of truth, to men
And gods disgusting.—You and I, Cassandra.

Though the mellower Jeffers of the late sketches is an altogether more appealing fellow than this rigidly self-appointed denouncer of the degenerate mob, the essence of Jeffers' defensive and tormented personality lies more in the excessive poems (deleted, probably on grounds of taste, by Hass) than in the milder late woodnotes. Hass has also deleted the more maudlin of these, such as the posthumous speech of Jeffers' dead dog to him and his wife:

I hope that when you are lying

Under the ground like me your lives will appear
As good and joyful as mine.
No, dears, that's too much hope: you are not so well cared for
As I have been.

By sparing us poems like this, Hass makes a better "Selected" than the 1965 one compiled by Random House. And in some late poems he shows us the Jeffers who had at the end of his life the grace to doubt the sufficiency of his aesthetic of brutality and its denigration of human life. In a glimpse of a sublimity not of nature (which he had always responded to) but of man the old Jeffers speculated:

The hawks are more heroic but man has a steeper mind,
Huge pits of darkness, high peaks of light,
You may calculate a comet's orbit or the dive of a hawk, not a man's mind.

Perhaps he realized that all the California peaks and abysses he had spent his life describing were less "inhuman" and "objective" than he had suspected, since he transfers them here to interior steeps and pits, emblems of a perilous subjectivity like that admitted by Hopkins—"O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall / Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed." In his most honest piece of self-examination Jeffers mused, late in life, on an anthology of Chinese poems—poems of a restrained aesthetic almost incomprehensible to him, since it got along without frenzied contempt, oratorical excess, lurid prophecy, or illogical lineation. His poem on the Chinese anthology is a genuine query, all defenses down. For the first time, Jeffers lifts his visor and gazes at Tu Fu and Li Po. In this most gentle of the late poems we see the Jeffers who might have been, relenting instead of relentless, curious rather than repudiatory, regretful instead of disdainful—damned, so to speak, to his own aesthetic of sublimity rather than boisterously electing it. Here is Jeffers' reluctant homage to discretion, gentleness, affection, friendship, and peace as aesthetic motives, and as a moral *summa* remote from his harsh Calvinism:

ON AN ANTHOLOGY OF CHINESE POEMS

Beautiful the hanging cliff and the wind-thrown cedars, but they have no weight.
Beautiful the fantastically
Small farmhouse and ribbon of rice-fields a mile below; and billows of mist
Blow through the gorge. These men were better
Artists than any of ours, and far better observers. They loved landscape
And put man in his place. But why
Do their rocks have no weight? They loved rice-wine and peace and friendship,
Above all they loved landscape and solitude,
—Like Wordsworth. But Wordsworth's mountains have weight and mass, dull though the song be.
Is it a moral difference perhaps?

Jeffers' plaintive question "But why / Do their rocks have no weight?" is the cry of the Christian against the Confucian. Pound, contemplating the same Chinese poems, decided to try a weightlessness of his own, in phrases floating unmoored from the British solidity of blank verse. Jeffers, timid and unballasted among people, felt secured and ballasted by stone, weight, long lines, mass. His bluster—what Blackmur called "the flannel-mouthed inflation in the metric of Robinson Jeffers with his rugged rock-garden violence"—needs to be read as the long-maintained armor protecting him against an investigation into his own private terrors. Jeffers condemned "introversion" as the decadent practice of decadent cultures:

> There is no health for the individual whose attention is taken up with his own mind and processes; equally there is no health for the society that is always introverted. . . . All past cultures have died of introversion.

He added, in a moment of monumental self-delusion, "I have often used incest as a symbol to express these introversions." Perhaps what this really means is that when he practiced introspection he found incest, and that the price of introspection was consequently too high. It might have been too high for any of us; but the price of finding introspection too dangerous is in the layperson a self-stalled identity and in the poet a self-stalled art. Jeffers, it appears to me, will remain a notable minor poet, the first to give an adequate description in verse of the scenery of the California coast. His ambitions as a moralist and prophet were defeated by his lack of genuine moral curiosity and its counterpart, an original moral vision. If Jeffers' harsh contempt for human history had been tempered by personal insight, and framed in a flexible style, we might now read his poems as we read those of Milosz.

—Helen Vendler

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

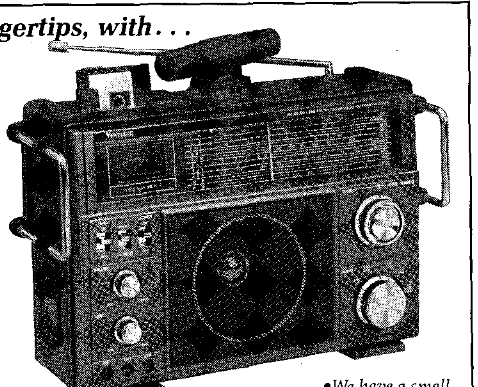
The Heart of the Country, by Fay Weldon (Viking; $17.95). Sonia, "once an eight-stone stripling," now "a twelve-stone bubble," tells how she tried to commit public revenge in the town of Eddon Gurney, in the heart of Thatcherite, post-boom England. The novel begins with a dismal dinner party in an upscale modern house given by a mother of two whose husband is precipitately leaving her for another woman. The spiritless Natalie allows every possible disastrous consequence to overtake her, and at last she throws herself on the mercy of Sonia, a welfare mother who knows her rights and her many, many wrongs. Sonia is much like the witch in Weldon's "Puffball," and this novel is much like Weldon's others in that the joke is how virtually everything works out for the worst in this worst of all possible worlds. Sonia's revenge is on behalf of Natalie and all the

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1195 E809** for the *MultiBand Receiver,* and for the cassette version, give order **#1196 E809.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information.

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer MultiBand Receiver,* $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

OARSMANSHIP

The perfect sport. At America's premier sculling school.

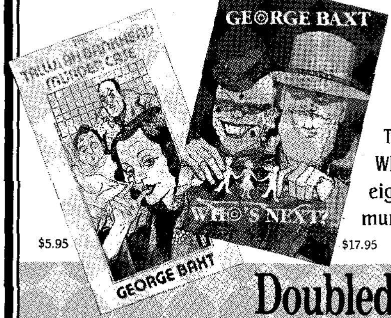
Rowing is in season under ideal conditions—mid-November to mid-May—at the Florida Rowing Center in Wellington, near by Palm Beach. You'll be coached by Peter Sparhawk, former head coach of the Princeton University crew and a team of expert instructors.

Instruction is offered for beginners and competitive rowers. Come to find your stroke or perfect it. Call or write for a free brochure.

THE FLORIDA ROWING CENTER
FLORIDA ROWING CENTERS, INC., 1140 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10128 (212) 996-1196

DBS Xpress™ To Order Books: (800) 635-0045
Monday-Saturday 9AM to Midnight & Sunday 11AM-7PM ET

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS ★ SINCE 1910 ★



$5.95

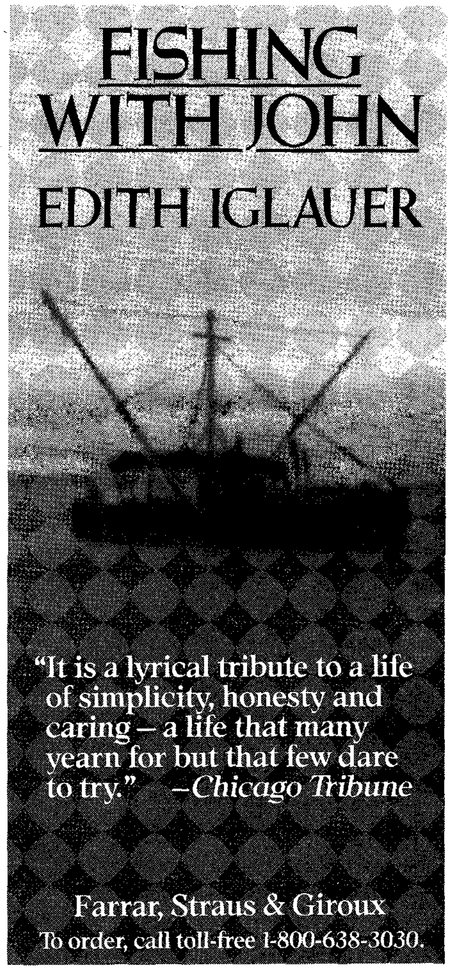
$17.95

Baxt is Still at Large!

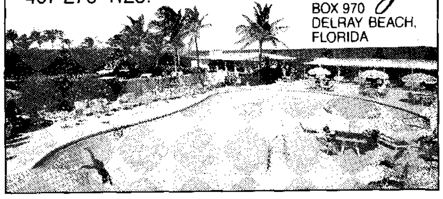
It's the McCarthy Era, and a serial killer has the populace as paranoid as Senator Joe; it's up to Tallulah Bankhead to set things straight. What next? Who's next is more like it. George Baxt fingers another eight folks for death-by-profession in these Baxt-to-Baxt murder mysteries. INTERNATIONAL POLYGONICS LTD.

Doubleday Book Shops

724 5th Ave. at 57th St. N.Y., N.Y. 10019 (212) 397-0550 ★ Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrapping ★ Open to Midnight


FISHING WITH JOHN
EDITH IGLAUER
"It is a lyrical tribute to a life of simplicity, honesty and caring – a life that many yearn for but that few dare to try." –*Chicago Tribune*
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
To order, call toll-free 1-800-638-3030.

Florida's resort in town... and on the beach. The Colony's gracious in-town setting is convenient to Florida's most sophisticated shopping. On the ocean, a private Cabaña Club with its own heated salt-water pool. At both locations you'll enjoy marvelous food and service. For over 50 years, the Boughton Family has been bringing their guests the best in Florida. Open Jan. 6–Apr. 2. See your travel agent or call 407-276-4123.
The Colony
BOX 970
DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA



Beautiful English Parchment Stationery
Elegantly boxed sets of 24 sheets of English parchment engraved with 8 different designs, + 15 continuation sheets and 24 envelopes. Truly a classical gift. Choose from 4 themes: Dickens, Olde England, Olde London and Shakespeare.
$22.30 per box, or 5 boxes for $99. $2.45 s&h per order.
Terralink, Inc., PO Box 1397, NY NY 10018
(212)268-8506
Visa / MC can reach you within 48 hrs. NY & NJ add sales tax.

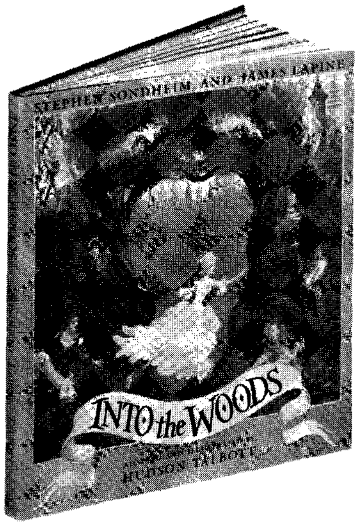
GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

have-nots—women, overwhelmingly—against greedy men who have everything their own way, and a political environment that rewards greed. Weldon demonstrates immense wisdom about the range of emotional reactions likely in the most unlikely situations. Hers are not novels of character but comically cruel lessons in life's dynamics.

FOOLS' GOLD, by Richard Wiley (Knopf; $18.95). A novel very much about the psychological and physical textures of a frontier town: Nome, Alaska, 1899. The story plays four newcomers—two women who start a bathhouse and two Japanese men panning for gold—off against a minister to an Eskimo village; a literally scurvy fellow, whose moral foulness makes him the villain of the piece; and an Irishman who observes, comments, feels guilty for his failure to act in dire circumstances, and falls in love. There is deliberate cruelty only on the part of one character, but it acts as a sieve for the fates of the others, which settle out in ways strangely wrenching for the reader. While gold gets mined in the course of the action, the energy of the book lies in finding the gold that is character or moral worth. The human climate is harsher than the physical one—frostbite and the sheer pain of extreme cold seem to trouble no one, and ice-skating provides a lyrical sidelight. Like the landscape itself, however, the tone is impersonal and austere.

PRIZZI'S GLORY, by Richard Condon (Dutton; $17.95). The finale of Mr. Condon's Mafia trilogy is another feast of cheerful mordancy. Mob hit man Charley Partanna, exhausted by the monotony of his life and the depressing responsibility of zotzing his fellow-men, finds himself suddenly married and then swept up in the dynastic ambitions of ninety-two-year-old Don Corrado Prizzi, and of his new wife, the implacable Maerose, who dreams of succeeding the don and thereby becoming the first *capa di famiglia* in the seven-hundred-year history of the Honored Society. Part of the plan involves transforming the Prizzi family into a completely legitimate enterprise. For Charley, going legit means a new face (courtesy of a Swiss plastic surgeon), a new voice ("a combination of a Boston accent

"Unusual panache... generous, colorful illustrations are splashy and dramatic... Good fun." —*Kirkus Reviews*
"Resembling an opulent children's book, the work will also appeal to adults." —Louis Botto, *Playbill*



by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine
Now at your bookstore.
CROWN PUBLISHERS Inc.
225 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB-131W.3rd ST-475-8592
CHICK COREA AKOUSTIC BAND
Tues thru Sun Dec 27 - Jan 1
at 9 & 11:30 Third Show Fri at 1:30am
NEW YEAR'S EVE BLOWOUT!!
CHICK COREA AKOUSTIC BAND
MICHAEL BRECKER BAND
Three Special Shows
Tickets on Sale Now. Call 475-0049
MICHAEL BRECKER BAND Jan 3-8
WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

Theatre of the Imaginatio
Radio Stories by Orson Welles and The Mercury Theatre
A six-hour collection—remastered an restored—of Welles' best work in drama, comedy, poetry and commentary.
Six audio cassettes $39.95+$2.50 shipping.
The Voyager Company
1351 Pacific Coast Hwy., Santa Monica, CA 90401
Call 800.446.2001 or, in CA, 800.443.2001

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOKS
Since 1958
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

with Locust Valley lockjaw, blended with the vitally necessary overtones of the speech of William F. Buckley, Jr."), and a confusing new identity (Charles Macy Barton, captain of industry). When the road to respectability leads to Washington, D.C., the question of exactly who is corrupting whom begins to tease the reader in a delightfully unsettling way. This book is further proof that there is no more accomplished or entertaining satirist writing today.

GENERAL

The Book of God: A Response to the Bible, by Gabriel Josipovici (Yale; $29.95). Although the author of this superb critical essay teaches literature, he suggests that the Bible is beyond literature, because of its abiding authority. The effort he has undertaken—close reading in the original languages, comparison of English translations, and mastering modern critical, historical, archeological, and theological approaches to the Bible—is enormous, but his book is easy, intimate, and direct, partly because he has digested all his learning, partly because his dissatisfaction with his predecessors' solutions never belittles them, and partly because his own readings are those of a cultivated contemporary who, though respectful, is not awestruck. Whatever he turns to, he illuminates, commenting, for example, that Old Testament songs and lamentations do the work of the chorus in Greek tragedies or the arias in Mozart, or that the non-canonical gospels are fairy tales or romances. He repeatedly clarifies the ways that narrative creates character: we appreciate Jacob's acceptance of the supernatural when, after wrestling with the angel, he limps on his way at sunrise.

The Shah's Last Ride: The Fate of an Ally, by William Shawcross (Simon & Schuster; $19.95). The story of the Shah of Iran's exile and death, from January, 1979, to July, 1980. Mr. Shawcross, an able journalist and a powerful writer, persuades the reader to sympathize with the deposed ruler, though the Shah appears to have possessed mediocre intelligence and limited sensibility; he was that familiar oxymoron a weak tyrant. In any case, because of Iran's petroleum reserves and strategic location, his former allies tried to make terms with the new Iranian republic, and, with the exception of Egypt's Anwar Sadat, none would offer him asylum. As early as 1974, the Shah had been found to have leukemia. He had been secretly receiving medication, but he did not understand how ill he was until 1979, when his disease worsened. Very few of the doctors who enter the tale place their own status before the patient's well-being, and as their quarrels haunt the peregrinating deathbed—the scene shifts from the Bahamas to Mexico to the United States to Panama and, at last, to Egypt—they more than strain the author's tolerance.

Flashmaps Instant Guide to New York, edited by Toy Lasker (Random House; $5.95). You are a stranger in New York and are suddenly in urgent need of a dentist. "Flashmaps" tells you to telephone 677-2510. You have been told there is a work by Fernand Léger on display somewhere in the city. "Flashmaps" directs you to a mural at the United Nations General Assembly Building, United Nations Plaza, between East Forty-fifth and East Forty-sixth Streets. "Flashmaps" was first published in 1969 and is revised and updated annually; the current edition is 1988. It is a guide (chiefly to Manhattan) without peer. Its apparatus, cross-indexed in every direction, includes maps, charts, and listings by category, by alphabet, and by geography, and it lays out (perhaps uniquely) the Manhattan neighborhoods, from Whitehall north to Inwood—twenty-eight of them. It leads you through the labyrinth of subways and buses, it directs you to all the major art galleries, it lists the foreign consulates (Burma, 10 East Seventy-seventh Street) and the fine for parking at a fire hydrant ($40).

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

Unitarian Universalist Service
Committee
78 Beacon Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02108 USA

New Yorker
25 West 43rd Street
New York, NY 10036

Dear New:

A new book by
Laurie Colwin

Home Cooking

Something new and different—another marvelous thing from Laurie Colwin.

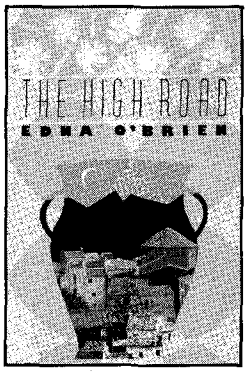
It's subtitled "A Writer in the Kitchen." It's part cookbook (her recipes are as delicious as her novels), part cook-*talk*, part memoir.

A great gift. A book that comes close to making eaters and readers happy all the time.

Knopf

Photo © Nancy Crampton

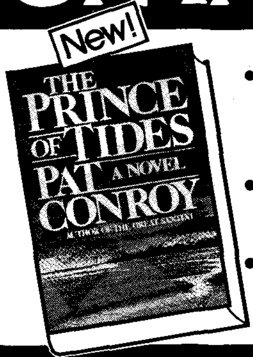
You'll cherish
Memories of Childhood
Barbara Milo Ohrbach
author of *A Token of Friendship*
An endearing little gift book of old-fashioned rhymes, poems, recipes and songs for children—illustrated with full-color antique prints and engravings.
$8.95, ***now at your bookstore.***
Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.
A member of the Crown Publishing Group,
225 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003



The High Road
EDNA O'BRIEN

"Partakes of the miraculous."
—Paul Gray,
Time Magazine

FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX



BOOKS ON TAPE™

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

(800) 626-3333

★★★★★ HOTELS/CUISINE
★★★★★ RESORTS/SKIING
★★★★★ SERVICE/TRAVEL

EXCLUSIVE
EUROPEAN
HOLIDAYS

Appoint
ALPINA VENTURE
as your host,
become a
'GUEST'
not a tourist!

AlpinaVenture Inc.

SPACE LIMITED Inquiries: 800-284-4880

CHARLES SAXON

CHARLES SAXON, who died recently, at the age of sixty-eight, was once described by a colleague as a slow starter and a strong finisher. He drew and painted all his life, but his ambition to become a cartoonist was not fulfilled until he reached his mid-thirties, and the handful of spot drawings and cartoons he first published here gave little hint of the treasures to come. But actually Chuck was never slow. He was a precocious student at Columbia, and wrote and drew for the *Jester* while still in his teens. After that, he worked for the Dell Publishing Company, put in a stretch in the Army Air Forces (he was a bomber pilot), and then, returning to Dell, became the editor of *Modern Screen*. His responsibilities included interviewing some of the most glamorous movie stars of the day, but he was always indifferent to the world of film, and liked to talk about his first trip out to Hollywood and his astonishment at being met by limousines from all six major studios.

In 1955, with the encouragement of friends, including James Geraghty, who was then *The New Yorker's* art editor, Chuck left Dell and began working at art full time. The depth of his talent and the scope of his ambition and originality soon became apparent. Although self-taught, he was an effortlessly fluid draftsman, with an instinctive architectural sense. (In a few swift lines he could render with equal persuasiveness a Porsche, a rose, and a fourteenth-century cathedral.) And his work avoided all the standard cartoon situations—the desert islands, the cavemen, the flying saucers, the knights and dragons. What he gave us instead was nothing less than a portrait of our times as seen through the eyes—*almost* through the eyes—of the privileged upper middle class: a world depicted with the accuracy and forgivingness of a Trollope.

In Saxon's world, people are defined by environment, and his drawings are a lovingly detailed inventory of the objects and places that tell us who we are. A list would be endless, but one's mind immediately returns to his sunlit lawns, wrought-iron patio furniture, and clipped shrubbery, to his full-cut blazers, overflowered neckties, and overflowing necklines. The cast of characters in this richly compiled setting is relatively modest: commuters and clubwomen (he was a great admirer of Helen Hokinson), passionate but overmatched gardeners, not quite desperate wives, weekend poets, and fuddled husbands, brave in their Bermuda shorts. The ultimate Saxon creations, perhaps, are his Wall Street tycoons, whose improbably inflated chests seem to lift them off the ground as they glide circumspectly through their carpeted universe, magically on tiptoe.

In the course of his career, Chuck produced ninety-two covers, almost seven hundred drawings, and twenty-nine spreads for us. His spreads contain some of his most distinctive and original work: parodies of literary genres, such as "The Days of Tender Passion" and "The Rachmaninoff File," reportage on France and Britain, and—most remarkable—a series of moral fables including "The Day the Trains Stopped Running" and "The Fountain of Youth." The last spread he did for us was called "Uprising," and it happily imagines a world in which the embattled middle-aged strike back through protests and demonstrations that include "The Nice-Graffiti Contest," "The Memorial Reading from the Works of Fred Allen," and "The Slow-Food Eat-In at McDonald's."

Chuck was a warm, personable man with many friends. One of them remembers him this way: "He was sensitive and thoughtful, and acquaintances often described him as gentle. His friends knew, however, that he was a perfectionist, and was as unsparing in his appraisal of others' work as of his own. He loved to make people laugh, but he wanted his work to tell us something about ourselves. I think his goal was that 'shock of recognition' that alters our view of the world and our place in it. Harold Ross used to write 'Make better' in the margins of manuscripts. Chuck often quoted this approvingly, and he never stopped trying to do just that. What he made for us was splendid, and what he told us about ourselves made us better people. Making things better will be a harder job without him."

BRAVO!

Lincoln Center applauds 465 Consolidated Corporate Fund Supporters

Stars

$150,000 and over

The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A.
General Foods Corporation
Philip Morris Companies Inc.
Real Estate and Construction Council

$100,000 and over

The Bristol-Myers Fund
CBS Inc.
Chemical Bank
Consolidated Edison Company of New York, Inc.
Gulf + Western Inc.
William Randolph Hearst Foundation
IBM Corporation
New York Telephone
NYNEX Foundation
The New York Times Company Foundation, Inc.
The Starr Foundation

Leading Roles

$75,000 and over

Citicorp/Citibank
Drexel Burnham Lambert
Exxon Corporation

$50,000 and over

American Express Foundation
AT&T Foundation
The Bankers Trust Company Foundation
Capital Cities/ABC, Inc.
The Continental Corporation Foundation
Manufacturers Hanover Trust
Merrill Lynch & Co., Inc.
J.P. Morgan & Co., Incorporated
The Pfizer Foundation
Union Pacific Foundation

Major Supporting Roles

$25,000 and over

Allied-Signal Inc.
Bloomingdale's
The BOC Group, Inc.
Leo Burnett Company, Inc.
The Coca-Cola Company
The Equitable Foundation
General Motors Foundation
GTE Foundation
Hoechst Celanese Corporation
The Home Group, Inc.
ITT Corporation
Macy*s
Marsh & McLennan Companies
McGraw-Hill Foundation, Inc.
Metropolitan Life Foundation
Mobil Foundation, Inc.
Morgan Stanley & Co., Inc.
Nabisco Brands, Inc.
Peat Marwick Main & Co.
The Prudential Foundation
Reliance Group Holdings, Inc.
Revlon Foundation, Inc.
Rockefeller Group, Inc.
The Salomon Foundation
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Sulka
SYMS Corp.
Texaco Inc.
Time Inc.
Times Mirror Company
Xerox Corporation

$10,000 and over

Abitibi-Price Sales Corporation
Aetna Life & Casualty Company
Agvar Chemicals Inc.
American Cyanamid Company
American Home Products
American Re-Insurance Company
American Standard Inc.
Arthur Andersen & Co.
Avnet, Inc.
Backer Spielvogel Bates Worldwide
The Bank of New York
Block Drug Company Inc.
Booz-Allen & Hamilton Inc.
Bunge Corporation
Cahill, Gordon & Reindel
Carter-Wallace, Inc.
Champion International
The Chubb Corp. Charitable Trust
Ciba-Geigy Corporation
Cleary Gottlieb Steen & Hamilton
Colt Industries Inc.
Commodity Exchange (COMEX)
Coopers & Lybrand
Deloitte Haskins & Sells
Ernst & Whinney
The First Boston Foundation Trust
Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Jacobson Fund
General Electric Company
Goldman, Sachs & Co.
Guardian Life Insurance Company
Hartz Mountain Industries, Inc.
Hoffmann-La Roche Foundation
Irving One Wall Street Foundation
Jaros, Baum & Bolles
Johnson & Higgins
Johnson & Johnson
Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Co.
Kraft, Inc.
Lazard Freres & Co.
Thomas J. Lipton Foundation, Inc.
Lord, Day & Lord, Barrett Smith
Marine Midland Bank
McKinsey & Company, Inc.
The Merck Company Foundation
Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy
Mitsui & Co. (U.S.A.), Inc.
National Westminster Bank USA
New York Life Foundation
Newmont Mining Corporation
Newsweek, Inc.
PaineWebber Group Inc.
J.C. Penney Company, Inc.
Richard A. Plehn, Inc.
Price Waterhouse
Primerica Foundation
Quantum Chemical Corporation
The Riese Organization
Rockwell International
Rogers & Wells
Saks Fifth Avenue
Schering-Plough Foundation, Inc.
Sears, Roebuck/Dean Witter Reynolds Inc.
Martin E. Segal Company
Sony Corporation of America
Sterling Drug Inc.
J. Walter Thompson Company
Union Bank of Switzerland
Universal Leaf Tobacco Company
E.M. Warburg, Pincus & Co., Inc.
The Warner-Lambert Foundation
Wells, Rich, Greene, Inc.
Wertheim Schroder & Co., Inc.
Westinghouse Broadcasting Company
Wien, Malkin & Bettex

$5,000 and over

A.B.D. Securities Corporation
American Electric Power Co., Inc.
The M.L. Annenberg Foundation
Arnhold and S. Bleichroeder, Inc.
Atlantic Mutual Companies
Atlantic Richfield Company
Avon Products Foundation, Inc.
NW Ayer Incorporated
Banca Nazionale del Lavoro
Barclays Bank
Benenson Capital Company
Bertelsmann, Inc.
Bill Blass Ltd.
Broadcast Music, Inc.
Brown & Wood
Calderon Belts and Bags, Inc.
Caldor
CBS Records Inc.
Carol Management Corporation
The Chevron Fund
Liz Claiborne Foundation
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
The Coach Dairy Goat Farm
Colgate-Palmolive Company
Cowles Communications, Inc.
Cushman & Wakefield, Inc.
D'Arcy Masius Benton & Bowles
Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company
The Dun & Bradstreet Corporation
Eastman Kodak
Edison Parking Corporation
The Fisher Brothers Foundation
Ford Motor Company
General Dynamics Corporation
General Mills Foundation
General Reinsurance Corporation
Mark Goodson
Great Northern Nekoosa Corp.
Grey Advertising Inc.
L. Jay Grossman, Jr. Foundation
Grumman Corporation
Hallmark Corporate Foundation
Helmsley-Spear, Inc.
The Henley Group, Inc.
Richard H. Holzer Memorial Found.
Home Life Insurance Company
George Hyman Construction Co.
International Paper Company
The Peter S. Kalikow Foundation
William Kaufman Organization
Kidder, Peabody & Co. Inc.
The Calvin Klein Foundation
Lehrer McGovern Bovis, Inc.
The Leslie Fay Companies, Inc.
Loews Corporation
Lord & Taylor
Harry Macklowe Real Estate Co.
MCA/Universal
The Donald C. McGraw Foundation
Melville Corporation
The Mendik Company
Mercedes-Benz of North America
William M. Mercer-Meidinger-Hansen, Inc.
Milliken & Company
Monsanto Fund
The New York Stock Exchange
Ogden Corporation
Ogilvy & Mather Inc.
Evelyn Paige, Inc.
Park Summit Realty Corp.
Party Rental Ltd.
Procter & Gamble Fund
Proskauer Rose Goetz & Mendelsohn
Prudential-Bache Securities Inc.
Republic National Bank of NY
Jack Resnick & Sons, Inc.
Restaurant Associates Industries
Rose Associates, Inc.
Sara Lee Corporation
SBK Entertainment World
M.A. Schapiro & Co., Inc.
Shell Oil Company Foundation
Silverstein Properties, Inc.
Simpson Thacher & Bartlett
Solow Building Company
Squibb Corporation
Sterling National Bank & Trust
The Stillman Group
Subaru of America Foundation
Swig, Weiler & Arnow
Thacher Proffitt & Wood
Time Equities, Inc.
Touche Ross & Company
U.S. Trust Company of New York
Louis Vuitton U.S.A., Inc.
Warner Communications Inc.
Washington Street Cafe Caterers
Weil, Gotshal & Manges
Westvaco Corporation
Arthur Young & Company
Young & Rubicam Inc.

and 251 contributors under $5,000

Your company can play a role at Lincoln Center by joining the Consolidated Corporate Fund which benefits all of Lincoln Center's ten performing arts companies. For information, call George Weissman, Chairman of Lincoln Center, at 877-1800. A copy of the last annual report may be obtained upon request by writing to N.Y. State Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, N.Y. 11231 or Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc., 140 West 65th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts

Metropolitan Opera · New York Philharmonic · The Juilliard School · New York City Ballet · New York City Opera · Film Society of Lincoln Center · Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center · Lincoln Center Theater · School of American Ballet · Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc. ·

Caprice Classic Brougham. Now you can comfortably afford to ride in the lap of luxury.

- Standard V8 with Electronic Fuel Injection.
- 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission.
- Standard AM/FM stereo sound system.
- Available genuine leather seating areas for six.
- New 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty.*

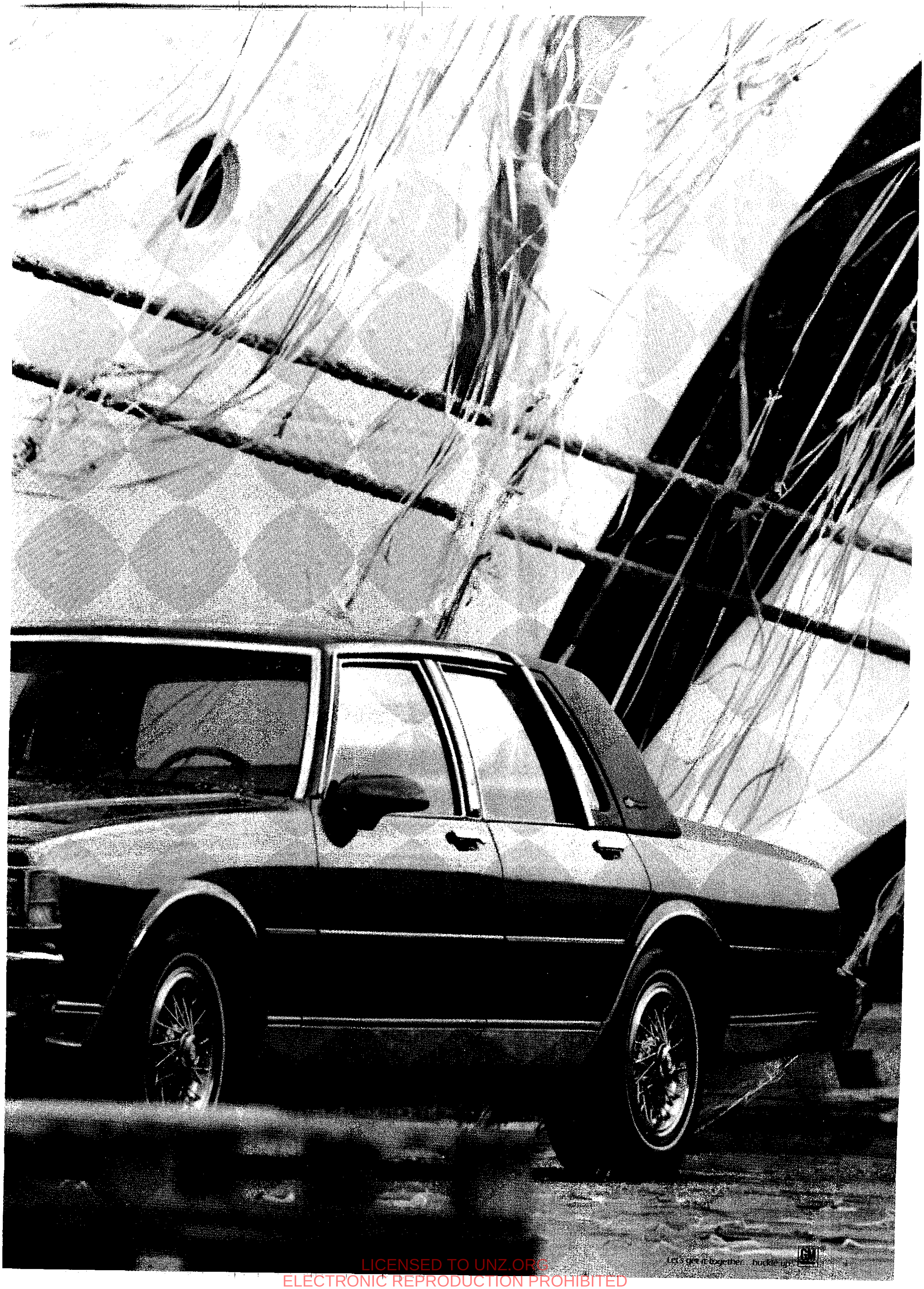
THE Heartbeat OF AMERICA TODAY'S CHEVROLET™

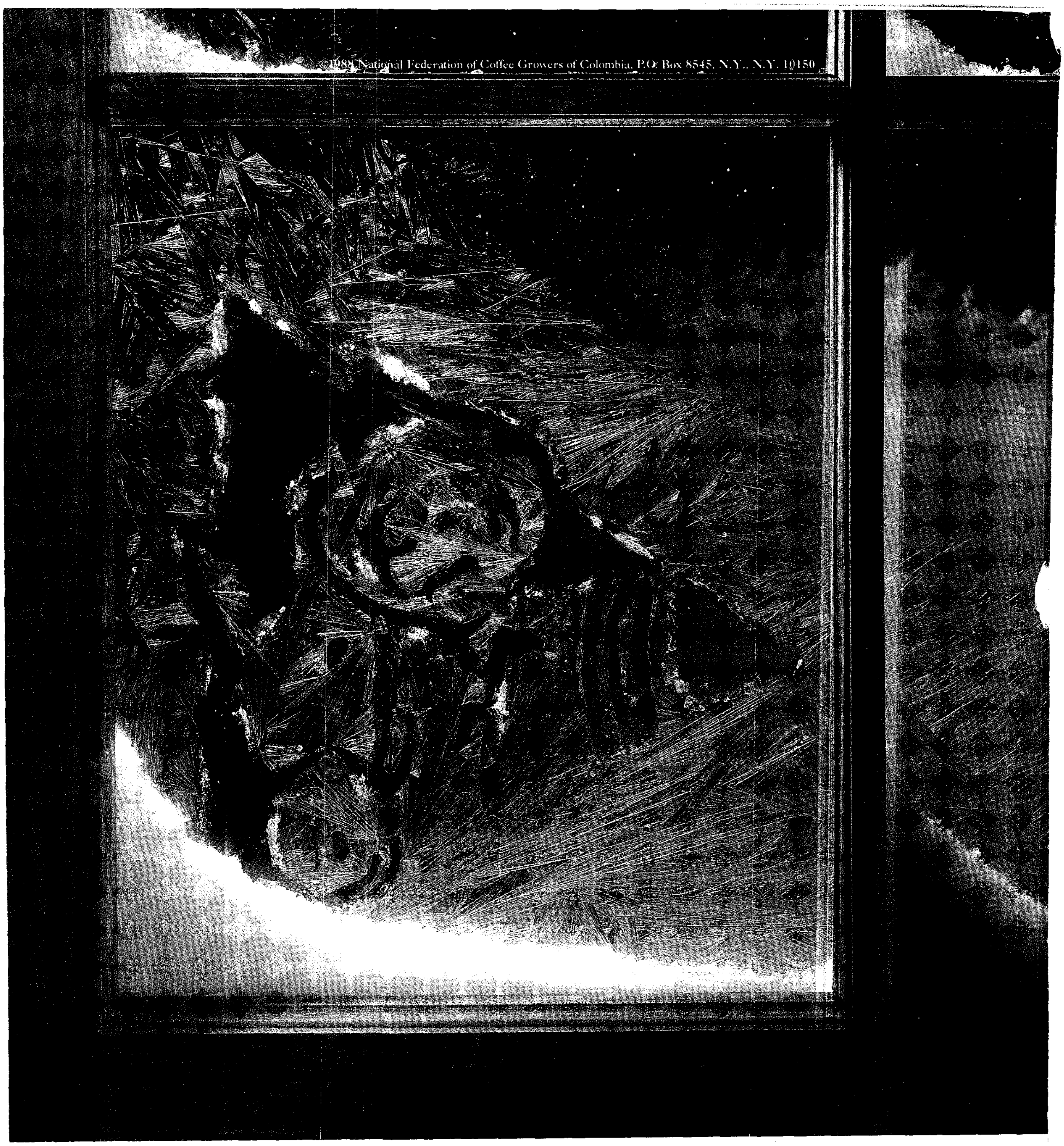
You see here two different ways to travel in the lap of luxury. The one in front is ours. Caprice Classic Brougham is so wondrously smooth, you sometimes forget you're moving. So comfortable, you'll never want it to stop. And so affordable, you'll probably be able to take a ride in the other luxury vehicle shown here, as well.

*See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this new limited warranty.

Chevrolet, the Chevrolet emblem and Caprice are registered trademarks of GM Corp.

©1988 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved.


Let's get it together... buckle up.



©1988 National Federation of Coffee Growers of Colombia, P.O. Box 8545, N.Y., N.Y. 10150

Not everyone wants to roast chestnuts on an open fire.

100% Colombian Coffee

The richest coffee in the world.™

23374800

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas